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**HIGHROAD
TO
ADVENTURE**

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DANA

"OPEN BOAT ACROSS
ANTARCTIC SEAS"
SHACKLETON

ATLANTIC

"THE RIFAGAIN"
SHEEAN

"GUERIL
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HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE
An Anthology

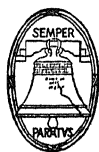
Highroad to Adventure

An Anthology

Edited by

EARL P. HANSON

With Introductory Notes by the Editor



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INTRODUCTION

In order to be good, an anthology, like any other book of fact or fiction, must have direction and point of view. It must be the vehicle by which the compiler, through selection, expresses his own ideas. Compiling this book was therefore a great pleasure, a real challenge, and an opportunity to boot. I had thought, after some twenty years of preoccupation with this kind of literature, that I could sit down and do the job in four or five days. I had thought wrong. I discovered that the path of the anthologist is winding, stony, and adventurous; and even now I expect a dozen brick-bats for having included so-and-so and omitted somebody else.

For years I have maintained that the literature of adventure ranks, on the one hand, with the finest, the most thrilling, and the most inspiring we have; and, on the other, with the shoddiest. Where lies the difference? Is it a matter of the vaunted difference between truth and falsehood? I don't think so. The most objectionable, brazen swashbuckler can have the most amazing things actually happen to him—if you happen to be amazed at things of that kind—and when he talks and writes about them they are still shoddy for the simple reason that he is a shoddy person.

What, then, constitutes an adventure? As an explorer and a professional man, I agree wholeheartedly with Stefansson that “an adventurer is a sign of incompetence.” That is a working maxim that every explorer should emblazon on his personal banner in

letters of gold. As an anthologist, however, I differ with Stefansson on the moot question of the definition of the word "adventure." I differ, too, with William Bolitho, who wrote his excellent *Twelve Against the Gods* in support of his over-intellectualized contention that all adventurers are antisocial exhibitionists.

I think, for instance, of young Courtauld, holed in alone in winter on the highest point of the Greenland ice cap, unable to leave his bitter-cold and crowded quarters, his fuel virtually gone, able only to lie in the cold and dark for some six weeks, humming to himself and trusting to his expedition mates to find and release him. To my mind that was *the* one greatest individual adventure in the history of modern Arctic exploration, and at the same time the greatest tribute possible to the competence of a well-balanced man who took his job seriously and was willing to accept its risks for the sake of seeing it done.

And there is the philosophers' stone that transmutes what might otherwise be the dross of shabby exhibitionism into the shining gold of real and legitimate adventure. Courtauld had a job to do, and an important one. He and his companions were on the so-called Arctic Air Route Expedition, the purpose of which was to study Greenland conditions with that same Greenland-Iceland aviation route in mind that is now looming as strategically so very important. That couldn't be done without studying weather on top of the ice cap. It wasn't his fault that things went wrong. His adventure amounts to a psychological victory, snatched from a professional defeat.

That, I believe, is what every great adventure must be—to be worth a moment's attention. When Shackleton sailed from Elephant Island to South Georgia, he won a tremendous victory over the elements and achieved one of the greatest journeys ever made in an open boat; but his real job was the important one of walking across the Antarctic Continent from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea, and he could not have been pleased over the loss of his ship and the consequent frustration of all his hopes. Ellsberg did a magnificent professional job in raising the S-51, but the stirring adventures he describes in his book were temporary defeats, costly set-backs, regarded by the author as such.

I think the test of a legitimate adventure—legitimate insofar as it thrills me—is whether the person who suffered it had any real business in being where he was and doing what he did. I mean legitimate business outside of planning to write a book later and strutting his stuff on the lecture platform. All the rest of the so-called shining adventurers leave me completely cold.

I write this in the full knowledge that there is at least one story in this volume written by a man who went barging in where he had no business to go, and did nothing in particular except get into serious trouble. Which one it is, you can figure out for yourself. I want to say here that the choice was my own, and not at all a matter of compromise. I included the story in part because its author doesn't take himself too seriously—which is rare in that kind of thing and in itself a great virtue—and in part to show that even anthologists, like a lot of other people I could name, are not always strictly logical.

EARL P. HANSON

Explorers Club
New York
January 2, 1941

HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE
An Anthology

WINSTON CHURCHILL

It was an old-time Indian fighter who first propounded to me the maxim that *the fear of death vanishes with the hope for life*. It sounded strange to me at the time, but since then I have had ample opportunity to test the rule, both in my own work in South America and in talking to others who have been in difficult situations. It not only works, but there is nothing new about the rule. I think it was Goethe who wrote, over a hundred years ago, "Where danger is, there also grows the saving power." Which means that courage is a quality that is likely to desert the normal human being only at the *prospect* of danger, and to return automatically in the face of its actual presence.

And here it is again, the same maxim, expressed by Winston Churchill. "But when hope had departed, fear had gone as well." Especially in these days one likes to ponder on those words, and on the man who wrote them. I write these notes in November, 1940. Two months ago England was doomed—military men knew it all over the world, and undoubtedly the English knew it too—nothing could keep the German armies out of England by September at the latest. Hope was apparently gone, but Churchill took hold and fear went too, and England is still hanging on, apparently indefinitely.

He is the true adventurer, this man. His life story is a succession of instances where he pushed himself forward against all obstacles into the forefront of danger. Why, I don't know. Love of danger? Love of glory? Love of England? *Noblesse oblige*? Sheer love of life? Perhaps all of those things together, so let's leave the analysis

to the Freudians. The one thing that counts is that this gusty swashbuckler, who has always had much more to him than mere swashbuckling, has now butted his way to the very top in the British Empire, where he is exactly the man who is needed at the present time.

The present selection from his writings gives a glimpse of how he did it. He was a young man at the time, and a press correspondent in the Boer War. But that didn't prevent him from engaging in a spot of fighting, which in turn left the way open for the Boers to capture him and lock him up as a prisoner of war, together with other prisoners of war. By all the strict rules of the game they should have shot him—a civilian who had turned combatant. But the Boers have always been famous as decent people.

E. P. H.

ESCAPE FROM THE BOERS

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

I

DURING the first three weeks of my captivity, although I was a party to all plans of revolt or escape, I was engaged in arguing with the Boer Authorities that they should release me as a Press Correspondent. They replied that I had forfeited my non-combatant status by the part I had taken in the armoured train fight. I contended that I had not fired a shot and had been taken unarmed. This was strictly true. But the Natal newspapers had been captured by the Boers. These contained glowing accounts of my activities, and attributed the escape of the engine and the wounded entirely to me. General Joubert therefore intimated that even if I had not fired a shot myself, I had injured the Boer operations by freeing the engine, and that I must therefore be treated as a prisoner-of-war. As soon as I learned of this decision, in the first week of December, I resolved to escape.

I shall transcribe what I wrote at the time where I cannot improve upon it.

From *A Roving Commission*, by Winston Churchill. Copyright, 1930, 1939, Charles Scribner's Sons.

'The State Model Schools stood in the midst of a quadrangle, and were surrounded on two sides by an iron grille and on two by a corrugated-iron fence about ten feet high. These boundaries offered little obstacle to anyone who possessed the activity of youth, but the fact that they were guarded on the inside by sentries, fifty yards apart, armed with rifle and revolver, made them a well-nigh insuperable barrier. No walls are so hard to pierce as living walls.

'After anxious reflection and continual watching, it was discovered by several of the prisoners that when the sentries along the eastern side walked about on their beats they were at certain moments unable to see the top of a few yards of the wall near the small circular lavatory office which can be seen on the plan. The electric lights in the middle of the quadrangle brilliantly lighted the whole place, but the eastern wall was in shadow. The first thing was therefore to pass the two sentries near the office. It was necessary to hit off the exact moment when both their backs should be turned together. After the wall was scaled we should be in the garden of the villa next door. There the plan came to an end. Everything after this was vague and uncertain. How to get out of the garden, how to pass unnoticed through the streets, how to evade the patrols that surrounded the town, and above all how to cover the two hundred and eighty miles to the Portuguese frontier, were questions which would arise at a later stage.'

'Together with Captain Haldane and Lieutenant Brockie I made an abortive attempt, not pushed with any decision, on December 11. There was no difficulty in getting into the circular office. But to climb out of it over the wall was a hazard of the sharpest character. Anyone doing so must at the moment he was on the top of the wall be plainly visible to the sentries fifteen yards away, if they were in the right place and happened to look! Whether the sentries would challenge or fire depended entirely upon their individual dispositions, and no one could tell what they would do. Nevertheless I was determined that nothing should stop my taking the plunge the next day. As the 12th wore away my fears crystallized more and more into desperation. In the evening, after my two friends had made an attempt, but had not found the moment propitious, I strolled

across the quadrangle and secreted myself in the circular office. Through an aperture in the metal casing of which it was built I watched the sentries. For some time they remained stolid and obstructive. Then all of a sudden one turned and walked up to his comrade, and they began to talk. Their backs were turned.'

'Now or never! I stood on a ledge, seized the top of the wall with my hands, and drew myself up. Twice I let myself down again in sickly hesitation, and then with a third resolve scrambled up and over. My waistcoat got entangled with the ornamental metal-work on the top. I had to pause for an appreciable moment to extricate myself. In this posture I had one parting glimpse of the sentries still talking with their backs turned fifteen yards away. One of them was lighting his cigarette, and I remember the glow on the inside of his hands as a distinct impression which my mind recorded. Then I lowered myself lightly down into the adjoining garden and crouched among the shrubs. I was free! The first step had been taken, and it was irrevocable. It now remained to await the arrival of my comrades. The bushes in the garden gave a good deal of cover, and in the moonlight their shadows fell dark on the ground. I lay here for an hour in great impatience and anxiety. People were continually moving about in the garden, and once a man came and apparently looked straight at me only a few yards away. Where were the others? Why did they not make the attempt?'

'Suddenly I heard a voice from within the quadrangle say, quite loud, "All up." I crawled back to the wall. Two officers were walking up and down inside, jabbering Latin words, laughing and talking all manner of nonsense—amid which I caught my name. I risked a cough. One of the officers immediately began to chatter alone. The other said, slowly and clearly, "They cannot get out. The sentry suspects. It's all up. Can you get back again?" But now all my fears fell from me at once. To go back was impossible. I could not hope to climb the wall unnoticed. There was no helpful ledge on the outside. Fate pointed onwards. Besides, I said to myself, "Of course, I shall be recaptured, but I will at least have a run for my money." I said to the officers, "I shall go on alone."

'Now I was in the right mood for these undertakings—failure

being almost certain, no odds against success affected me. All risks were less than the certainty. A glance at the plan will show that the gate which led into the road was only a few yards from another sentry. I said to myself, "*Toujours de l'audace*," put my hat on my head, strode into the middle of the garden, walked past the windows of the house without any attempt at concealment, and so went through the gate and turned to the left. I passed the sentry at less than five yards. Most of them knew me by sight. Whether he looked at me or not I do not know, for I never turned my head. I restrained with the utmost difficulty an impulse to run. But after walking a hundred yards and hearing no challenge, I knew that the second obstacle had been surmounted. I was at large in Pretoria.

'I walked on leisurely through the night, humming a tune and choosing the middle of the road. The streets were full of burghers, but they paid no attention to me. Gradually I reached the suburbs, and on a little bridge I sat down to reflect and consider. I was in the heart of the enemy's country. I knew no one to whom I could apply for succour. Nearly three hundred miles stretched between me and Delagoa Bay. My escape must be known at dawn. Pursuit would be immediate. Yet all exits were barred. The town was picketed, the country was patrolled, the trains were searched, the line was guarded. I wore a civilian brown flannel suit. I had seventy-five pounds in my pocket and four slabs of chocolate, but the compass and the map which might have guided me, the opium tablets and meat lozenges which should have sustained me, were in my friends' pockets in the State Model Schools. Worst of all, I could not speak a word of Dutch or Kaffir, and how was I to get food or direction?

'But when hope had departed, fear had gone as well. I formed a plan. I would find the Delagoa Bay Railway. Without map or compass, I must follow that in spite of the pickets. I looked at the stars. Orion shone brightly. Scarcely a year before he had guided me when lost in the desert to the banks of the Nile. He had given me water. Now he should lead to freedom. I could not endure the want of either.

'After walking south for half a mile I struck the railroad. Was it the line to Delagoa Bay or the Pietersburg branch? If it were the

former, it should run east. But, so far as I could see, this line ran northwards. Still, it might be only winding its way out among the hills. I resolved to follow it. The night was delicious. A cool breeze fanned my face, and a wild feeling of exhilaration took hold of me. At any rate, I was free, if only for an hour. That was something. The fascination of the adventure grew. Unless the stars in their courses fought for me, I could not escape. Where, then, was the need of caution? I marched briskly along the line. Here and there the lights of a picket fire gleamed. Every bridge had its watchers. But I passed them all, making very short *détours* at the dangerous places, and really taking scarcely any precautions. Perhaps that was the reason I succeeded.

‘As I walked I extended my plan. I could not march three hundred miles to the frontier. I would board a train in motion and hide under the seats, on the roof, on the couplings—anywhere. I thought of Paul Bultitude’s escape from school in *Vice Versa*. I saw myself emerging from under the seat, and bribing or persuading some fat first-class passenger to help me. What train should I take? The first, of course. After walking for two hours I perceived the signal lights of a station. I left the line, and circling round it, hid in the ditch by the track about two hundred yards beyond the platform. I argued that the train would stop at the station and that it would not have got up too much speed by the time it reached me. An hour passed. I began to grow impatient. Suddenly I heard the whistle and the approaching rattle. Then the great yellow headlights of the engine flashed into view. The train waited five minutes at the station, and started again with much noise and steaming. I crouched by the track. I rehearsed the act in my mind. I must wait until the engine had passed, otherwise I should be seen. Then I must make a dash for the carriages.

‘The train started slowly, but gathered speed sooner than I had expected. The flaring lights drew swiftly near. The rattle became a roar. The dark mass hung for a second above me. The engine-driver silhouetted against his furnace glow, the black profile of the engine, the clouds of steam rushed past. Then I hurled myself on the trucks, clutched at something, missed, clutched again, missed again, grasped some sort of hand-hold, was swung off my feet—my

toes bumping on the line, and with a struggle seated myself on the couplings of the fifth truck from the front of the train. It was a goods train, and the trucks were full of sacks, soft sacks covered with coal-dust. They were in fact bags filled with empty coal bags going back to their colliery. I crawled on top and burrowed in among them. In five minutes I was completely buried. The sacks were warm and comfortable. Perhaps the engine-driver had seen me rush up to the train and would give the alarm at the next station; on the other hand, perhaps not. Where was the train going to? Where would it be unloaded? Would it be searched? Was it on the Delagoa Bay line? What should I do in the morning? Ah, never mind that. Sufficient for the night was the luck thereof. Fresh plans for fresh contingencies. I resolved to sleep, nor can I imagine a more pleasing lullaby than the clatter of the train that carries an escaping prisoner at twenty miles an hour away from the enemy's capital.

'How long I slept I do not know, but I woke up suddenly with all feelings of exhilaration gone, and only the consciousness of oppressive difficulties heavy on me. I must leave the train before daybreak, so that I could drink at a pool and find some hiding-place while it was still dark. I would not run the risk of being unloaded with the coal bags. Another night I would board another train. I crawled from my cosy hiding-place among the sacks and sat again on the couplings. The train was running at a fair speed, but I felt it was time to leave it. I took hold of the iron handle at the back of the truck, pulled strongly with my left hand, and sprang. My feet struck the ground in two gigantic strides, and the next instant I was sprawling in the ditch considerably shaken but unhurt. The train, my faithful ally of the night, hurried on its journey.

'It was still dark. I was in the middle of a wide valley, surrounded by low hills, and carpeted with high grass drenched in dew. I searched for water in the nearest gully, and soon found a clear pool. I was very thirsty, but long after I had quenched my thirst I continued to drink, that I might have sufficient for the whole day.

'Presently the dawn began to break, and the sky to the east grew yellow and red, slashed across with heavy black clouds. I saw with

relief that the railway ran steadily towards the sunrise. I had taken the right line, after all.

‘Having drunk my fill, I set out for the hills, among which I hoped to find some hiding-place, and as it became broad daylight I entered a small grove of trees which grew on the side of a deep ravine. Here I resolved to wait till dusk. I had one consolation: no one in the world knew where I was—I did not know myself. It was now four o’clock. Fourteen hours lay between me and the night. My impatience to proceed while I was still strong doubled their length. At first it was terribly cold, but by degrees the sun gained power, and by ten o’clock the heat was oppressive. My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time. From my lofty position I commanded a view of the whole valley. A little tin-roofed town lay three miles to the westward. Scattered farmsteads, each with a clump of trees, relieved the monotony of the undulating ground. At the foot of the hill stood a Kaffir kraal, and the figures of its inhabitants dotted the patches of cultivation or surrounded the droves of goats and cows which fed on the pasture. . . . During the day I ate one slab of chocolate, which, with the heat, produced a violent thirst. The pool was hardly half a mile away, but I dared not leave the shelter of the little wood, for I could see the figures of white men riding or walking occasionally across the valley, and once a Boer came and fired two shots at birds close to my hiding-place. But no one discovered me.

‘The elation and the excitement of the previous night had burnt away, and a chilling reaction followed. I was very hungry, for I had had no dinner before starting, and chocolate, though it sustains, does not satisfy. I had scarcely slept, but yet my heart beat so fiercely and I was so nervous and perplexed about the future that I could not rest. I thought of all the chances that lay against me; I dreaded and detested more than words can express the prospect of being caught and dragged back to Pretoria. I found no comfort in any of the philosophical ideas which some men parade in their hours of ease and strength and safety. They seemed only fair-weather friends. I realised with awful force that no exercise of my own

feeble wit and strength could save me from my enemies, and that without the assistance of that High Power which interferes in the eternal sequence of causes and effects more often than we are always prone to admit, I could never succeed. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered.'

I wrote these lines many years ago while the impression of the adventure was strong upon me. Then I could tell no more. To have done so would have compromised the liberty and perhaps the lives of those who had helped me. For many years these reasons have disappeared. The time has come when I can relate the events which followed, and which changed my nearly hopeless position into one of superior advantage.

During the day I had watched the railway with attention. I saw two or three trains pass along it each way. I argued that the same number would pass at night. I resolved to board one of these. I thought I could improve on my procedure of the previous evening. I had observed how slowly the trains, particularly long goods-trains, climbed some of the steep gradients. Sometimes they were hardly going at a foot's pace. It would probably be easy to choose a point where the line was not only on an up grade but also on a curve. Thus I could board some truck on the convex side of the train when both the engine and the guard's van were bent away, and when consequently neither the engine-driver nor the guard would see me. This plan seemed to me in every respect sound. I saw myself leaving the train again before dawn, having been carried forward another sixty or seventy miles during the night. That would be scarcely one hundred and fifty miles from the frontier. And why should not the process be repeated? Where was the flaw? I could not see it. With three long bounds on three successive nights I could be in Portuguese territory. Meanwhile I still had two or three slabs of chocolate and a pocketful of crumbled biscuit—enough, that is to say, to keep body and soul together at a pinch without running the awful risk of recapture entailed by accosting a single human being. In this mood I watched with increasing impatience the arrival of darkness.

The long day reached its close at last. The western clouds flushed into fire; the shadows of the hills stretched out across the valley; a ponderous Boer wagon with its long team crawled slowly along the track towards the township; the Kaffirs collected their herds and drew them round their kraal; the daylight died, and soon it was quite dark. Then, and not until then, I set forth. I hurried to the railway line, scrambling along through the boulders and high grass and pausing on my way to drink at a stream of sweet cold water. I made my way to the place where I had seen the trains crawling so slowly up the slope, and soon found a point where the curve of the track fulfilled all the conditions of my plan. Here, behind a little bush, I sat down and waited hopefully. An hour passed; two hours passed; three hours—and yet no train. Six hours had now elapsed since the last, whose time I had carefully noted, had gone by. Surely one was due. Another hour slipped away. Still no train! My plan began to crumble and my hopes to ooze out of me. After all, was it not quite possible that no trains ran on this part of the line during the dark hours? This was in fact the case, and I might well have continued to wait in vain till daylight. However, between twelve and one in the morning I lost patience and started along the track, resolved to cover at any rate ten or fifteen miles of my journey. I did not make much progress. Every bridge was guarded by armed men; every few miles were huts. At intervals there were stations with tin-roofed villages clustering around them. All the veldt was bathed in the bright rays of the full moon, and to avoid these dangerous places I had to make wide circuits and even to creep along the ground. Leaving the railroad I fell into bogs and swamps, brushed through high grass dripping with dew, and waded across the streams over which the bridges carried the railway. I was soon drenched to the waist. I had been able to take very little exercise during my month's imprisonment, and I was quickly tired with walking and with want of food and sleep. Presently I approached a station. It was a mere platform in the veldt, with two or three buildings and huts around it. But laid up on the sidings, obviously for the night, were three long goods-trains. Evidently the flow of traffic over the railway was uneven. These three trains, motionless in the moonlight, confirmed my fears that

traffic was not maintained by night on this part of the line. Where, then, was my plan which in the afternoon had looked so fine and sure?

It now occurred to me that I might board one of these stationary trains immediately, and hiding amid its freight be carried forward during the next day—and night too if all were well. On the other hand, where were they going to? Where would they stop? Where would they be unloaded? Once I entered a wagon my lot would be cast. I might find myself ignominiously unloaded and recaptured at Witbank or Middleburg, or at any station in the long two hundred miles which separated me from the frontier. It was necessary at all costs before taking such a step to find out where these trains were going. To do this I must penetrate the station, examine the labels on the trucks or on the merchandise, and see if I could extract any certain guidance from them. I crept up to the platform and got between two of the long trains on the siding. I was proceeding to examine the markings on the trucks when loud voices rapidly approaching on the outside of the trains filled me with fear. Several Kaffirs were laughing and shouting in their unmodulated tones, and I heard, as I thought, a European voice arguing or ordering. At any rate, it was enough for me. I retreated between the two trains to the extreme end of the siding, and slipped stealthily but rapidly into the grass of the illimitable plain.

There was nothing for it but to plod on—but in an increasingly purposeless and hopeless manner. I felt very miserable when I looked around and saw here and there the lights of houses and thought of the warmth and comfort within them, but knew that they meant only danger to me. Far off on the moonlit horizon there presently began to shine the row of six or eight big lights which marked either Witbank or Middleburg station. Out in the darkness to my left gleamed two or three fires. I was sure they were not the lights of houses, but how far off they were or what they were I could not be certain. The idea formed in my mind that they were the fires of a Kaffir kraal. Then I began to think that the best use I could make of my remaining strength would be to go to these Kaffirs. I had heard that they hated the Boers and were

friendly to the British. At any rate, they would probably not arrest me. They might give me food and a dry corner to sleep in. Although I could not speak a word of their language, yet I thought perhaps they might understand the value of a British bank-note. They might even be induced to help me. A guide, a pony—but, above all, rest, warmth, and food—such were the promptings which dominated my mind. So I set out towards the fires.

I must have walked a mile or so in this resolve before a realisation of its weakness and imprudence took possession of me. Then I turned back again to the railway line and retraced my steps perhaps half the distance. Then I stopped and sat down, completely baffled, destitute of any idea what to do or where to turn. Suddenly without the slightest reason all my doubts disappeared. It was certainly by no process of logic that they were dispelled. I just felt quite clear that I would go to the Kaffir kraal. I had sometimes in former years held a 'Planchette' pencil and written while others had touched my wrist or hand. I acted in exactly the same unconscious or subconscious manner now.

I walked on rapidly towards the fires, which I had in the first instance thought were not more than a couple of miles from the railway line. I soon found they were much farther away than that. After about an hour or an hour and a half they still seemed almost as far off as ever. But I persevered, and presently between two and three o'clock in the morning I perceived that they were not the fires of a Kaffir kraal. The angular outline of buildings began to draw out against them, and soon I saw that I was approaching a group of houses around the mouth of a coal-mine. The wheel which worked the winding gear was plainly visible, and I could see that the fires which had led me so far were from the furnaces of the engines. Hard by, surrounded by one or two slighter structures, stood a small but substantial stone house two storeys high.

I halted in the wilderness to survey this scene and to revolve my action. It was still possible to turn back. But in that direction I saw nothing but the prospect of further futile wanderings terminated by hunger, fever, discovery, or surrender. On the other hand, here in front was a chance. I had heard it said before I escaped that in the mining district of Witbank and Middleburg

there were a certain number of English residents who had been suffered to remain in the country in order to keep the mines working. Had I been led to one of these? What did this house which frowned dark and inscrutable upon me contain? A Briton or a Boer; a friend or a foe? Nor did this exhaust the possibilities. I had my seventy-five pounds in English notes in my pocket. If I revealed my identity, I thought that I could give reasonable assurance of a thousand. I might find some indifferent neutral-minded person who out of good nature or for a large sum of money would aid me in my bitter and desperate need. Certainly I would try to make what bargain I could now—now while I still had the strength to plead my cause and perhaps to extricate myself if the results were adverse. Still the odds were heavy against me, and it was with faltering and reluctant steps that I walked out of the shimmering gloom of the veldt into the light of the furnace fires, advanced towards the silent house, and struck with my fist upon the door.

There was a pause. Then I knocked again. And almost immediately a light sprang up above and an upper window opened.

'Wer ist da?' cried a man's voice.

I felt the shock of disappointment and consternation to my fingers.

'I want help; I have had an accident,' I replied.

Some muttering followed. Then I heard steps descending the stairs, the bolt of the door was drawn, the lock was turned. It was opened abruptly, and in the darkness of the passage a tall man hastily attired, with a pale face and dark moustache, stood before me.

'What do you want?' he said, this time in English.

I had now to think of something to say. I wanted above all to get into parley with this man, to get matters in such a state that instead of raising an alarm and summoning others he would discuss things quietly.

'I am a burgher,' I began. 'I have had an accident. I was going to join my commando at Komati Poort. I have fallen off the train. We were skylarking. I have been unconscious for hours. I think I have dislocated my shoulder.'

It is astonishing how one thinks of these things. This story leapt

out as if I had learnt it by heart. Yet I had not the slightest idea what I was going to say or what the next sentence would be.

The stranger regarded me intently, and after some hesitation said at length, 'Well, come in.' He retreated a little into the darkness of the passage, threw open a door on one side of it, and pointed with his left hand into a dark room. I walked past him and entered, wondering if it was to be my prison. He followed, struck a light, lit a lamp, and set it on the table at the far side of which I stood. I was in a small room, evidently a dining-room and office in one. I noticed besides the large table, a roll desk, two or three chairs, and one of those machines for making soda-water, consisting of two glass globes set one above the other and encased in thin wire-netting. On his end of the table my host had laid a revolver, which he had hitherto presumably been holding in his right hand.

'I think I'd like to know a little more about this railway accident of yours,' he said, after a considerable pause.

'I think,' I replied, 'I had better tell you the truth.'

'I think you had,' he said, slowly.

So I took the plunge and threw all I had upon the board.

'I am Winston Churchill, War Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I escaped last night from Pretoria. I am making my way to the frontier.' (Making my way!) 'I have plenty of money. Will you help me?'

There was another long pause. My companion rose from the table slowly and locked the door. After this act, which struck me as unpromising, and was certainly ambiguous, he advanced upon me and suddenly held out his hand.

'Thank God you have come here! It is the only house for twenty miles where you would not have been handed over. But we are all British here, and we will see you through.'

It is easier to recall across the gulf of years the spasm of relief which swept over me, than it is to describe it. A moment before I had thought myself trapped; and now friends, food, resources, aid were all at my disposal. I felt like a drowning man pulled out of the water and informed he has won the Derby!

My host now introduced himself as Mr. John Howard, manager

of the Transvaal Collieries. He had become a naturalised burgher of the Transvaal some years before the war. But out of consideration for his British race and some inducements which he had offered to the local Field Cornet, he had not been called up to fight against the British. Instead he had been allowed to remain with one or two others on the mine, keeping it pumped out and in good order until coal-cutting could be resumed. He had with him at the mine-head, besides his secretary, who was British, an engine-man from Lancashire and two Scottish miners. All these four were British subjects and had been allowed to remain only upon giving their parole to observe strict neutrality. He himself as burgher of the Transvaal Republic would be guilty of treason in harbouring me, and liable to be shot if caught at the time or found out later on.

‘Never mind,’ he said, ‘we will fix it up somehow.’ And added, ‘The Field Cornet was round here this afternoon asking about you. They have got the hue and cry out all along the line and all over the district.’

I said that I did not wish to compromise him.

Let him give me food, a pistol, a guide, and if possible a pony, and I would make my own way to the sea, marching by night across country far away from the railway line or any habitation.

He would not hear of it. He would fix up something. But he enjoined the utmost caution. Spies were everywhere. He had two Dutch servant-maids actually sleeping in the house. There were many Kaffirs employed about the mine premises and on the pumping-machinery of the mine. Surveying these dangers he became very thoughtful.

Then: ‘But you are famishing.’

I did not contradict him. In a moment he had hustled off into the kitchen, telling me meanwhile to help myself from a whisky bottle and the soda-water machine which I have already mentioned. He returned after an interval with the best part of a cold leg of mutton and various other delectable commodities, and, leaving me to do full justice to these, quitted the room and let himself out of the house by a back door.

Nearly an hour passed before Mr. Howard returned. In this pe-

riod my physical well-being had been brought into harmony with the improvement in my prospects. I felt confident of success and equal to anything.

'It's all right,' said Mr. Howard. 'I have seen the men, and they are all for it. We must put you down the pit to-night, and there you will have to stay till we can see how to get you out of the country. One difficulty,' he said, 'will be the *skoff* (food). The Dutch girl sees every mouthful I eat. The cook will want to know what has happened to her leg of mutton. I shall have to think it all out during the night. You must get down the pit at once. We'll make you comfortable enough.'

Accordingly, just as the dawn was breaking, I followed my host across a little yard into the enclosure in which stood the winding-wheel of the mine. Here a stout man, introduced as Mr. Dewsnap, of Oldham, locked my hand in a grip of crushing vigour.

'They'll all vote for you next time,' he whispered.

A door was opened and I entered the cage. Down we shot into the bowels of the earth. At the bottom of the mine were the two Scottish miners with lanterns and a big bundle which afterwards proved to be a mattress and blankets. We walked for some time through the pitchy labyrinth, with frequent turns, twists, and alterations of level, and finally stopped in a sort of chamber where the air was cool and fresh. Here my guide set down his bundle, and Mr. Howard handed me a couple of candles, a bottle of whisky, and a box of cigars.

'There's no difficulty about these,' he said. 'I keep them under lock and key. Now we must plan how to feed you to-morrow.'

'Don't you move from here, whatever happens,' was the parting injunction. 'There will be Kaffirs about the mine after daylight, but we shall be on the look-out that none of them wanders this way. None of them has seen anything so far.'

My four friends trooped off with their lanterns, and I was left alone. Viewed from the velvety darkness of the pit, life seemed bathed in rosy light. After the perplexity and even despair through which I had passed I counted upon freedom as certain. Instead of a humiliating recapture and long months of monotonous imprisonment, probably in the common jail, I saw myself once more

rejoining the Army with a real exploit to my credit, and in that full enjoyment of freedom and keen pursuit of adventure dear to the heart of youth. In this comfortable mood, and speeded by intense fatigue, I soon slept the sleep of the weary—but of the triumphant.

II

I do not know how many hours I slept, but the following afternoon must have been far advanced when I found myself thoroughly awake. I put out my hand for the candle, but could feel it nowhere. I did not know what pitfalls these mining-galleries might contain, so I thought it better to lie quiet on my mattress and await developments. Several hours passed before the faint gleam of a lantern showed that someone was coming. It proved to be Mr. Howard himself, armed with a chicken and other good things. He also brought several books. He asked me why I had not lighted my candle. I said I couldn't find it.

'Didn't you put it under the mattress?' he asked.

'No.'

'Then the rats must have got it.'

He told me there were swarms of rats in the mine, that some years ago he had introduced a particular kind of white rat, which was an excellent scavenger, and that these had multiplied and thriven exceedingly. He told me he had been to the house of an English doctor twenty miles away to get the chicken. He was worried at the attitude of the two Dutch servants, who were very inquisitive about the depredations upon the leg of mutton for which I had been responsible. If he could not get another chicken cooked for the next day, he would have to take double helpings on his own plate and slip the surplus into a parcel for me while the servant was out of the room. He said that inquiries were being made for me all over the district by the Boers, and that the Pretoria Government was making a tremendous fuss about my escape. The fact that there were a number of English remaining in the Middleburg mining region indicated it as a likely place for me to have turned to, and all persons of English origin were more or less suspect.

I again expressed my willingness to go on alone with a Kaffir guide and a pony, but this he utterly refused to entertain. It would take a lot of planning, he said, to get me out of the country, and I might have to stay in the mine for quite a long time.

'Here,' he said, 'you are absolutely safe. Mac' (by which he meant one of the Scottish miners) 'knows all the disused workings and places that no one else would dream of. There is one place here where the water actually touches the roof for a foot or two. If they search the mine, Mac would dive under that with you into the workings cut off beyond the water. No one would ever think of looking there. We have frightened the Kaffirs with tales of ghosts, and anyhow, we are watching their movements continually.'

He stayed with me while I dined, and then departed, leaving me, among other things, half-a-dozen candles which, duly warned, I tucked under my pillow and mattress.

I slept again for a long time, and woke suddenly with a feeling of movement about me. Something seemed to be pulling at my pillow. I put out my hand quickly. There was a perfect scurry. The rats were at the candles. I rescued the candles in time, and lighted one. Luckily for me, I have no horror of rats as such, and being reassured by their evident timidity, I was not particularly uneasy. All the same, the three days I passed in the mine were not among the most pleasant which my memory re-illuminates. The patter of little feet and a perceptible sense of stir and scurry were continuous. Once I was waked up from a doze by one actually galloping across me. On the candle being lighted these beings became invisible.

The next day—if you can call it day—arrived in due course. This was December 14, and the third day since I had escaped from the State Model Schools. It was relieved by a visit from the two Scottish miners, with whom I had a long confabulation. I then learned, to my surprise, that the mine was only about two hundred feet deep.

There were parts of it, said Mac, where one could see the daylight up a disused shaft. Would I like to take a turn around the old workings and have a glimmer? We passed an hour or two wandering round and up and down these subterranean galleries,

and spent a quarter of an hour near the bottom of the shaft, where, grey and faint, the light of the sun and of the upper world was discerned. On this promenade I saw numbers of rats. They seemed rather nice little beasts, quite white, with dark eyes which I was assured in the daylight were a bright pink. Three years afterwards a British officer on duty in the district wrote to me that he had heard my statement at a lecture about the white rats and their pink eyes, and thought it was the limit of mendacity. He had taken the trouble to visit the mine and see for himself, and he proceeded to apologise for having doubted my truthfulness.

On the 15th Mr. Howard announced that the hue and cry seemed to be dying away. No trace of the fugitive had been discovered throughout the mining district. The talk among the Boer officials was now that I must be hiding at the house of some British sympathiser in Pretoria. They did not believe that it was possible I could have got out of the town. In these circumstances he thought that I might come up and have a walk on the veldt that night, and that if all was quiet the next morning I might shift my quarters to the back room of the office. On the one hand he seemed reassured, and on the other increasingly excited by the adventure. Accordingly, I had a fine stroll in the glorious fresh air and moonlight, and thereafter, anticipating slightly our programme, I took up my quarters behind packing-cases in the inner room of the office. Here I remained for three more days, walking each night on the endless plain with Mr. Howard or his assistant.

On the 16th, the fifth day of escape, Mr. Howard informed me he had made a plan to get me out of the country. The mine was connected with the railway by a branch line. In the neighbourhood of the mine there lived a Dutchman, Burgener by name, who was sending a consignment of wool to Delagoa Bay on the 19th. This gentleman was well disposed to the British. He had been approached by Mr. Howard, had been made a party to our secret, and was willing to assist. Mr. Burgener's wool was packed in great bales and would fill two or three large trucks. These trucks were to be loaded at the mine's siding. The bales could be so packed as to leave a small place in the centre of the truck in which I could be concealed. A tarpaulin would be fastened over each truck after it

had been loaded, and it was very unlikely indeed that, if the fastenings were found intact, it would be removed at the frontier. Did I agree to take this chance?

I was more worried about this than almost anything that had happened to me so far in my adventure. When by extraordinary chance one has gained some great advantage or prize and actually had it in one's possession and been enjoying it for several days, the idea of losing it becomes almost insupportable. I had really come to count upon freedom as a certainty, and the idea of having to put myself in a position in which I should be perfectly helpless, without a move of any kind, absolutely at the caprice of a searching party at the frontier, was profoundly harassing. Rather than face this ordeal I would much have preferred to start off on the veldt with a pony and a guide, and far from the haunts of man to make my way march by march beyond the wide territories of the Boer Republic. However, in the end I accepted the proposal of my generous rescuer, and arrangements were made accordingly.

I should have been still more anxious if I could have read some of the telegrams which were reaching English newspapers. For instance:

Pretoria, December 13.—Though Mr. Churchill's escape was cleverly executed there is little chance of his being able to cross the border.

Pretoria, December 14.—It is reported that Mr. Winston Churchill has been captured at the border railway station of Komati Poort.

Lourenço Marques, December 16.—It is reported that Mr. Churchill has been captured at Waterval Boven.

London, December 16.—With reference to the escape from Pretoria of Mr. Winston Churchill, fears are expressed that he may be captured again before long and if so may probably be shot;

or if I had read the description of myself and the reward for my recapture which were now widely distributed or posted along the railway line. I am glad I knew nothing of all this.

The afternoon of the 18th dragged slowly away. I remember that I spent the greater part of it reading Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. Those thrilling pages which describe the escape of David Balfour and Alan Breck in the glens awakened sensations with which I was only too familiar. To be a fugitive, to be a hunted man, to be 'wanted,' is a mental experience by itself. The risks of the battlefield, the hazards of the bullet or the shell are one thing. Having the police after you is another. The need for concealment and deception breeds an actual sense of guilt very undermining to morale. Feeling that at any moment the officers of the law may present themselves or any stranger may ask the questions, 'Who are you?' 'Where do you come from?' 'Where are you going?'—to which questions no satisfactory answer could be given—gnawed the structure of self-confidence. I dreaded in every fibre the ordeal which awaited me at Komati Poort and which I must impotently and passively endure if I was to make good my escape from the enemy.

In this mood I was startled by the sound of rifle-shots close at hand, one after another at irregular intervals. A sinister explanation flashed through my mind. The Boers had come! Howard and his handful of Englishmen were in open rebellion in the heart of the enemy's country! I had been strictly enjoined upon no account to leave my hiding-place behind the packing cases in any circumstances whatever, and I accordingly remained there in great anxiety. Presently it became clear that the worst had not happened. The sounds of voices and presently of laughter came from the office. Evidently a conversation amicable, sociable in its character was in progress. I resumed my companionship with Alan Breck. At last the voices died away, and then after an interval my door was opened and Mr. Howard's pale, sombre face appeared, suffused by a broad grin. He relocked the door behind him and walked delicately towards me, evidently in high glee.

'The Field Cornet has been here,' he said. 'No, he was not looking for you. He says they caught you at Waterval Boven yesterday. But I didn't want him messing about, so I challenged him to a rifle match at bottles. He won two pounds off me and has gone away delighted.'

'It is all fixed up for to-night,' he added.

'What do I do?' I asked.

'Nothing. You simply follow me when I come for you.'

At two o'clock on the morning of the 19th I awaited, fully dressed, the signal. The door opened. My host appeared. He beckoned. Not a word was spoken on either side. He led the way through the front office to the siding where three large bogie trucks stood. Three figures, evidently Dewsnap and the miners, were strolling about in different directions in the moonlight. A gang of Kaffirs were busy lifting an enormous bale into the rear-most truck. Howard strolled along to the first truck and walked across the line past the end of it. As he did so he pointed with his left hand. I nipped on to the buffers and saw before me a hole between the wool bales and the end of the truck, just wide enough to squeeze into. From this there led a narrow tunnel formed of wool bales into the centre of the truck. Here was a space wide enough to lie in, high enough to sit up in. In this I took up my abode.

Three or four hours later, when gleams of daylight had reached me through the interstices of my shelter and through chinks in the boards of the floorings of the truck, the noise of an approaching engine was heard. Then came the bumping and banging of coupling up. And again, after a further pause, we started rumbling off on our journey into the unknown.

I now took stock of my new abode and of the resources in munitions and supplies with which it was furnished. First there was a revolver. This was a moral support, though it was not easy to see in what way it could helpfully be applied to any problem I was likely to have to solve. Secondly, there were two roast chickens, some slices of meat, a loaf of bread, a melon, and three bottles of cold tea. The journey to the sea was not expected to take more than sixteen hours, but no one could tell what delay might occur to ordinary commercial traffic in time of war.

There was plenty of light now in the recess in which I was confined. There were many crevices in the boards composing the sides and floor of the truck, and through these the light found its way be-

tween the wool bales. Working along the tunnel to the end of the truck, I found a chink which must have been nearly an eighth of an inch in width, and through which it was possible to gain a partial view of the outer world. To check the progress of the journey I had learnt by heart beforehand the names of all the stations on the route. I can remember many of them to-day: Witbank, Middleburg, Bergendal, Belfast, Dalmanutha, Machadodorp, Waterval Boven, Waterval Onder, Elands, Nooidgedacht, and so on to Komati Poort. We had by now reached the first of these. At this point the branch line from the mine joined the railway. Here, after two or three hours' delay and shunting, we were evidently coupled up to a regular train, and soon started off at a superior and very satisfactory pace.

All day long we travelled eastward through the Transvaal, and when darkness fell we were laid up for the night at a station which, according to my reckoning, was Waterval Boven. We had accomplished nearly half of our journey. But how long should we wait on this siding? It might be for days; it would certainly be until the next morning. During all the dragging hours of the day I had lain on the floor of the truck occupying my mind as best I could, painting bright pictures of the pleasures of freedom, of the excitement of rejoining the Army, of the triumph of a successful escape—but haunted also perpetually by anxieties about the search at the frontier, an ordeal inevitable and constantly approaching. Now another apprehension laid hold upon me. I wanted to go to sleep. Indeed, I did not think I could possibly keep awake. But if I slept I might snore! And if I snored while the train was at rest in the silent siding, I might be heard. And if I were heard! I decided in principle that it was only prudent to abstain from sleep, and shortly afterwards fell into a blissful slumber from which I was awakened the next morning by the banging and jerking of the train as the engine was again coupled to it.

Between Waterval Boven and Waterval Onder there is a very steep descent which the locomotive accomplishes by means of a rack and pinion. We ground our way down this at three or four miles an hour, and this feature made my reckoning certain that the next station was, in fact, Waterval Onder. All this day, too,

we rattled through the enemy's country, and late in the afternoon we reached the dreaded Komati Poort. Peeping through my chink, I could see this was a considerable place, with numerous tracks of rails and several trains standing on them. Numbers of people were moving about. There were many voices and much shouting and whistling. After a preliminary inspection of the scene I retreated, as the train pulled up, into the very centre of my fastness, and covering myself up with a piece of sacking lay flat on the floor of the truck and awaited developments with a beating heart.

Three or four hours passed, and I did not know whether we had been searched or not. Several times people had passed up and down the train talking in Dutch. But the tarpaulins had not been removed, and no special examination seemed to have been made of the truck. Meanwhile darkness had come on, and I had to resign myself to an indefinite continuance of my uncertainties. It was tantalizing to be held so long in jeopardy after all these hundreds of miles had been accomplished, and I was now within a few hundred yards of the frontier. Again I wondered about the dangers of snoring. But in the end I slept without mishap.

We were still stationary when I awoke. Perhaps they were searching the train so thoroughly that there was consequently a great delay! Alternatively, perhaps we were forgotten on the siding and would be left there for days or weeks. I was greatly tempted to peer out, but I resisted. At last, at eleven o'clock, we were coupled up, and almost immediately started. If I had been right in thinking that the station in which we had passed the night was Komati Poort, I was already in Portuguese territory. But perhaps I had made a mistake. Perhaps I had miscounted. Perhaps there was still another station before the frontier. Perhaps the search still impended. But all these doubts were dispelled when the train arrived at the next station. I peered through my chink and saw the uniform caps of the Portuguese officials on the platform and the name Resana Garcia painted on a board. I restrained all expression of my joy until we moved on again. Then, as we rumbled and banged along, I pushed my head out of the tarpaulin and sang and shouted and crowed at the top of my voice. Indeed, I was so carried away by thankfulness and delight that I

fired my revolver two or three times in the air as a *feu de joie*. None of these follies led to any evil results.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Lourenço Marques. My train ran into a goods yard, and a crowd of Kaffirs advanced to unload it. I thought the moment had now come for me to quit my hiding-place, in which I had passed nearly three anxious and uncomfortable days. I had already thrown out every vestige of food and had removed all traces of my occupation. I now slipped out at the end of the truck between the couplings, and mingling unnoticed with the Kaffirs and loafers in the yard—which my slovenly and unkempt appearance well fitted me to do—I strolled my way towards the gates and found myself in the streets of Lourenço Marques.

Burgener was waiting outside the gates. We exchanged glances. He turned and walked off into the town, and I followed twenty yards behind. We walked through several streets and turned a number of corners. Presently he stopped and stood for a moment gazing up at the roof of the opposite house. I looked in the same direction, and there—blest vision!—I saw floating the gay colours of the Union Jack. It was the British Consulate.

The secretary of the British Consul evidently did not expect my arrival.

‘Be off,’ he said. ‘The Consul cannot see you to-day. Come to his office at nine to-morrow, if you want anything.’

At this I became so angry, and repeated so loudly that I insisted on seeing the Consul personally at once, that that gentleman himself looked out of the window and finally came down to the door and asked me my name. From that moment every resource of hospitality and welcome was at my disposal. A hot bath, clean clothing, an excellent dinner, means of telegraphing—all I could want.

I devoured the file of newspapers which was placed before me. Great events had taken place since I had climbed the wall of the State Model Schools. The Black Week of the Boer War had descended on the British Army. General Gatacre at Stormberg, Lord Methuen at Magersfontein, and Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso, had all suffered staggering defeats, and casualties on a scale un-

known to England since the Crimean War. All this made me eager to rejoin the Army, and the Consul himself was no less anxious to get me out of Lourenço Marques, which was full of Boers and Boer sympathizers. Happily the weekly steamer was leaving for Durban that very evening; in fact, it might almost be said it ran in connection with my train. On this steamer I decided to embark.

The news of my arrival had spread like wildfire through the town, and while we were at dinner the Consul was at first disturbed to see a group of strange figures in the garden. These, however, turned out to be Englishmen fully armed who had hurried up to the Consulate determined to resist any attempt at my recapture. Under the escort of these patriotic gentlemen I marched safely through the streets to the quay, and at about ten o'clock was on salt water in the steamship *Induna*.

I reached Durban to find myself a popular hero. I was received as if I had won a great victory. The harbour was decorated with flags. Bands and crowds thronged the quays. The Admiral, the General, the Mayor pressed on board to grasp my hand. I was nearly torn to pieces by enthusiastic kindness. Whirled along on the shoulders of the crowd, I was carried to the steps of the town hall, where nothing would content them but a speech, which after a becoming reluctance I was induced to deliver. Sheaves of telegrams from all parts of the world poured in upon me, and I started that night for the Army in a blaze of triumph.

CHERRY KEARTON

Wild animal photographers, some of them magnificent artists and others not so good, have been legion in recent decades. Through their work even more than through the caged exhibits found in zoos, the average man, woman, and child have been able to gain a valuable knowledge of the habits, appearance, psychology, and habitat of the world's more picturesque fauna.

In introducing Cherry Kearton I am delighted to pay tribute to one of the first and also one of the best of these roving cameramen. Kearton, who died only a few months ago, not only made excellent pictures but was also a student of animals and an able writer. For forty years he studied wild animal life in Great Britain, India, Borneo, United States, Canada, and all parts of Africa. He went unarmed into the jungles, his one weapon his camera. As an expert photographer, he photographed wild animals when they were unaware of man's presence.

In the present selection, he gives what seems to me one of the best descriptions available of that overadvertised and much maligned beast, the lion. It is curious what diversity of opinion one finds on this animal—in part, perhaps, because of his romantic standing through at least two thousand years as the king of beasts. His reputation in modern literature ranges all the way from that of a bloodthirsty ogre to that of a rather pathetic, harmless, overgrown alley cat that snoops in the garbage cans of Tanganyika.

Cherry Kearton, however, was too experienced to fall into either camp. He brought the lion to life as an understandable function-

THE LION

By CHERRY KEARTON

I SAT on a small hill in the heart of Central Africa. Twenty miles away, the plain began to rise, and my view was bounded by mountains, with one long-extinct volcano high above the others directly in front of me. There was grandeur in those mountains and I could have watched them for hours if matters of more pressing interest had not been close at hand.

A hundred and fifty yards away, the ground rose fifty feet above the level of the plain to form a little hill which was covered with grass a foot high, with a solitary small thorn tree near the top. On the plain between the hill on which I stood and that other hill, browsed some two or three hundred of the gentler animals of the bush—zebra, kongoni and gazelle. Feeding off the grass, the herds kept a short distance apart; but away on the left stood a single zebra and at about the same distance to the right a kongoni.

It was a sight that is common enough in Africa; a herd of animals feeding, with two of their number standing apart as sentinels, to give warning to the rest at the approach of danger.

At the first glance, there was no suggestion of danger in the

From *In the Land of the Lion*, by Cherry Kearton. Copyright 1929, Robert M. McBride & Company.

view, which might well have been the subject of an Academy picture. But the two animal sentinels were alert and watchful, looking towards the little hill. Clearly, they knew of the presence of an enemy. And I, searching with field-glasses, suddenly detected a movement and discovered what the animals below me knew already.

In the grass under the tree that crowned the little hill crouched a lion.

The herds apparently had confidence in the sentinels, and although they too must have known that the lion watched them, they fed steadily forward until they were within seventy-five yards of the hill. Then the lion advanced, very much like a cat, creeping on his belly through the grass. Immediately the two sentinels bolted and the whole herd, taking the alarm, thundered away.

But the herds were not willing to desert the good pasture they had found, and in a minute or two they started once more to feed back, whilst the sentinels again took up their position, looking towards the hill and the lion.

This was in broad daylight and, of course, the lion's chances of a successful stalk were small, as the grass was shorter on the level ground than on the hill. Indeed, although occasionally it must happen, I have never seen a lion succeed in a daylight stalk, and since he must know how poor are his chances, I doubt whether he is then ever very intensely in earnest, unless he has missed his feed in the night, as he sometimes does, particularly in the wet season when he is inclined to stay under cover. The day is not his natural feeding time, and I think he hunts then more for the excitement of the chase, than to kill. The temptation, when he sees a feeding herd, is too much for him, and he stalks it like a playful cat. But at night, as I shall show, it is different.

After I had watched the herds and the lion for some time, I went forward on horseback to try to see the lion at closer range. But he had vanished. For nearly three-quarters of a mile the grass was less than a foot high, and yet the lion had been able to retreat at my approach without giving the slightest sign of his movements.

It is always amazing how a lion, huge beast as he is, can crouch almost flat and come and go in short grass without being visible.

On one occasion when I knew that three lions were hiding in a tunnel washed out by the rains, I watched the spot with two companions, thinking that we should see the lions as they moved away. But an hour passed and we saw nothing. At last we decided on a closer investigation and moving cautiously we went to the lower end of the tunnel, only to discover that the lions were no longer there. To the three of us it was almost incredible, and yet it was undoubtedly true: those three beasts had come out of the tunnel and had crawled, under cover of grass eighteen inches high, down into a small valley and up to the ridge beyond unseen, although the whole of the valley was well within our view.

At another time, I was out alone except for a native 'boy' in the same sort of country: occasional small undulations, but otherwise nothing in the way of 'cover' except the foot-high grass. As we came round the side of one of the little hills, the 'boy' suddenly clutched my arm and pointed, crying "Simba!" (lion).

They were not two hundred yards away; five huge creatures feeding on what was apparently a small gazelle which could hardly have supplied them with a mouthful each.

It was one of the chances of a lifetime, and I sent the 'boy' back to fetch my companions, and also my camera so that I might get a picture.

I had a special reason for being interested in those lions. Earlier in the morning, I had discovered by chance a human skull, picked almost clean of flesh, but unmistakably that of a native. Two things were clear about it; the killing of that native had been done within the last twelve hours—and it had been done by a lion.

As, then, there was a man-eater in the district, it was more than likely that he—or she—was one of the group I had just discovered. That was why I had sent for my companions, since, with lions as with other things, there is safety in numbers.

In the light of after events it is clear that I was exceedingly rash to wait on the spot for my friends and the camera. But I never care to miss a chance of studying the lion, and I calculated that the animals were all far too busy with their meal to trouble about me, and that I should have an excellent opportunity to make my observations undisturbed.

But there I was wrong—utterly and completely, and very nearly finally, wrong!

Either the meal must have been much nearer completion than I imagined, or else the gazelle was too insignificant to occupy the lions' whole attention. In any case, long before my companions had had time to come from the camp, a big lioness yawned, licked her lips, looked round, and fastened her eyes on me!

Then she got up, came forward a few yards, and stood considering me, while the other four stood up and began to follow.

It has been said that a lion that has finished a meal is so sleepy and contented that a man can go within a few yards of him without danger. This may be true—sometimes. It was certainly not true of this lioness. Perhaps her meal had been really inadequate. Perhaps there was merely something in the sight of me that particularly interested her. Or perhaps—and, as I decided at the time, more probably—she was the man-eater whose grisly leavings I had discovered.

At any rate, she quite clearly meant business and she had no intention of either leaving me in peace or letting me get away uninvestigated. It was a position in which something had to be done, and that quickly. If I sat still, the lioness would very soon reach me. If I turned and ran, she would be after me at once and I should have no chance of outpacing her. So I decided to try to adopt something like the lion's own stalking tactics, with variations of my own, and with the object of getting farther instead of nearer. If lions could slip out of sight in the grass, why should not I?

Suddenly, therefore, I dropped flat into the grass. After a minute of lying there with a thumping heart, I very cautiously raised my head and looked to see how much nearer the lioness had come.

Apparently my maneuver had mystified her, for she was standing still and looking back at the four lions behind her, as if to ask whether they could tell her what had become of me. So far, so good. But the lioness began to come forward again. This time, I suddenly sprang to my feet; and the sight of me, suddenly appearing like a jack-in-the-box out of the grass, so much startled her that she again stopped.

But not for long. It puzzled her, this sight of a man who kept appearing and disappearing, but it must, I suppose, have added to her curiosity. In any case, she came on again, now more steadily.

Again I disappeared into the grass, and now I began to work my way backward, as quickly as I could, but taking infinite care not to show myself.

It was decidedly an anxious time, because although I had delayed her by my sudden vanishings and appearances, I had not been retreating while I made them. It was only while I was down in the grass that I could go backwards, and I soon found that, for all my hurry, she was coming on faster than I could go back. And there wasn't much chance that I should be able to steer myself sideways sufficiently to get out of the lioness's path. No; quite clearly it wasn't a game that could last forever. Sooner or later the lioness (to say nothing of the four lions behind her) would reach me, unless by good fortune my companions should arrive in time.

Imagine then my relief (for after all even the most ardent of animal lovers would draw the line at being *eaten*) when on taking another cautious peep over the top of the grass I failed to see even one of those five lions! A minute before, they had been well within a hundred yards of me; now they were completely out of sight. My heart gave a leap of sheer joy. But then doubt came. Did it follow that the lions were no longer there, merely because I could not see them? Might not they too have sunk into the grass and even now be creeping closer and closer? Wasn't it much more likely that the grass hid all five of those lions and that in another minute they would be within charging distance?

Hurriedly, I lowered my head and, now without much care or caution, began once more to retreat.

Suddenly I heard a new sound from a new quarter, and with renewed hope I looked again—and saw, advancing from the left, my friends.

When these reinforcements came up, we went straight for the place where I had last seen the lions, but there was not a sight of them. Obviously, they must have stopped and have hidden in the grass as my friends drew near, and even as we all went forward they must have still been in the grass within a couple of hundred

yards of us: yet we saw nothing. We went on, searching but seeing no sign, down into a hollow and up the slope of the farther ridge; and then, as we looked again over the plain, we saw all five of the lions leisurely going along whilst a number of zebra and kongoni spread out to let them pass through.

This incident illustrates also the fact that the lion is always an uncertain factor. You do not know in any given circumstances what he will do. He follows no rules. You never know when you can safely approach him, any more than you know when a lion will regard you, suspiciously perhaps, but on the whole peacefully, from a distance, when he will come forward for a closer inspection of you, or even when he will attack. You cannot distinguish a man-eater from a non-man-eater for certain until you are on the ground and he, with teeth bared, is above you. You cannot even be sure that a lion which has never touched human flesh never will touch it.

The behavior of a hungry lion will be quite different from that of one who is well fed, and the conduct of a lioness with cubs will be different from that of one without. And just as you cannot tell by sight whether or not a lion is hungry, neither can you safely be certain whether or not a lioness is accompanied by cubs, for they may be hidden in the grass or bushes. A friend of mine once came within sixty yards of a lioness standing by herself near a small bush. He was prepared to take his chances with one lion but he was shy of a family, and he looked carefully to see that the lioness was really alone, finally making up his mind that there was no doubt about it. Yet he was wrong. Out from under a bush into the grass came two cubs; and out of slightly longer grass behind the bush came the old male lion.

A lion in one district will not behave necessarily as a lion in another district. But more than that, it is impossible to say that two lions, in the same district, and even hunting together, will act in anything like the same way. For the lion, more than all other animals, has individuality. He may be good-tempered or bad-tempered, brave or nervous. He may act on impulse, and no one can say what that impulse is going to be.

Of many animals, one may safely say that one thing will always be done, and another thing never. But not of the lion. To every-

thing that looks like a rule with him there are exceptions, and even the exceptions fail to be uniform. The lion, for instance, is quite definitely an eater of meat; yet he has been known in some districts to feed on fish. For many years I thought that the lion stood still when he roared; but I have once seen a lion roaring¹ as he walked along. I personally have never seen a lioness with more than two cubs; yet there is ample evidence that they sometimes have three or even four. And although as a rule if the lion is shot the lioness will immediately attack in defense of her cubs or in revenge for her mate, I have known two instances in which the lioness deserted her cubs and bolted for safety.

Often I have wondered what I should do if I found myself on the ground with a lion above me. I think I should make the greatest effort at self-control that I could manage and try to remain absolutely still and silent: for if the lion could be convinced that I was dead, and if any other man should be in sight, it is likely that another prey would be sought in place of myself—and this time one that was forewarned.

Just as lions vary in habits, they also vary in appearance. There are several kinds of lion in Africa, and one must not conclude that a creature of the lion family without a mane is a lioness, for it may be the male of the kind known as the bush lion, which has no mane. There are variations, too, in color, from golden brown, through drab, to the pale color more often seen in the donkey; indeed I once assumed that two very pale-colored creatures seen only a hundred yards away, just after daybreak, were donkeys, and only discovered just in time that they were lions.

You may meet lions singly, or you may meet them in troops, and it does not seem to be certain that the choice of company is necessarily associated with mating. It is much more likely that it originates merely with the need for protection. You may see two

¹ Nothing is more difficult to describe than a sound. One speaks of the lion's roar; but the word is used loosely. The lion has three kinds of roar, which are entirely distinct. One is a kind of grunt, repeated again and again when he is hunting. The second is an angry and blood-curdling sound used when he is killing. The third is really a roar, repeated in ever-growing volume and then gradually dying away, and that indicates triumph and self-satisfaction and is mostly used when he has slaked his thirst after the kill.

lionesses with one lion, or two lions with one lioness. I have been within a few yards of as many as sixteen lions together—two males and the rest either females or youngsters three parts grown. Lions that come together in a troop will usually keep on the move (presumably because so many of them might exhaust the commissariat possibilities of one spot) and hunt in circles of about forty miles.

The day, for the lion, is the time of rest and relaxation; it is at night that he is busy. During the day he must sleep, in short snatches; he may amuse himself, as I have already related, with a little experimental stalking and if by chance this results in a kill, he will eat; he may partake of an extra meal if he has the luck to find something left by the jackals and the vultures when a rhino has been shot and it is sufficiently "high" to tickle his palate; and during the day too he will play with his cubs—a rough sort of play which must, I think, be intended to give them hardihood and to teach them the art of the kill.

A friend of mine once looked over a little rock and saw a family of lions in the open, forty yards away; father, mother and two cubs. Beside them lay the remains of a zebra, and high overhead circled the vultures, waiting for their chance to clear the crumbs. Mother-lion was resting after the meal, lying on her back and rolling from side to side to watch the vultures; but father-lion, like the human father on Sunday afternoon, was playing with the children.

I have had the same sort of experience myself, when for more than an hour I watched a male lion playing with his cub. First he licked it all over and then—like a cat with her kitten—the game began. The lion took hold of the cub with his paws and rolled on his back with the little fellow on his chest. Then he rolled from side to side while the cub gamboled around him. Once the cub (as children will) was overcome by the excitement of the game and became a bit too rough, putting out its claws; and immediately the paternal paw came down in a smack which was certainly no part of the game.

It is always pleasing to see the care with which lions look after their young, quickly betraying anxiety if they roam out of sight—although it may be that coupled with natural anxiety is the fear

that a wandering cub will lead the lion's enemy, man, into the vicinity.

There is a good deal of time for play while the lions are at rest, and the younger ones enjoy themselves just like kittens; for though hunger may drive the lion to raids, and though in the night he is a terror to all the other inhabitants of the bush, when he is full and well fed he finds life agreeable and shows his contentment, playing or sleeping, or sunning himself on some ant-hill, while the cubs play or sleep or eat the meat that has been given them, and the lioness lies on guard.

A lion and a lioness together will stay in the same place for weeks on end, and if they are driven away will almost certainly return to restart their family life in the same place. A rocky glade with thick bush or a small wooded hill is a favorite lair. I have known them, too, to live in small caves, and often they are to be found in the dongas, as they are called—small ravines washed out by rains at the foot of the hills. The lair is for the day and for the cubs, but it must be near to the feeding grounds of other animals so that when night falls the lion—and when her cubs are grown the lioness—may find and kill the prey.

Then it is—directly night falls—that the lion comes out into the open, not to stalk carelessly as he has done during the day, but in deadly earnest.

Unless the lioness has very young cubs, she will go with her lord to the feeding grounds or near to the water-holes where the animals drink, and will do her share in the killing, afterwards very likely carrying off in her mouth a portion of meat for her family. The lion (and here in that word I include the lioness) is cunning in his methods of attack. As a rule one or other of the two animals will act rather like a "beater," prowling to and fro with terrifying grunts which scare the prey so that it runs almost into the jaws of the other. And sometimes, where three paths lead to a water-hole, excreta will be dropped across two of the paths so that the animals, scenting it, will fear the presence of lion and will go by the third path—where the lion crouches in wait for them.

There are many stories as to how he kills his prey, and it is usually thought that he springs suddenly and silently from the side

on to the animal's back, putting his teeth into its neck, while one claw holds the shoulder and the other catches the creature's nose and with a quick jerk forces back the head, breaking the neck instantly. But no one knows this for certain, since the lion nearly always kills at night, when observation is difficult. Twice I have seen the kill, but neither time could I see with certainty how it was done.

In any case, the animal has no chance of escape when once the lion has got his hold. Now and then you will see a zebra or a giraffe with terrific scars, and you will know that it has been attacked by a lion and has lived to show the marks: in these cases the animal in its terror has probably jumped at the moment of the spring, so that the lion has failed to land fully across its body. Once I saw a zebra with the signs of terrible wounds right down its hind-quarters. I can picture that scene: the lion springing, and the zebra starting at that very moment to run—the lion falling so that his front claws clutched the zebra's rear, while his hind feet landed on the ground—and then the zebra, maddened by terror and pain, lashing out with its hoofs and probably striking the lion a terrible blow in the stomach, so that he let go his hold—and finally the badly-wounded zebra making for safety as fast as loss of blood would allow it.

But it is rare for such an incident to occur. Far, far more often the lion's hunting will succeed, and in a minute or two the lion and lioness, with very likely other members of their troop, will be tearing at the carcass. It has been calculated that one lion will probably kill as many as three hundred animals in a year, and he will share in other kills besides his own. I have photographed five lions eating the body of a wild beast, taking a pull at the flesh, then wandering round to try another part of the body, and finally settling down, each to his own portion, all snarling together and quarreling when one of them approached too near to another's chosen meal.

The lion will eat his fill, and lap up the warm, salt blood; for though he likes his meat to be high if he eats the remains of a rhino, he will eat his own kill while it is fresh and red. Then, his hunger at last appeased, he will make for a pool to slake the thirst

which comes after drinking blood; and at last he will give his great, full-throated and terrible roar, that all the animals around may know that once again a lion has killed.

Then he will probably go back to his lair: but if he has overfed at the kill he will very likely grow sleepy and stay beside what is left of the carcass, while jackal and hyena wait anxiously for his departure. Sometimes he may rise in an hour or two and let the jackal and the hyena, and after them, at daybreak, the vultures, have their meal; but at other times he will sleep on, and only awake when the sun has risen.

Occasionally at daybreak a lion may be seen rising from beside a kill and making quickly for home. But when this happens, there has been a reason for the heavy gorge that has preceded the lion's long sleep. It is not as a rule mere greed, but a sign of genuine hunger. Hunting must have been poor of late, perhaps because rain has interfered with it.

It is when the lion is old or hungry that he is most dangerous. Then, he may leave his usual hunting grounds and raid the cattle of the natives. Then, too, in extreme cases, he turns man-eater.

If he wants cattle he will dare much to satisfy himself, and he will employ the cunning which he has learnt in the open. The natives guard their herds by building kraals or bomas of thorn and by lighting big fires inside them, because they know that the lion fears fire. But now and again the fires die down, and then the raiding lions find their opportunity.

A troop once attacked a big boma built on the slope of a hill. The thorns were close, stout and sharp, and the lions knew well enough that the barrier was too thick either to be broken or to be crossed by leaping. Two of them therefore went up the hill and pretended to charge, giving their terrifying grunts. The frightened cattle rushed to the lower side of the boma and bunched together there, close against the thorns and as far from the noise as they could go. Still the two lions threatened and grunted, and still the cattle pressed and scrambled to get farther from the awful sound. And at last the thorn barrier broke on its lower side under the cattle's weight and the cattle stampeded—but not to safety, for there the other lions of the troop had waited for them,

Just as a lion will take cattle when once he has acquired a taste for it, so too will he take man once he has tasted human flesh.

Of course, any lion may attack a man when wounded, or perhaps when its mate is wounded, or when it is in danger. That is not man-eating. The man-eater attacks without provocation, simply for food.

If you came face to face with a man-eating lion, his method of attack would depend on the distance at which he sighted you. If he saw you at fifty yards, he would charge on his belly, coughing as he came, until he was near enough to spring. But if you came upon him (as the natives do when they are lion-spearing) so that he was cornered and stood at bay, he would stand for a second, roaring and lashing himself into a fury—and then he would charge.

It is not probable that in either case you would realize what you saw: but if it happened that your 'boys' or your companions were in time to rescue you, you might realize long afterwards that in the terrible last seconds, you saw the lion at least twice his normal size, with his great mane standing out and his tail in the air: and that all the while his awful grunt of rage beat again and again on your ears.

Stories by the score could be told of how man-eating lions have secured their victims. One of the most terrible stories of a man-eater—and incidentally an excellent illustration of the lion's waywardness—is told by Colonel Paterson in his book *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*.¹ Colonel Paterson describes how a lion repeatedly attacked the staff of a certain railway station, taking a man night after night until the spot became a place of absolute terror. At last three Europeans decided to lie in wait for him, and took up their position in a railway carriage that was drawn on to a siding. For a while two slept—one in a berth and one on the floor—while the third stood on guard, but after a while, as all seemed quiet, the third also lay down to sleep, in the second berth, the three men occupying a single compartment. Later in the night, the man-eater

¹ The story was related to me by one of the three men concerned. But the mind does not clearly take in events in a scene of terrible excitement, and so more than one version of what occurred is now current in Africa. Colonel Paterson had opportunities for investigating the matter, and I therefore base the following account on his.

came, found the sliding door ajar, pushed it back with his paw, and entered the compartment in which lay the three men.

Now, here is the curious point. It might have been thought that the lion, having come into a position of considerable danger, would have seized the nearest man and have made off with him to safety. But not a bit of it. The lion, instead of seizing the man who lay on the floor directly at his feet, actually stood on that man while he dragged down the man in the berth above!

Hard as it is to explain that, it is equally difficult to say why a lion after seizing a white man should leave him—as he has been known to do—in order to attack a native; or, for that matter, why, since he is invariably scared by fire, he should once have pursued a zebra right into the heart of a lighted street; or why a lion who once attacked a hunter who had no defense except an empty rifle held across his chest should have swerved at the critical moment and galloped past, leaving the hunter unscathed.

A few months ago I had one of the oddest experiences with a lion that has so far come my way. I was driving down a rough track at night, when suddenly a big lion stepped on to the track only thirty-five yards ahead. The wind was behind me, so that the lion must have heard the noise of the car's engine, yet he paid absolutely no attention to it, but proceeded down the track. Naturally I slowed down, for I had no urgent desire to diminish the distance between us. Yet still the lion did not look behind him, only gazing steadily at something ahead which seemed to interest him.

Then, suddenly, I realized—or at any rate suspected—what was happening. The lion was not bothering about the car because he was far more puzzled by the strange spectacle of pieces of bush lit up in the darkness by the glare of my headlights!

To put this theory to the test, I moved the spotlight so that the beam traveled off the track to one side—and immediately the lion followed it! Then I accelerated, and passed the lion within ten yards, as he still investigated those ghostly-looking bushes.

I doubt if there is anything that gives you a more creepy feeling than to walk close to the haunt of a lion at night, without knowing whether or not he will spring. And as may be imagined, the horrible feeling is accentuated when you know that somewhere in the

district there lurks a man-eater. The natives may have told you of such a creature, with stories of how their friends have been waylaid, never to return; then, when you have stayed late at a water-hole, you return fearfully, with eyes and ears alert, starting even at your own shadow; and later, when at last you have reached camp and fallen asleep, you awake at the slightest sound and sit listening to the noises of the African night.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Dr. Isaiah Bowman, past Director of the American Geographical Society and at present President of Johns Hopkins University, said, "Stefansson will stand for all time as *the* great interpreter of the North." The remark was made years ago, and has since then proven true in a large number of ways. Today the world is going through a remarkable northward expansion, primarily in Siberia, but also in Alaska, Canada, and Greenland. And wherever one turns in studying that expansion, there one finds Vilhjalmur Stefansson as the one man who is responsible more than any other for laying the philosophical foundations on which it is based.

As a young man of twenty-seven, Stefansson went north on his first voyage, as ethnologist for the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen expedition. Fortunately for him and the world, the expedition had trouble, suffered from shipwreck, and left the ethnologist alone and stranded on Canada's Arctic coast. Penniless, he threw himself on the mercy of the Eskimos as a combination guest, friend, and student; and so, that first winter, he began to learn the Eskimo language, the Eskimo technique of living happily in the North, and the Eskimo point of view according to which the Arctic is a thoroughly desirable land.

So, serving his apprenticeship among the aboriginal inhabitants, he made himself, in the years that followed, the one most competent exploratory traveler who has ever worked in the North. So, too, feeling at home there, he learned to love it and to consider it friendly to the adaptable man who knows how to adjust to

the country instead of demanding that the country adjust to him. Hence, eventually, his two great books, *The Friendly Arctic* and *The Northward Course of Empire*, which have served ever since their publication as bibles to the men who live and work in the Arctic and are extending the inhabited world's domains in the direction of the Pole.

"An adventure," says Stefansson, "is a sign of incompetence." In the present selection he shows how a competent, intelligent man handled what might to any other man have been an extremely dangerous if not fatal situation, and how a competent traveler turned into a mere incident what might to another have been a great adventure.

“LOST” IN THE ARCTIC

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

ON THE 23rd I started for Cape Alfred with two sledges, sixteen dogs, and the Eskimos Emiu and Alingnak, his wife, Guninana, and their daughter, Ikiuna, a girl of ten or eleven. We traveled without adventure, sometimes camping in the snowhouses built by Wilkins' party, but more often failing to find them on account of the nearly complete absence of daylight on cloudy days and the covering up of their trail through intervening blizzards.

Near Bernard Island we did have an adventure. We passed the east end of the island the last evening of January and camped in one of Wilkins' snowhouses found about two miles beyond. The previous fall Thomsen and Knight had made a trip to Bernard Island and placed on the east end a depot of pemmican and kerosene. This was before any one knew that the *Star* was only twenty miles to the north and at a time when I thought such a depot might be convenient for sledge parties traveling in winter. I now wanted to pick these things up and carry them to the *Star*, so we thought we would wait for daylight to locate the place where they were.

The next day was beautifully clear and at noon the sun came

From *The Friendly Arctic*, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

almost to the horizon, so we had full daylight by which to discover the depot with the glasses and even to discern it with bare eyes when once we knew where it was. Emiu was then told to fetch the things sometime during the day, supposedly about noon or soon after.

Emiu, as we have said, had spent a large part of his life around Nome and had there absorbed the Alaska idea of fast dog driving. He took great delight in hitching a large number of frisky dogs to a light sled and dashing across country at twelve or fourteen miles per hour. This inclination we found useful and cultivated it, giving him the fastest and liveliest dogs and using him and them whenever it was necessary to send a message a comparatively short distance at high speed. It should not have taken him more than an hour to go from our camp, pick up the two or three hundred pounds at the depot, and come home.

I spent the day talking with the Eskimos and writing down folklore and linguistic notes. Guninana is one of the best Eskimo informants I ever had and some of the chief ethnological results of my former expedition were based upon her information. I was absorbed in what I was doing and did not go outdoors, but believed that Emiu was already doing his errand. But about two o'clock we had something to eat when Emiu, to my surprise, came in and joined us. He explained that he had been practicing snow-house-building all day and that he had now built a beautiful porch to our structure of the previous evening, inasmuch as the old house left us by Wilkins was not large enough for our entire party. I suggested that he had better make his trip to the depot right away, which he said he would do, remarking that it would only take a few minutes.

No one in the camp knew exactly when he left but presumably it was about three o'clock when daylight was nearly gone. There was clear starlight, however, with little reason for any one to lose his way. When at five o'clock I went outdoors and found Emiu and his sled missing I was not immediately disturbed, for the weather was beautiful and there was starlight enough so that our sledge trail of the evening before on the snow could be seen by any one trying to follow it. But at five-thirty I placed a lighted lantern as a

precautionary measure on top of the house. This beacon could be seen for at least five miles in every direction, but there was the trouble with it that a lantern seen on the horizon on a starlit night looks so much like a star that only a careful person will distinguish one from the other.

By eight o'clock we were genuinely alarmed. We pictured what had happened. Emiu could not have failed to reach the island, for that was silhouetted against the fading daylight in the southwest. He must have found the cache, packed his load, and started for home. Here he would fall victim to one of the weaknesses due to his bringing up with white men in Alaska, who generally overestimate the intelligence of dogs. Emiu had a naïve belief that his dogs could find the way when he himself could not. Doubtless he had sat down on the sled, shouted to his dogs and they had dashed off at high speed in the general direction of home. It could not have taken them more than fifteen or twenty minutes to reach the neighborhood of the camp but they must have gone by without stopping, not realizing where it was or possibly going on through mere excess of high spirits, for they had had a day's rest and were frisky. Our snowhouse was on the bay ice with no landmarks near except the starlit trail. Probably Emiu had gone by the camp several miles before he realized that he was lost. Then he probably became so excited that although the lantern stood on the snowhouse all night and he must have seen it often, he always mistook it for a star.

We spent much of the evening outdoors, shouting and firing off ammunition, noises that should have been heard for four or five miles in the frosty air and dead stillness. Towards midnight we gave up these attempts to attract his attention, except that we left the lantern aloft.

Then we went to bed intending to get up about five o'clock in the morning to pick up his trail and follow it. But as ill luck would have it, a storm sprang up during the night. It began snowing at perhaps four or five o'clock and by six or seven it was blowing a stiff blizzard, with a visibility of only a hundred yards. The previous evening we might have picked up Emiu's trail at the cache and followed it by lantern light, but thought this inadvisable

since he would probably be traveling faster than we could follow. Furthermore, we had only one lantern and it seemed wisest to leave that as a beacon at the camp. Now the wind was blowing so hard that it was not possible to follow the trail by lantern light, and with the thick clouds in the sky, the flying snow, and the sun barely on the horizon at noon, we could do nothing till past ten o'clock. Alingnak and I then went out to search.

Alingnak went directly east from the snowhouse and I directly west, thinking that one of us would thus come across the trail. I zigzagged on my westward way so as to go over each bit of ground three times, but although I kept on several miles till I got to rough sea ice I could find no trail. When I returned to camp Alingnak was back. He had found the trail less than a hundred yards to leeward of the camp. Apparently the dogs must have taken Emiu right through the camp odors without giving any warning. But as Alingnak followed towards the land to the northeast the trail became more and more faint, for through the frequent blizzards of the winter the snow towards the beach was very hard in many spots with almost a glass-like surface. In the low places everything had been filled up by the blizzard that was now blowing. In spite of his best efforts Alingnak could bring back no information except that the trail led towards the land and could not be followed under present conditions of light. He thought that with the distinct shadows of a clear day it probably could be followed and that we could do nothing but wait for that hour to come.

That afternoon and evening we worried much over what might be happening to Emiu. He had been lightly clad and had with him no snow knife except his short hunting knife. He was not yet skilful in snowhouse-building, still we thought he would be able to erect a shelter for himself. The question was whether he might become so panic-stricken as not to do the sensible and obvious things.

The second morning dawned clear. By now we had come to the conclusion that Emiu probably had done what Alingnak and I agreed either of us would have done under the circumstances. A snowhouse located on the sea ice is the most inconspicuous of bases and difficult to find in a blizzard. But the black bulk of a ship,

especially with the masts pointing skyward, is one of the easiest things found in dark weather. On his trip with Thomsen Emiu had been at the *Star* and must have known that she lay about twenty miles to the northward. I took it for granted that she was on the coast of the mainland and expected that any one following that coast would find her. It seemed most likely to us that Emiu when he realized he could not find camp had proceeded to the *Star*. Accordingly, I struck out for the *Star* while Guninana and the girl maintained the camp, and Alingnak again took up the sledge trail.

That day was beautiful until noon and for the first time since October I saw the sun just clearing the horizon at midday. I did not walk directly towards the *Star* but zigzagged about, spending a good deal of time on ice hummocks looking around with the field glasses. In the early afternoon the weather suddenly changed into the beginning of a steady snowfall. I estimated that I was still some twelve or fourteen miles from the *Star* and now started directly towards her, walking rapidly. But the darkness came with strides more rapid than mine and I was still seven or eight miles away from where I supposed the ship to be when it became so dark that even cutbanks along the coast could not be discerned at more than ten or fifteen yards. I advanced and the weather got even thicker, and eventually one could scarcely speak of visibility at all, except that now as in any blizzard there was hope of seeing a body conspicuous as to its height, for no matter how heavily the snow may be blowing along the ground it is only in the most violent gales that it flies very thick at fifty or a hundred feet above the surface. My expectation now was to come in sight any moment of the lantern which Wilkins was to keep burning at the masthead every night until I should arrive.

On the assumption that the ship was on the beach my task was to follow the beach. In the darkness this was not easy. The only certain way was to zigzag at sharp angles, going first inland till you were sure you were on the land and then to seaward till you were sure you were on the ice. As usual under such circumstances, I frequently had to drop on my knees and dig with my knife until I found whether I was on ice or land. On account of this same

thickness of weather I made the angles by which I turned landward and seaward so sharp that I probably had to walk four miles to advance one. But this is a game which always interests me, and although the advance was slow I did not find it tedious. I felt sure that eventually I must come upon the ship. Some of the keenest pleasures come from mere relief from discomfort and from a consciousness of one's fortunate situation as compared to a possibility that is close at hand and easily realized. I have always found that the pleasure of homecoming is keener the more difficult it is to find the way, and I looked forward with lively anticipation to my entrance into the warm camp. I knew Wilkins was there and I especially looked forward to finding Emiu safe and sound, an eventuality of which I had almost convinced myself.

When the weather was about as thick as possible, somewhere between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, I estimated that I was still over five miles from the ship. At the rate of one mile of advance for four miles of walking I must have been forging ahead at perhaps three-quarters of a mile per hour. This should have meant arrival before midnight. But midnight came and I had discovered nothing. I could not have missed her, so I kept on and on, until about five o'clock in the morning. I knew that by any sort of calculation I must be far beyond my destination.

I tried to recall everything Wilkins had told me about the *Star's* exact location, but nothing came to my mind except his statement, remembered clearly, "the *Star* is perfectly safe from ice pressure, hauled out in the shelter of an island which is near the mainland." This I had understood to mean that the ship was on the mainland sheltered from ice pressure by an island, but I now saw that it must have meant she was on the landward side of an island. Wilkins had not said how far this island was from the beach, and there was practically no hope of finding the ship until I should have weather clear enough to get visibility of several hundred yards. The sensible thing to do was to stop where I was until the weather cleared and find the ship on the way back.

The best of all means for passing time is sleep. I felt neither sleepy nor tired, but I lay down on top of a little knoll with my

back to the wind and tried to sleep, covering my face with my arm in such a way as to keep off the drifting snow.

A belief that has in the past handicapped polar explorers is that when you are lost in the Arctic you must not go to sleep. It is said that if you do go to sleep you never wake. This belief seems to be a complication of several beliefs. Not only is it thought that you will not waken as you become colder, but it is actually supposed that the cold itself tends to make you sleepy. I used to think so myself, for it was a part of my childhood education. Coming home in sleighs from dances and parties I used to imagine that it was the bitter Dakota cold, which I feared through having read so much about it in magazines printed in New York, that was making me sleepy when I now know it was merely that my usual bedtime hour had passed.

One of the commonest experiences of humanity is that when you are cold in bed you have difficulty in sleeping. The same applies whether you are sleeping on a porch “for the good of your health” with insufficient covers, or whether you lie down on an arctic snowfield in clothes that are not quite adequate to keep you warm when motionless. The first result of sleepiness or going to sleep is a slowing down of the pulse, which seems to be the proximate cause of general lowering of body temperature. People who are awakened from sleep by being too cold in bed become warm through mere wakefulness, providing the cold to which they are exposed is not too intense. That is exactly what happens to a person who lies down as I did now. The approach of sleep brings on a chill that wakes you up, so that I have never under such conditions been able to sleep more than a quarter of an hour or so at a time and more often I have not been able to go to sleep at all. With clothing a little warmer I could have taken longer naps.

As soon as one brings common sense and experience to bear on a situation of this sort it becomes evident how dangerous is the ordinary procedure of trying to keep awake at all costs. It has been the cause of probably dozens of deaths that I have heard about in connection with the whaling fleet at Herschel Island. Men would get lost, and, with the obsession that going to sleep would necessarily be fatal, would try to keep awake indefinitely. Their only

means of doing it was to continue walking up and down. Through a semi-panic brought on by the fear of freezing, these men have walked faster than they should, becoming gradually more fatigued and frequently perspiring violently enough to make their clothes wet, thus changing the clothes into "good conductors of heat" no longer of much value as protection from the weather. Eventually the point of exhaustion has been reached, when sleep has been resisted as long as possible and has conquered at last. It is under such circumstances that a person may go to sleep never to wake again. But he who lies down without panic as soon as he feels tired or sleepy and especially before his clothing gets wet with perspiration is safer and better off the more naps he can take.

I spent perhaps an hour on my knoll, standing up every ten or fifteen minutes to shake myself and restore circulation before lying down again. Before daylight, flickers of aurora through the clouds showed that they were getting thinner and the snowfall was lessening, although on the ground everything was still thick with drift. I started south at six o'clock. Between four and six the wind had shifted from northwest to northeast and had partly died down, but by seven o'clock it was again moderately high, blowing thirty-five or forty miles an hour with visibility of dark objects about five hundred yards. With this visibility I made good progress, searching the mainland not so much for the ship which I now knew must be at an island, but for traces of people who probably would have been ashore abreast of her and for probable sledge trails leading from the land towards the camp. I zigzagged about half a mile out on the ice without having to make the angles nearly so sharp as the night before, so that I was now proceeding perhaps a mile and a half per hour.

At half past eleven in one of my several half-mile detours offshore I picked up a sled track going south. It was not over a week old, so I took it to come from Natkusiak's hunting camp at Cape Alfred. Much to my surprise this trail did not run parallel to the land but presently curved and took me inland. After half a mile of going I came to a campsite where two or three men had apparently spent the night. I could see that the dogs had been not over five in number and had been hitched to the sled tandem. This told

me which of our teams it was, for we were driving about half of the dogs in inland tandem fashion, preferable, I think, for heavy freighting with large dogs. The others were driven in pairs as they are at Nome, a better method when speed is the first object. The trail led from this campsite straight out to seaward. Being interpreted by Sherlock Holmes methods, these and other signs showed that the men who had camped there had done so because they were lost in the evening and had the following morning been able to see the ship or some landmark which they knew. Otherwise they would certainly have followed the coast instead of leaving it at right angles. A few minutes' walk verified this conclusion, when the masts of the *Star* appeared through the storm three or four hundred yards ahead. This was at half past one, and I had left the camp near Bernard Island about eight the previous morning, twenty-nine and a half hours before.

What I am able to tell from experience about the effect on the inclination to hunger of the habit of absolute irregularity in meals should be interesting, for few have had any opportunities to make experiments in that field under natural conditions. I have mentioned that during my second year with the Eskimos I learned the habit of getting up for an all-day hunt without breakfast and eating twice within a period of three or four hours in the evening after coming home from the hunt. I made then the special conclusion that that particular arrangement was suitable and involved no hardship. I have since frequently gone from twenty to thirty hours without food, walking continuously or nearly so. I have never arrived at the end of such a walk with an appetite keener than a laborer feels when his meal hour has come or perhaps has been passed by an hour or so.

My welcome at the *Star* was warm and cheerful in every way. Food was brought at once but I could not begin eating until plans had been arranged for continuing the search for Emiu. He had not arrived and his absence looked serious. Wilkins was going to hitch up immediately and I think went so far as to do it, but the weather began to thicken again and the afternoon darkness was upon us already, so there was nothing profitable to be done till morning.

Wilkins had here the most comfortable and the most sensibly arranged of our three winter bases. He had never built an arctic camp before and had no one in his party with set views on just how it should be done. This left him free to follow his own devices.

The nearest analogy to Wilkins' camp is the common winter dwelling of the natives of northeastern Siberia, where small tents are pitched within other tents half a dozen times larger. Wilkins had first put up a wall tent. Then at each of the four corners he had placed a hundred-gallon iron kerosene tank and on top of these some boxes containing something I have now forgotten, sand or perhaps coal. These were the corner posts. With the yards of the *Star* and some pieces of driftwood he had made a roof well above the roof of the tent, covered it with canvas and then with snow. From the front door of his tent led a long alleyway with alcoves on either hand and in each alcove a dog. Another alleyway ran to a store tent, and the whole was under one snow roof. Seen from the outside everything looked flat, for it was covered with snow and there was little indication of a human habitation beyond ventilators and chimney, but inside everything was cozy. All the work of the camp could be done on a bad day without going outdoors. Without meaning that going outdoors in the Arctic even in a storm is hardship, still, it is an indubitable convenience to have everything under one roof especially as it saves a great many useless motions. The alleyways sloped a little upward, with the result that instead of the current of air being up from the dogs to the house, it was from the house out into the dog alley and eventually up through the door at the far end.

Early in the morning of the next day, a fine one, Wilkins and Martin started south to communicate with Alingnak and help in the search. They had gone only a few miles when they met Alingnak's party and Emiu with them. His story was this:

He had found the depot without any trouble, had loaded the pemmican and other things on the sled, and had started at top speed for the camp, expecting to be home in a few minutes and trusting everything to his leader dog. As Alingnak had discovered by the trail, the dogs had passed within a hundred yards of camp to leeward as the wind then was, but they had given Emiu no

warning, passing right by. He did not realize that anything was wrong until he found himself in snow softer than it ought to be on flat sea ice. He then stopped and examined the ground, finding grass. At first he circled around trying to find the snowhouse; our lantern was in plain view but he must have taken it for a star. After about an hour's search he sensibly concluded to go back to the island and try a fresh start. He found the island and the site of the depot and set off again, feeling sure that this time he would find the house.

Probably he was completely turned around and drove in an entirely wrong direction although he asserted that he even afterwards felt sure he took the right one. However that may be, he soon found himself on land again, whereupon he went back to the island a second time and with the same result.

By now it was morning, cloudy, and the storm had begun. He stopped and waited for daylight, broke open a can of pemmican, fed his dogs and ate some pemmican and snow himself. When he knew that noon was approaching he commenced his search again but was unable to find either the camp or the island, for now the storm was very thick and he had great difficulty in making the dogs face it. Still keeping his head he allowed the dogs to curl up and sleep and tried to sleep himself on the drift beside them, which was a little warmer than sleeping in the sled, since it was nothing but a frame with a bottom eight inches above the ground, and the wind had a chance to circle around you instead of merely blowing over you.

He confessed to finding the next night tedious and by the morning of the third he must have been thoroughly scared, for he had obviously lost all the coolness and good sense that he had kept thus far, apart from the initial foolishness of trusting his dogs to find the way to camp. He was unable to give any clear account of what had happened the next morning but Alingnak told me that shortly after he and I parted he had climbed an ice hummock and seen with his glasses Emiu and his team inland traveling east. The weather was now clear, the reddening sky showed the direction of south, Bernard Island and Norway Island were in plain sight, both conspicuous landmarks that ought to have been familiar to Emiu,

and even Robilliard Island to the northwest, not far from the *Star*, was in sight, and still he was traveling away from them, headed inland. In that direction lay no possible help; in fact, no human habitation before the *Bear* on the other side of Banks Island, and I know from knowing Emiu that he had no idea of how the *Bear* could be reached by going towards her overland or any other way than retracing his route to Kellett and thence around.

I have several times come in as close touch as this, but fortunately never closer, with the circumstances that lead to the apparently inexplicable arctic tragedies. When people are found who have been lost and frozen to death and when the signs show them to have done various inexplicable things, it is assumed that their minds were turned by extreme suffering and possibly the extreme cold. But Emiu said, and evidently truthfully, that he was never cold except for a moment when he awoke from his short naps, that he was not hungry, and that he had not suffered any discomfort except that of having been "lonesome."

Yet there he was traveling directly away in the clearest daylight. He even had good field glasses, and had he sat down and taken a careful look to seaward he could have seen our snowhouse, or if not the house the sled and the tethered black dogs on the snow. Alingnak, whose lungs are not the best, had great difficulty in overtaking Emiu, being compelled to follow him for miles. Emiu stopped now and then, looked around and rested, which made it all the more incomprehensible that he did not recognize the plain landmarks on the coast.

Apart from his trusting his dogs more than an ordinary Eskimo would, I do not think that Emiu's city training in Nome was at all responsible for his behavior. During the next day or two Alingnak and Guninana told me of several similar cases they had known among Eskimos. As for that, I have recorded in "My Life With the Eskimo" various instances of Eskimos losing their way in clear weather. I believe that their greater liability to losing their way than that of white men of outdoors experience is due in part to their lack of mental training and in part to the fearsome superstitions which lead them to become panic-stricken and confused.

C. F. MEADE

There is something strangely and fanatically idealistic about all mountaineers. They no sooner see a difficult peak, or hear of one that has never been climbed, than they must up and try to climb it. And that, mind you, is as it should be. Man is a human being only because of his immeasurable persistence in rising to every challenge that nature throws his way, and in rising to it again and again in spite of numberless defeats.

And it is not height alone that counts. I have walked up to the tops of Andean peaks, 20,000 feet and higher, where nothing more was needed than the ability to keep breathing and to put one foot before the other while the heart pumped like a runaway engine. And I am no mountaineer, or ever intend to be. Not for anything would I attempt a single one of the climbs, often at much lower altitudes, that Mr. Meade describes in his book.

Some of those climbs are his own. But in the present selection he gives an account of repeated harrowing and disastrous attempts to accomplish one of the most difficult climbs to be found in the Swiss Alps.

ATTEMPTS ON THE EIGERWAND

By C. F. MEADE

THE sensational exploits of a new school of Alpine climber have scandalized the mountaineering world, and with good cause. Nevertheless, there may be some excuse for the extravagances of the innovators. The fact is that the young desperadoes belonging to what is known as the "mechanical" school of climbing have begun to take alarm. These virtuosos who delight in forcing their way up a mountain by hammering pegs into overhanging rocks or vertical ice-falls—"conquering" the mountain they would call it—have realized that since the classical era of exploration has come to an end, there will now be no more laurels left for them to win.

However, this state of affairs that they describe as "the exhaustion of the Alps" is not yet quite complete, for at least one great climb survived untried until recently.

At Grindelwald, in 1935, the appalling northern precipice of the Eiger that overshadows the valley, and forms the sensational feature of the view from the village, still remained unclimbed, and its forbidding appearance had deterred everyone from meddling with it. It is true that a daring party in 1932 had skirted the brink

From *Approach to the Hills*, by C. F. Meade, published 1940 by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

of the huge cliff by following a difficult route that led along its eastern margin over very steep snow and ice to the summit; nevertheless the direct and dangerous route up the very centre of the colossal wall had never been attempted.

It is not surprising that such a climb should never have been seriously thought of before 1935, for this amazing north wall of the Eiger, the Eigerwand as it is called, is one of the biggest cliffs in the Alps. Throughout its five thousand feet of rock its steepness is such that, in spite of the altitude, permanent snow cannot rest anywhere. From top to bottom, too, the whole of the vast rock-face is shattered by constant bombardments of ice-fragments and boulders. Besides these there are smaller missiles in the shape of flying stones, and most of these projectiles, big and little, travel at a speed that renders them invisible, as they whistle and scream past the cowering climber clinging precariously to the precipice.

It seems as if the present phase in the evolution of mountaineering has evoked a new type of climber adapted to an environment that has become more and more exacting in consequence of the so-called exhaustion of the Alps. This new type of climber, proud of his skill in the use of hammers, pegs, rope-rings, balustrades, stirrups, slings and pulleys, finds a new source of joy in a mystical worship of danger as an end in itself, so that he considers even the most foolish feat praiseworthy, as long as courage, skill and endurance are displayed in performing it. In the sinister shadow of the Eigerwand the votaries of this strange cult have sought their valhalla. It may be profitable to learn from the story of their adventures the consequences of the doctrine that they profess. At any rate the self-sacrificing heroism of the guides who staked their lives repeatedly in desperate attempts at rescue deserves to be remembered.

In August of 1935 two young men from Munich reached Grindelwald. They spent some time reconnoitring the lower cliffs of the Eigerwand, and one of them devoted a whole day to ascending the Eiger by the ordinary way in order to leave a depot of provisions on the summit. Meanwhile at the foot of the mighty wall the two men prepared a tent and sleeping-bags as their base-camp where they could remain with their stores of rope and tools. They then

waited in hopes of an improvement in the weather, which, in fact, was so bad that they were several times sorely tempted to abandon their enterprise and go home.

At last, on Wednesday the 21st, the weather improved, and they began their attack upon the precipice. By the evening they could be well observed from the Eigerwand station of the Jungfrauoch Railway, through the window cut in the solid flank of the Eiger where the passengers pause on their way up inside the mountain in order to enjoy the panorama of northern Switzerland, and gaze down at the chalets of Grindelwald nestling in the green depths far below.

Everything seems to have gone well, for the climbers were now on a level with the station, and succeeded in accomplishing about one-third of their immense journey up the cliff.

On Thursday, however, the rate was not maintained. Moreover, as a critic has expressed it, the first half of the wall is only about a quarter as difficult as the whole; and still there were two-thirds of the formidable task to be achieved, for during the whole of this day, hampered as they were by the steepness of the ice, the climbers could only by their utmost efforts accomplish a paltry increase of some three hundred feet.

Already the prospects were disquieting enough, and again on Friday they had only ascended another three hundred feet. Obviously there was no longer any chance of victory, and the difficulties they were contending with were evident, for observers with telescopes could see the climbers hauling up their rucksacks after them by means of the rope. Later that evening a terrible storm suddenly concealed them from view.

On Saturday the whole mountain was ominously swathed in cloud, so that the men were still invisible. There was much fresh snow higher up the mountain, and avalanches, big as well as small, were pouring down the rocks.

On Sunday the anxiety of the watchers was reaching a climax, yet in such weather rescue operations were out of the question. The doomed men were again momentarily visible. They had made little progress, and were making their fifth bivouac, at about two-thirds of the way up the wall. Doubtless they spent the night

in the customary manner of these devotees, crouching against the cliff without sleeping-bags or blankets, and with the climbing-rope that united them fastened for the sake of security by means of a steel clasp to a ringed metal peg driven into any available crevice in the rock. The clasp, it may be mentioned, is an important feature of the mechanical mountaineer's equipment, and is a contrivance resembling the clasp on some brobdingnagian watch-chain.

Meanwhile it had begun to rain all over the Oberland, and although snow was falling only at great heights, the danger from waterfalls, stonefalls and the increasing exhaustion of the climbers was growing constantly. At Grindelwald a rescue-party had been formed, but the weather remained prohibitive. An aeroplane had been warned to stand by, and on Tuesday, the first clear day, a pilot from Thun in a military plane flew for a full hour to and fro across the Eigerwand, scanning the cliffs. There were masses of fresh snow everywhere, and no living being was in sight. Several days later, when fine weather had definitely returned, another pilot, accompanied by an Alpine guide, actually flew to within twenty yards of the precipice, and caught sight of one of the two men standing upright, frozen to death, up to his knees in the snow, as if gazing down into the valley. The other man, they thought, must have been already buried in a drift. Probably both men had died where they had last been seen, on the fifth day of their attempt.

In 1936 another summer had come round, the tragedy of the Eiger was fresh in men's minds, but a party was gathered once more at the foot of the same forbidding precipice with the same desperate ambition that had led the two youths to destruction in the previous year. Eight young men had been dreaming the same dream of the Eigerwand, and were mustering their resources for the assault. They had collected quantities of rope and the usual paraphernalia employed by climbers of their way of thinking. Yet already death had taken its toll among the aspirants, for two of them who had been doing a practice climb on the Guggi route up the north face of the Jungfrau had fallen, and one of them had been killed. Of the others now waiting to make an attempt, Kurz,

the youngest, had qualified as a guide in the Eastern Alps. With his friend, Hinterstoisser, who was to accompany him, he had already accomplished formidable ascents such as the storming of the vertical north wall of the Grosse Zinne. Two other young men of the party, Rainer and Angerer, were from Innsbruck. All these four showed equal determination. "The Eigerwand is ours or we shall leave our bones on it," they declared.

Yet the weather was even worse than in 1935; it rained constantly, and the Eiger was hidden in cloud. Only brief glimpses through the cloud-curtain revealed the wall frowning down at them and loaded with masses of fresh snow. Avalanches thundered, and the crackling reverberations caused by stonefall were almost continuous. Doubt began to spread among the party, and no wonder. They must have known that before committing themselves to a five days' struggle on such a precipice a preliminary spell of settled weather was essential, in order to stabilize the conditions, and that only a prolonged spell of equable weather is likely to give more than a day's warning before it breaks up. With several days' warning it might be possible to retreat in time to escape before conditions prohibitive to life have supervened. In seasons that are variable the onset of dangerous conditions can occur with terrible abruptness. No wonder, then, that four of the less infatuated members of the group abandoned the adventure. However, the Bavarians, Kurz and Hinterstoisser, remained, and so did the Austrians, Rainer and Angerer. These four now decided to join forces.

In the meantime there were many visitors to the tents at the foot of the Eigerwand, and many sought to reason with the party, but the camp resounded with youthful laughter, and the four protested that they had no wish to die, although they admitted that luck was necessary for the undertaking. Down at Grindelwald they had even been told that the local authorities would take no responsibility for rescue operations, but they were confident that none would be required. All that was necessary was one more preliminary reconnaissance, and, with this object in view, the four set out together. They soon reached a suitable bivouac-place under a huge overhanging cliff known as the Rothe Fluh. They had once

passed the night there during a previous exploratory climb. Unfortunately, when they had got thus far, instead of staying where they were for the night, in order to reconnoitre further next day, they decided to return to their base, and at this juncture the Eigerwand gave its first warning. Hinterstoisser was beginning to descend, and was about fifty feet above Kurz's head. He trusted his weight to a peg that Angerer and Rainer had hammered into the rock some days previously. The peg suddenly gave way, and Hinterstoisser was hurled down for a hundred and twenty feet through the air past his horrified companion. The latter could do nothing to check the fall, for it happened with the rapidity of lightning, so that there was not even time to make a futile attempt to belay the rope. By a miracle the falling man not only hunched himself into a ball, but dropped into a patch of deep soft snow, where he saved himself from a further fall by acrobatic dexterity. Strange to say, the only damage was a wounded knee, and, although when they got back to camp the rain had begun again, the four men never wavered in their determination to pursue their adventure to its end.

On Friday the 17th of July the weather looked better, and all were satisfied that up to 10,000 feet the precipice had been sufficiently reconnoitered. Rucksacks were packed, and there was much amusement when Kurz made a comic story for the pressmen out of Hinterstoisser's hundred-and-twenty-foot fall. Hinterstoisser meanwhile was packing some photographs away in a sack that was to be left behind. "If anything happens to us," he remarked to the reporters, "you will know where to find our photographs."

It was regrettable that more food could not be carried. Sixty hand-forged pegs with rings attached were a heavy burden. Twenty of them, about a foot long, were for use on ice-walls, and forty of a shorter kind were intended for hammering into crevices in the rock-face in places where otherwise hand-holds would be lacking. Besides this weight of metal they had to carry hammers, a few steel clasps, two hundred and forty feet of spare rope, some string and the spirit cooker. Consequently, without overloading their rucksacks, the only provisions they could take were two pounds of bacon, five pounds of black bread, six tins of sardines, tea, sugar

and solidified spirit. It was not nearly enough, but greater loads could not be managed.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 18th of July, the four set out from the Kleine Scheidegg. The news spread through Switzerland, and the ethics of the enterprise began to be discussed once more. A telegram from the commanding officer of the Bergsjaeger regiment forbidding Hinterstoisser and Kurz from taking part in the expedition came too late, for the young men had already started and were out of reach. By half-past nine that morning the whole party had gathered at the reconnoiterers' sleeping-place under the Rothe Fluh. Everything seemed favourable, and progress had been rapid, but from now on difficulties began, and observers at the Kleine Scheidegg and Grindelwald thronged the telescopes. It could be seen that from the sleeping-place a difficult traverse had to be made over some very smooth cliffs. Hinterstoisser succeeded in crossing at a point where Rainer and Angerer had already failed. A narrow belt of snow and a difficult descending traverse then enabled the party to join the route of 1935 at the lower of two small snow-fields. To the distant watchers at the telescopes progress seemed agonizingly slow, yet the men wasted no time, for they were expert at their work, hammering and chiselling the rock whenever one of the precious pegs could be spared, and there was a chance of forcing it into a suitable crevice. The rocks indeed were so steep and difficult that it was a long time before the party reached the second bivouac used by the two Bavarians in 1935, and situated between the lower and the upper snow-fields.

By five-thirty in the afternoon the last man had reached the foot of the cliff below the upper snow-field, night was approaching, and a site for a bivouac had to be found. The formidable overhang of the Rothe Fluh was now behind them, and they settled down to pass the night, partly sheltered by another overhanging cliff. They were now on a level with the third and last bivouac of the Munich pair where the latter were supposed to have perished. Here the four men remained all night without sleeping-bag or blanket, while the stones that thundered down the mountain con-

tinuously were deflected by the overhang above the sleepers' heads.

On the following day, Sunday, dawn broke threateningly with thunder-clouds, and only occasionally were patches of blue sky visible. At Zurich it was already raining, and although a north wind was driving the clouds upwards, the party in their bivouac, condemned to inaction by the cloud-bank surrounding them, could hardly have realized that there were signs of a momentary improvement in the weather. By six-forty-five that morning, however, they had started, and Hinterstoisser was leading, cutting steps up the steep *névé* of the upper snow-field, in order to rejoin the route taken by the party of the previous year. An hour later they were suddenly hidden by a curtain of cloud, and nothing more was to be seen of the Eiger that day.

It was not until eight o'clock on Monday morning that they were again observed to be on the move. Their second bivouac must have been at a height of about 11,800 feet, a little above the highest point reached in 1935, but soon they began to retreat and were back at the second bivouac once more. One climber was seen to be so long immobile that it was concluded he was injured, and it was believed that Angerer had been wounded by a stone, as he appeared to be wearing a bandage on his head. As late as five o'clock that evening they were still to be seen descending the upper snow-field, above the overhanging precipice called the Rothe Fluh. Two of the party seemed to be helping a third, presumably Angerer, but the prevalence of clouds made it difficult to see what was happening. The situation had now become extremely serious, for the food supply had only been calculated to last over the third night, and the third night was now beginning, while the climbers were still far up on the mountain. The supply of pegs, too, was being used up, the weather was not improving, and avalanches of stones and snow continued to fall.

Tuesday's weather, unfortunately, was much worse, with pouring rain and quantities of fresh snow everywhere covering the rocks. The roar of avalanches became almost continuous. Cries could be heard. At nine in the morning three of the party were seen descending. Could the fourth have dropped out? However, two hours later all four were seen still descending the upper snow-

field. Below them was a vertical and overhanging cliff that they had avoided on the way up. In order to avoid it again they must ascend the smooth and difficult rock-traverse down which Hinterstoisser had led them on their way up the mountain, three days before. It was at this point that they met with a fatal reverse. The passage had taken them only two hours on the outward journey, but now, facing the traverse in its ascending direction, foodless and frozen as they were, short of iron pegs, too, and with a rope frozen so stiff that it was unmanageable, they failed repeatedly to force their way up the smooth ice-glazed slabs. At length they must have realized that retreat was now cut off, and that the one remaining hope was to face the appalling precipice below them and make a desperate attempt at a direct descent of it. After two hours had been wasted in fruitless struggles to ascend the traverse, the conclusion became inevitable, although the ghastly prospect of attempting to lower themselves by ropes into the abyss below them may well have seemed hopeless. Clouds, too, were seething round them, and the artillery of the Eigerwand was incessantly in action.

Meanwhile, from a point only six hundred feet below the four men, through an opening cut to serve as a rubbish-shoot for the tunnel of the Jungfrauoch Railway a workman, peering out from inside the mountain, had been for several hours anxiously watching the manœuvres of the climbers, and was now exchanging shouts with them. At first they still hoped, and they shouted down courageously that all was well. Later, when the whole party became involved in lowering themselves down the three hundred feet of precipice, cries for help could be heard, and the anxious spectator hurried down to give the alarm at the Eigergletscher station. The assailants of the Eigerwand had all been warned before starting that they could expect no guides to risk their lives in futile attempts at rescue, but it so happened that at that moment three of the best guides in Switzerland were working for a cinema company at the Eigergletscher station, and the railway company at once supplied a train to take them to the workman's observation post at the hole in the tunnel. The three guides then climbed out through the hole, and in only three quarters of an hour, at an

astonishing speed, traversed the face of the deadly Eigerwand in a horizontal direction, and reached the foot of the precipice that the four men had been trying to descend. As they toiled across the face, pebbles, invisible like bullets, hummed past them, and a flying boulder burst like a shell, close to the leader. From the first it had been evident that it would be impossible to effect a rescue that night, and now it appeared that Kurz alone of all the climbers was alive. He was suspended in a sling from the overhanging cliff, and was exposed to stone-falls as well as torrents of snow and water. "Can you hold out till morning?" he was asked, and "No, no, no!" came the heart-rending reply. But it was already night, and the guides had no choice but to retreat and disregard his cries. The return journey in storm and darkness must have been an unforgettable nightmare.

During the night another guide of the same calibre joined the original three, and by daybreak of Wednesday all four, Adolf Rubi, Christian Rubi, Hans Schlunegger and Arnold Glatthard, climbed through the rubbish-shoot once more and again raced across the terrible wall. Kurz was still calling for help, and was even capable of telling something of his dreadful experiences. "Are none of your friends alive?" he was asked. "No, I am alone, they all died yesterday; one is frozen above me, one has fallen, and one lies hanging on the rope below."

It seems that the four men had fixed a rope to the cliff, and had begun to rope themselves down into space over the overhang. As there had not been enough rope for them all, Hinterstoisser had been obliged to untie himself. In doing so he fell, perhaps having been knocked over by falling stones, and was dashed to destruction at the bottom of the precipice. Angerer is said to have been strangled in the coils of falling rope, and Rainer was flung against one of the iron pegs with such violence that he died. Pegs and rope-rings had all been expended, and Kurz was helpless, third on the rope that linked him to his dead comrades, and crippled by having an arm and hand useless owing to frostbite. The guides, too, were in a desperate position, secured by their rope to a peg driven into an ice-slope of sixty degrees, and under fire from the relentless mountain. Glatthard, indeed, had narrowly escaped de-

struction. Moreover, they were still at a distance of a hundred and fifty feet below Kurz, and the interval that separated them consisted of smooth, vertical and overhanging rock, veneered with ice.

Since it was impossible to climb up to Kurz he was asked: "Try and cut the dead man loose from you." In order to do this he had to climb down forty feet—handicapped as he was by his crippled arm—and then with his ice-axe laboriously saw through the rope close to the loop round his friend's body. Afterwards he had to climb up again to where he was before in order to fix the severed rope to the peg to which he had been suspended. By a miracle of resolution and endurance, after hours of toil, he succeeded in carrying out these exhausting manœuvres. At first the corpse could not be detached, for it was frozen to the cliff; then, when it suddenly plunged into space, it narrowly missed sweeping the guides with it, as it hurtled past them in its three thousand foot fall. Then, after Kurz, working with one hand and often with his teeth, had climbed back to his former position, he had to lower the severed rope to the guides, who attached to it some pegs and rope-rings. These were then drawn up to Kurz, who hammered in a peg, and passed the rope through the ring in the head of the peg. The guides were so placed that it was impossible for them to help Kurz by lowering him in pulley fashion, and the whole series of Kurz's heroic efforts seemed endless. Four hours were consumed in the terrible work before the unfortunate man could begin the descent. As he did so, it was noticed that he carefully removed any loose stones which might otherwise have been dislodged and have fallen on to the guides below him. As he slowly descended, an avalanche swept over the whole party, concealing Kurz from view for some moments.

And now, at the end of this heroically prolonged struggle, Kurz's consciousness was beginning to fail. Yet he was almost down. "Another step and you'll be saved," cried the guides, and then with a supreme effort, one guide climbing on the shoulders of another, while a third held him in position, it became just possible to touch the ice-coated climbing-irons of Kurz with the tip of an ice-axe, but he was still just out of reach. At this moment occurred the final disaster: the knot that joined the ropes to-

gether caught fast in the ring fifty feet above the victim's head, and would allow him to descend no further. This was the end. Suddenly, throwing his axe to the guides, he let go his hold, and, swinging slowly out into space, he died. The devoted efforts of the heroic rescuers had been in vain, and death had come to Kurz at a moment when the reward of his unparalleled endurance and courage seemed to be close at hand. The guides, overcome by the spectacle of such unavailing fortitude, returned by the way they had come.

Note.—The north wall of the Eiger was eventually ascended by an Austro-German party in July, 1938. In spite of bad weather they succeeded in reaching the summit alive, and encountered the rescue party during the descent by the ordinary route.

DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

The first time I heard about Mount Roraima, in the wild corner where British Guiana, Brazil, and Venezuela come together, was when somebody told me that it was the plateau where Conan Doyle had laid the scene of his *Lost World*—the prehistoric topographical remnant that was still inhabited, in his fancy, by dinosaurs and other prehistoric beasts. Then I met a professor of biology, who was also quite a fellow as an explorer, and who held me spellbound for an hour while he told me of his plan to climb that difficult mountain—which really couldn't be climbed at all. I forget the details; there was something about a kite that the professor was going to fly to the edge of the plateau's escarpment, with it he was going to hang a hook up there, and then pull up a rope or something, so he could finally hoist himself up to look around for the dinosaurs.

It sounded very engaging, but then along came George Tate of the American Museum of Natural History. He had just returned from climbing Roraima, but he had done it the good old-fashioned way, by putting one foot in front of the other till he got to the top. He hadn't found any armor-clad monsters, though I believe he *had* found a lot of new kinds of mice and birds. Then there were the Brazilian, Venezuelan, and British boundary commissions that worked up there for weeks in 1932 to determine the exact point on top of the mountain that should mark the junction of their respective countries. But all that time there was an expedition almost every year that was not only the first, but also the *only*

one ever to climb Roraima. They still continue and they probably will for a number of years—editors and publishers being as intrigued as they are by the words “first” and “only.”

I met Desmond Holdridge in South America in 1932; I traveled with him for a while, and developed a high respect for him as a fine companion, an intelligent man, and an accomplished exploratory traveler. I didn't know then that he, too, had cut his milk teeth on Roraima's challenge. I found it out a year or so later, when we returned to New York and he wrote the lively book—*Pindorama*—that resulted in his being fired from the Brooklyn Museum.

Pindorama is a Tupi word that means “The Land of Palms,” and Holdridge's book of that name is one of my favorites on the South American interior. Better than any other writer I know, Holdridge has captured that fine combination of sheer beauty, stark brutality, and ribald hilarity that characterizes the jungles of the Amazon.

The selection here included does not represent the present, finished traveler. It is not only the first chapter of Holdridge's first published book, but it is also an account of his first penetration of South America's interior. By the same token, however, what it lacks in polish it gains in lusty freshness. Never since has Desmond Holdridge been able to achieve the fine tart flavor that he achieved in *Pindorama*.

TO RORAIMA

By DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

I FORGET what excuse or reason I had for my first visit to Guiana. There was some talk of diamonds, I believe, and gold, or mayhap both, and I remember buying a shovel in Georgetown. But there was also a rickety, antiquated, damnably heavy motion picture outfit and ten thousand feet of inadequately tinned film. This was to be used for photographing marvels.

Day dreaming, I would often see myself seated on a camp stool before a serviceable table of one kind or another while a beloinclothed, bone-in-the-nose brown fellow served me something I had shot. Or, when I would remove my sun helmet—a nice white one but with a few spots to remove any air of sissyfiedness—a cannibal who had been hiding in a clump of orchid trees would plaster it with an arrow. I would rise and say, “Lua-lua!” or whatever meant “friend”—I’d find out as soon as I got to Guiana—and step forward holding forty cents’ worth of glass beads in my hand. The cannibal would accept the beads, apologize, and return next day with four pounds of primitive bracelets made from raw gold.

Sometimes I visualized myself hit by an arrow but always in

From *Pindorama*, by Desmond Holdridge. Copyright 1933, Minton, Balch & Company.

some safe and dignified spot. No harm done and made a nice story to tell later when I was asked—preferably by some one charming—how I got the scar on my whatever-was-hit. I hadn't much respect for an arrow.

Later, in the Rio Gurupy, I saw a six-foot palm pointed arrow that an Urubú had driven clear through the body of a government officer a few days before. Four feet of the arrow were covered with dried and clotted blood. As far as esthetic effect is concerned, I'd rather have looked at a hammer that had been used to kill babies.

I managed to infect an otherwise level-headed young Englishman with my notions and we took passage on a disreputable freighter for Georgetown, British Guiana. We read but little about the country beyond the British Guiana Year Book which said that the climate was quite good considering how bad every one said it was and that limes ought to grow in sandy soil. We didn't care about limes and rather hoped we'd get malaria much in the fashion we intended to wear sun helmets and drink Planter's Punches. There was also something in the way of statistics and other bilge anent the diamonds but it didn't convey much to us. However, we did buy a shovel.

While in Georgetown we saw a picture of Mount Roraima, on the Brazilian and Venezuelan borders. A big sandstone block with a flat top and an aboriginal tribe called Arekuna dwelling about it and regarding it as a kind of Olympus. We could travel up the Essequibo and Potaro and then make Roraima in six days of overland travel. We said "six days' march"—nice word, "march," and it went well with our sun helmets. It's really a pity that we didn't know that one can go about bareheaded in the sunshine of the Pindorama without any ill effects whatsoever.

By some process of reasoning we decided that there were millions of carats of diamonds around Roraima. Having dug them, we could "march" to Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco—making twenty miles a day.

We went up the Essequibo and the Potaro. We admired the pink blossoms on the surface of the black, mirror-like waters and were delighted when the howling monkeys howled. We thought they were a band of jaguars. Once the launch passed a peccary

with a bird eating the ticks in his back and we took this as a sign that the jungle was full of game. True, we were a trifle disappointed to find that the jungle was a great still cathedral rather than a low tangle of thorny trees, but what with monkeys and parrots popping about, we let that pass.

We left the diamond camps behind us at Kangarooma—gorgeous name—and trundled our silly cinema outfit up the Kaieteur cliffs and sat down to eat a chocolate bar near the gorge. The tin can informed us that the chocolate bar was “emergency ration.” After our chocolate we went to look at the fall and then some of our self-sufficiency deserted us and we felt a little afraid of the country.

A whole river rolled placidly to the brink of an abyss whose bottom was unbelievably far below our feet and then, without warning, plunged eight hundred feet in one almighty drop. The winds that whirled in the chasm tore great veils of gray mist asunder and flung the crags in our faces. At times an ominous growl rose from the caldron far below. It was the most staggering thing either of us had seen in our lives.

A sea of green forest rolled away in all directions—a green forest that watched the eternal catastrophe with a horrid air of detached indifference and it occurred to us both that anything could happen in that forest and it would not make the slightest difference. It had destroyed civilizations as blandly as it had swallowed aboriginal village clearings.

We walked back to camp, looked at maps and talked of marching twenty miles a day until we had shaken some of the squashed feeling that the fall had given us.

Next day, we fell in with some Patamona Indians who were working on a diamond claim above the fall—the only diamond claim so far from a source of supplies. They were small, brown, had loin cloths and looked harmless. They also had the delightful custom of squeezing the juice of the small red peppers we call Cayenne peppers in their eyes whenever they approached the great fall lest the magnificence of the sight blind them. Oddly, the pepper juice doesn’t blind them, either.

Getting into the canoe with which we were to reach the beginning of the Patamona trail that led to the Brazilian border, both

Robinson and I seized paddles and commenced to show the Indians how white men did this kind of thing. I realize now that, had I been more accustomed to Indian facial expression, I should have known that they were registering a fine kind of skeptical amusement.

There were a few Indians loafing around the thatched shelter that served the prospector as a warehouse when we arrived several hours after dark. On the following morning we found ourselves face to face with the moment when we must tackle one of the loafing Indians and get him to carry the White Man's Burden (seventy pounds) into the two days' distant diamond camp. It was simply a matter of waving our trade goods in their faces and they would carry the baggage but we couldn't do it. It was usual and orthodox, we knew, but that normal, intelligent human beings—and such they seemed—would accept such a collection of muck as little mirrors, red calico, kitchen knives, fish hooks and beads for hard work, we could not believe.

While we sat in embarrassed silence before our heap of trade goods, wondering who would first develop the courage to up and proposition the Patamona, several came over and asked permission to inspect our baggage. Inspection completed, they applied for jobs. The beads and so forth went well with the young men—they wanted them to give to girls—but knives, cloth, and fish hooks were in demand with the men who had families to support and couldn't be bothered with frippery.

The following day we set out over the well-worn trail and began to make the acquaintance of the "jungle." Some day I'm going to look up the etymology of that word. Today, it is applied to any enlarged clump of trees between 25N and 25S. It is much in demand with explorers thinking up titles for their books, reporters can't let it alone and the movies run amuck with it.

I cannot believe that any one word can describe the enormous variety of growths to be found in the tropical forest areas. If we call upland Guiana forest "jungle," what shall we call lowland, white water river forest? Or black water river forest? Or the parsley-like trees in the woodlands between patches of savannah? Or the truly dreadful *igapó*—flooded forest? Even more than the

inadequacy of the word, I detest its neurotic connotations. Snakes hanging from branches—only a demented snake would do that—crocodiles, who are very stupid creatures, nibbling at one's ankles, jaguars saying unpleasant things in a deep bass voice and snaggletoothed savages who think it more logical to shoot you with a poisoned arrow than to trade with you for steel instruments—and imagine what a steel knife or ax is to a man who must clear Amazonian forest with a stone gadget.

Our particular piece of introductory jungle was cool upland forest. Great trees, most of them precious hard woods so heavy they won't float, were laced together by graceful strands of liana. Parasite vines climbed, strangled, fed and died on the corpses of the vegetable giants. Undoubtedly, it was an environment where the survivors had to struggle if they proposed to survive. But it was beautiful—vast and dim with numerous small sounds painted on a velvet background of pervading silence. We liked it even as we realized that it was something too monotonously huge to like for long.

Our feeling of pique with the thing increased. There seemed to be nothing sinister about it and we had always heard that here if anywhere was a sinister world.

One little incident though served to show that this was a forest different from any other we knew. I was traveling several hundred yards ahead of the others, my eyes on the root covered trail, when I espied a Patamona pack basket leaning against a tree. I was looking into the sunlit forest for the owner when I heard feminine giggles and a pair of brown hands and slender brown wrists appeared before my face. Two bare, pretty Patamona women were standing within four feet of me and so perfectly had they blended into the background of living green leaves and dead brown ones that I had not noticed them until they moved. We talked a while, no one understanding any one else, laughed a bit and parted. But it occurred to me that it was well to be on good terms with people that are invisible when little more than an arm's length from you.

The diamond claim was a delightful place. The owner was as mad as a March hare and the diamonds were worked by hands of Patamonas—mostly women and girls. The supplies of the mine

were carried in by women, for they are steadier porters than the men; the men often get sidetracked by some nice bit of hunting that they run across.

We were at the claim a week waiting for baggage that we had been forced to leave at Kaieteur. We went to see the diamond workings, a very simple and uninteresting business on somebody else's claim. The Patamona girls were dithering about in the muddy water of a diamond pit and working on a layer of bluish clay that held the diamonds and was superimposed on a layer of something else that didn't. A couple of blacks washed the clay and sand and gave the stones they found to the owner—in theory, at any rate.

Robinson and I set up our cinema outfit to film the goings-on and then one or the other of us thought it would be more picturesque if we took the dresses off the women, who were clad in gowns made of the calico they had earned. I advanced to the edge of the pit and made polite disrobing gestures. The clucks and glares of feminine dignity outraged on a large scale fairly shriveled me and I retreated. Perhaps, we thought, they have always worn dresses.

To set ourselves right on this point we went to look for the claim holder. "How long," we asked, "have these girls worn clothes?" "About a month," he replied. We explained that we wanted them naked in order to invest the picture with something in the way of local color. He hurried to the pit.

"Take off your goddam dresses!" he bellowed. They understood the tone and the "goddam" and from where I cringed behind the claim holder I continued to make disrobing motions, trying as I did so to invest the gestures with an air of Old World grace and courtesy. It took a solid half hour to browbeat the dresses off the wretched women and at the last moment one fled to the forest.

We finished as quickly as possible and retired in confusion. In my haste I tripped and tumbled to my waist in the muddy water. The women laughed, Robinson fled, the claim holder had already left and I wished I were dead. I've never cared for diamonds since and Robinson's fever seemed cured, if indeed, he'd ever had it.

A few days later I had retired to my hammock for an after

lunch nap. Every one in the Pindorama sleeps in a hammock except the city dweller, you know. Scratchings and other small sounds awakened me and opening one eye I saw two Patamona girls tearing our bags apart, trying on cloth and beads and getting into all kinds of mischief. One was wrapped in several yards of red cloth and the other was wearing my number ten high boots. I laughed and they scuttled out through the bark door.

A few minutes later I heard the door creak and pretended to be asleep. They reentered. The one called Angi came close and then her companion. They giggled and whispered excitedly. Finally Angi gently lifted my eyelids by the lashes and peeked inside to see if I were really asleep. Then we all laughed.

Angi sat down in my hammock. The other girl went to the bark door and looked out as if to see if any one were coming. Then she looked back at Angi and me, laughed and went out, closing the door behind her.

I was nineteen, fairly virtuous and terribly dumb. I wasn't sure what they were getting at. But it occurred to me that Angi's great dark eyes, silky black hair and golden skin were very pretty, indeed. I hadn't forgotten the awful scene at the diamond pit but Angi's attitude was so naively friendly—I patted her experimentally and she smiled and snuggled down in the hammock beside me.

Just like the South Sea Islands, I told myself.

But this garden also had its serpent. Angi's pal hissed from the door, "Amoko yebu!" and before I realized what was the trouble, she and Angi bounced off and made for the woods.

"*Amoko yebu!*"—The Old Man is coming—and soon the heavy tread of the claim holder confirmed the warning. I went out and had a cup of tea with him hoping it might be good for a severe kind of frustration. He had noticed nothing untoward and I said nothing, for the night before at dinner and after the tenth warm-water-and-whisky, he had said, "if any one seduces Mary, I'll shoot him!" Mary was the Patamona girl who waited on the rude little table. His English partner had hiccuped and murmured, "That's awkward—I had—" He didn't finish, but the conversation shifted to carving birds and the English chap sent the mutton we had for

dinner bounding over the dirt floor in an effort to prove that it was "all in knowing where the joints are!"

Robinson fell ill with fever at this place and while he was more or less confined to his hammock, I visited the Patamona villages to the south. The two villages were in the savannah, and in all the Pindorama there is nothing so lovely as the savannah. The grassy plain and the mountains are yellow, the sky is blue, the rolling clouds are white and the fast wind is cool. You can see a thousand miles to the very farthest mountains on the horizon and they are sharply focused in bright color so that only walking a day without their coming closer convinces you that they are not near hills that you see outlined against the theatrical sky.

The first of the villages was composed of three conical *malokas*. On the bare white ground between the big houses a huge wooden cross lay, a tumbled to earth reminder of the long forgotten missionary that had erected it. In the cool, dim interior of the biggest *maloka* a number of women and young men lolled in their hammocks, simply letting the sounds and smells of the pleasant earth soak into them.

With my advent an old lady, bestirred herself and gave me a tray of *cassava* bread and a young girl gave me a big bowl of *kashiri*, allowing her thumb to rest in it as she did so—a pleasant little gesture that always accompanies the drink. It was cool and pink and nicely alcoholic; the cassava bread dipped in a broth of peppers and little fish was good; and afterwards they swung my hammock and I went to sleep.

When I awoke the sun was half down in the western horizon and I started for Kuri-kubaru, the second village. Before I left, the old lady gave me a bunch of bananas and said that, dear, dear, I was the first young white man she had ever seen—all the others of her acquaintance were old.

On the way to Kuri-kubaru, I met several girls carrying corn to the diamond claim and a little later I encountered the girl who had run away from the diamond pit when I had made them take their dresses off. I told her with my now ten word Patamona vocabulary that I was sorry and that I had meant well. She said it was quite all right and gave me a banana. I gave her some choc-

olate and we ate and visited for half an hour. When I rose to go she told me that there were no people at Kuri-kubaru since every one had gone off to poison fish. However, I could sleep in her father's house and she described it carefully. Her face was tattooed with blue dye but for some reason it didn't spoil her good looks a bit.

Kuri-kubaru was a large place with a half a dozen *malokas* and a tumbled-in church. A Baptist parson and a Catholic priest had once operated in the region and quite a rivalry had existed between the two reverend gentlemen. The parson had received a batch of lurid prints showing scenes in Hell and the Indians were told that the wicked people who embraced the Roman faith were bound there. The padre, however, got to windward of him by calling the Indians to witness something neat in the way of miracles. He ordered water poured on the gray sand before his door and then touched a match to it. There were sizzlings, poppings and the smell of the carbide that the padre used in his acetylene lamp. But no one realized what that meant and took it all as an authentic, if miniature, demonstration of Hell. The parson withdrew and later the padre just stopped coming and life went on.

Another padre on the Rupinuni or Takatu—I forget which—had an unpleasant experience. The Makushi women thought a man without the normal desires of the sex very funny and they gave him the extract of a certain plant in his food. The plant is possessed of powerful aphrodisiacal properties and they must have given the poor padre an overdose or something, for he went wild. Chased women about the plain, tearing off their little bead aprons and generally showing what happens when a good stout dash of that aphrodisiacal plant is put in your food. He was removed to Georgetown and shipped back to Belgium, I'm told, and never did fully recover his reason.

Sleeping alone in the moonlit village wasn't much fun and next day I went back to the diamond claim to find Robinson up and about and also a party of Arekuna that had just arrived from Roraima. The band consisted of a *tushaua*, or chieftain, his wife, daughter, baby girl and two of his men.

The *tushaua*, Isaac, exhibited his total knowledge of the Eng-

lish language when he introduced his daughter to us. Grabbing her by one of her half formed breasts, he bounced it up and down.

"Alice big girl, now," he announced proudly.

Their faces were hideously painted, they had sticks in their ears and pins in their lower lips, the women's faces were tattooed and they dwelt at the base of Roraima. Exactly what we wanted. Our bags were examined, our purpose in visiting Roraima asked—embarrassing, we didn't know ourselves—and the bargain was concluded. The following day we were off.

It was nice that trip out to Roraima. Two days' walk through the forest brought us to the banks of the Ireng River which forms the boundary with Brazil. On the Brazilian side of the little stream, steep level-topped mountains rose fifteen hundred feet above us. At the top Isaac told us we would find the savannahs of north Brazil.

We were glad to hear it. The forest, cool, pleasant and all that though it was, gave us a closed in feeling that had a definite effect on our temperaments without our being more than half conscious of it. When I indicate that the forest got on our nerves, I am not speaking of the state of mind which all northerners believe themselves in duty bound to feel in the tropical forest. There are certain standard travel sensations that you must feel or you are not getting your money's worth. The Great Dark of the long Arctic night requires finger nail biting and a hatred of one's fellows. "The same stories, the same faces, my God, will the sun never come!" The tropical forest—the jungle, if you will—demands "a feeling of nameless menace, sinister paths leading into the Unknown, the maddening throb of the drums and the silent trees standing about." I've known men who saw trees walk and talk but they were bottle men and came to bad ends.

I have felt that menaced feeling but it was induced by the sound of hostile savages near camp who were trying to make up their minds whether to attack or just snoop. The inaction coupled with the knowledge that in the midnight black of the nearby forest there were naked club men so terrified me that I felt like popping my lunch. The poor brutes wouldn't have had a chance

if they had attacked, for they would have been flinging themselves against deadly Machine Age weapons, but that waiting in the dark was awful. It was a devil of an emotion but it was also a devil of a situation necessary to produce it; hence my jealous rage when I hear how some one else has managed to experience the same emotion by merely walking about in the forest.

We splashed across the shallow Ireng, landed in the Republic of Brazil without formalities and by noon we had reached the savannah. Splendid! Out of the dim glades and into the blinding sunlight, the rolling yellow plain and the tumbling clouds. Savannah traveling was marvelous stuff. The Arekuna made sandals from the inner bark of the Mirity palm, wove cords from the leaves and walked shod, for even their leathery feet could not stand the hot touch of the blistering white trail. From where I walked in the rear of the little caravan I could see Isaac's bare, muscular shoulders peeping over his heavy pack, his baby daughter riding atop her mother's back, cooing and gurgling as she bounced about, and behind her Alice-Big-Girl-Now and the two men, bent low beneath the heavy loads. The calabashes tied to the pack baskets clinked merrily, the sandals slithered, the fast wind rustled the long grasses, the anvil birds worked their forges in the patches of forest and it all seemed tremendously worthwhile. Sometimes we got a deer.

Late in the afternoon of the third day in the great savannah we reached the lip of a mighty valley. A thousand feet below us a sea of grass rolled and billowed in its confines between the high yellow mountains. To the north, the great Mountain of the Sun loomed against the sky and dimly Roraima's cliffs showed through the mist of distance and the haze from the signal smokes that told where parties of savages were hunting or traveling.

In Europe a war had just ended, others were brewing and people were hungry because there were too many of them. Here were thousands of square miles of grassland, fertile woodlands and, as we later found, mineral wealth. Down on the floor of the valley there was a lone Arekuna village. My glasses discovered no sign of life; the people were asleep.

We reached the village late on the fourth day. Men, women

and children all ran bare arse. On every hand there was striking evidence of agricultural wealth. When our trade goods had been examined basket after basket of potatoes, corn, yams, sweet cassava, mandioca, bananas, plantains and pumpkins streamed in. There were big gourds full of sweet, wild honey, little ones filled with fiery red peppers, bundles of sugar cane, strings of smoked little fish, smoked chunks of venison—we had to stop the flow, for we could not get men to carry it all. Again I told myself that this was like the South Sea Islands. When we went to bathe in the little stream we lay naked on a bed of red jasper and let cold mountain water flow over us. What a country!

We discovered that our man Isaac was a famous traveler and an influential chieftain. When he spoke every one listened gravely. Robinson and I sat in a circle of sober looking old boys while Isaac mumbled away as if talking to himself about a matter of absolutely no importance. The end of each of his sentences was punctuated by a grunted mmm-mmm from one of the oldsters. Occasionally we received a patronizing gesture from "our man, Isaac."

We didn't know it at the time but a minute account of our actions, characters, possessions and personal peculiarities was being given so that the people of the village could form an exact estimate of us. Nothing, absolutely nothing was omitted—places where we had stumbled, how long it took us to get up, where we bathed, how often our bowels moved, what we laughed at, what we ate—he left out nothing.

The conference over, we were passed upon and the rest of the day was spent in emptying our bags, passing each object from hand to hand and then putting the things back in the bag in exactly the same order as they had been found.

After a day's rest there, we scaled the west shoulder of the Mountain of the Sun and saw the stones that used to be *kashiri* jugs high on its sides. It seems that back at that village there had once been a little boy whose eyes were bigger than his belly. His brother killed a peccary and he cried and wept for the head. His mother said he was a greedy little boy and must be satisfied with a chop. His little nibs, thereupon, tumbled into his hammock and

refused to eat anything at all but, at night, he stole the head and ran off to the top of the Mountain of the Sun. There he made a huge garden and lived for years, drinking *kashiri*, eating cassava bread and leading the good life. After several years of this kind of thing he disappeared, having gone to England. Today he is the king of England, has a huge garden, three wives and all the kinds of meat he likes.

Camped on the banks of the fretful little Rio Arubupu, we saw Roraima for the first time that it had been more than a faint shadow in the clouds. Without knowing it we had come so close to the giant that when the mists parted it seemed that the great cliffs were about to topple over on us. Everywhere they were absolutely sheer, the top was flat and the mountain was, in effect, a small plateau separated from the rest of the world by those great walls. We at once recalled being told that Conan Doyle's book, *The Lost World*, had been written around Roraima—perfectly possible—and we remembered the screen version with its dinosaurs and what not.

We told Isaac we wanted to go to the top. Isaac said he had already been to the top twice. I drew a picture of a dinosaur and asked if he had ever seen any. He grinned and said he had seen plenty. Searching for words we would understand, he tapped the sketch and said,

"You—*kauari*—plenty!" and tapped his eyes to indicate that he had seen them. *Kauari*!—Hell, he thought I had drawn a horse! The Arekuna call horses—which they steal from the Brazilian ranchers—*kauari* and the word is descended from the Spanish word, *caballo*. Much more striking is the fact that they call my firearm *arkabusa*. The arquebusque is an arm that has disappeared from the world these three hundred years but the Conquistadores had them though God alone knows what they did with them!

A day later we were at Isaac's village, inconveniently named Kamaiuauong. We imagined that we were now in Venezuela but couldn't be sure for this was all seven years ago and at that time the boundary commissions of three nations had not squabbled the question into something resembling order. Behind the *malokas* rose the high Tuashing pinnacle and behind it the stupendous

sandstone cliffs of Roraima. A belt of forest ran around the mountain and it was far from easy to tell where an ascent might be made though, of course, we knew it existed; Sir Everhard im Thurn had discovered and used it years before. But we felt vastly relieved when Isaac explained that it was on a face of the mountain invisible from the village, for we were beginning to think it might be a hand-over-hand-with-a-vine kind of affair.

We had to wait several days while cassava bread and *kashiri* were made, for Isaac said he was damned if he'd climb mountains without his beer. As there was nothing else to do we watched the business and found it interesting.

The cassava or mandioca tuber is a potatoish thing. Mandioca means "the house of Mani" in the old Tupi tongue and Mani, poor girl, was a virgin who conceived immaculately, a matter that got her in a lot of trouble for her family could think of but one procedure that would account for her beautiful son. Of course it wasn't his fault but the people killed him and Mani said that their wicked deed would be repaid by a great gift to mankind for, in those times, mankind was in a hell of a way what with one thing and another. The mandioca plant sprouted on his grave and the people, when they learned its use, were very sorry about it all but they ate it, nevertheless.

We went with the women to the garden and there they loaded their baskets with the big tubers and barged off to the *maloka* with them where another band pounced on them and reduced them to a wet pulp on a grater made from bits of quartz stuck in a black gum coating on a flat board. The pulp was jammed into a long, plaited press and squeezed until every bit of the juice was removed—an excellent idea since the juice contains a deadly percentage of prussic acid. A swig of it will kill you but you can boil it up and get a nice condiment from it.

Then it is sifted, plumped onto a big stone griddle and baked. Fresh, it is fine stuff but, several days old and dried in a hot sun, it is rather like a mixture of sawdust and concrete. It is an important plant, the staff of life in the Pindorama and because it is that over an area that is almost continental in size, it merits a place beside wheat, corn, rice and the other great staples.

And, just as nice things to drink can be made from wheat, corn and rice, so Isaac's beer—*kashiri*—can be made from mandioca. Isaac's beer was made by his wife and daughter in the same way as it is made by most of the tribes of the Guiana highland. The bread is chewed by the women and the saliva soaked mass is tossed into a large vessel. Chewed purple yams are added, and warm water, and the well masticated mess is stored for several days according to the degree of fermentation desired. Ten days gives it a kick approximating that of ale.

True enough the manufacturing process sounds repellent but once you get to like *kashiri* you find yourself entertaining a warm affection for the wrinkled old hags that dribble about the *malokas*, their mouths overflowing with a purple mass of yam, as they vainly try to talk. Incidentally, in many tribes the *kashiri* chewers have distinctive tattooing.

Climbing Roraima turned out to be fairly simple. We left Kamaiuuong with seven or eight men carrying supplies and Alice-Big-Girl-Now and a girl friend bringing up the rear with huge jugs of *kashiri* on their backs. A few hours' walk brought us to the northern wall and the path to the top became obvious. At one point there was a fault in the tremendous cliffs where a tongue of forest had run up the slope. At no point did the climb seem steep.

We camped in the forest at the base of the walls that night and the powerful spirits that the Arekuna insist live about the mountain began to plague us. The evening's manifestation consisted of an earthquake. Or, at any rate, I think it was an earthquake.

We were lying in our hammocks talking when a series of sharp explosions rent the air. We sat up with a jerk and there was a second series. Neither Robinson nor I could explain the phenomenon but we waved it aside as Brazilians blasting to the south—an absurd explanation since the nearest Brazilians were over a hundred miles away and wouldn't be blasting anyhow. Later I was told that the same thing had been heard on the Mazuruni on the same day and the Mazuruni flows through the range of sandstone mountains of which Roraima is the greatest. Also, an earth tremor was registered in the Venezuelan towns on that day. So, I suppose it was an earthquake even though we felt no tremor.

The following day the much upset Arekuna sallied forth to cut a trail to the summit and soon after one returned with blood spurt-ing from a gash in his big toe. It seems that he had been slashing at the thick growth when a spirit had jogged his elbow, causing the disaster. We bandaged it carefully and soon after he as care-fully unbandaged it and poured piping hot sugar cane juice on the wound. When the outraged blood clot hardened again he limped back to Kamaiuauong.

On the third day we started for the top. The going was damna-ble—we had to scramble over huge boulders that had fallen from Roraima's summit in bygone ages and to make it more difficult, the trail had been cut to allow passage and nothing more. By noon we were well up. The shelf was so broad and so thickly covered with trees and lianas that we could never tell how high we had climbed. So closely did the cliffs hang over our heads that we could not see the top.

Abruptly the forest ended and Isaac and I—well in advance of the others—arrived at a point where only grass and rubble and a steep climb of some two hundred feet separated us from the sum-mit. We had stopped to get our breath when a burst of howls from below told that something was amiss for the howls were of the kind that people reserve for the announcement of major dis-asters. Isaac registered apoplexy.

My inquiry was met with a torrent of hopelessly unintelligible Arekuna. Finally, he puffed his cheeks and bellowed, "*Apok! Apok!*"—Fire! Fire!—and I deduced that there was a forest fire below us. Not far to go—not far at all. I made on-to-the-top mo-tions, and after a slight hesitation, Isaac followed me. Our wild scramble gained the summit in a matter of minutes.

Below us a column of thick white smoke rose from the place where we had been encamped. Even fifteen hundred feet above it, the dull roar rose to our ears; we were in imminent danger of being marooned on the top of Roraima until the fire burned out and that looked like a ten day job, at least. No choice, we had to go down and at once.

Beyond the belt of forest at the feet of the giant lay southeast

Venezuela, Brazil and a piece of British Guiana spread out as if we had looked at a map—a map sadly obscured by smoke and mist but the most interesting one I ever saw.

In the backs of our minds both Isaac and I were panic-stricken but we were held spellbound by the lordly spectacle of vast stretches of grass-covered earth bones—to him the astounding size of the country his tribe held for its own; to me, empty empire. No one knew where that enormous stretch of grass ended. The haze that obscured the horizon was beautifully symbolic of the state of civilized knowledge of the country. It ran west and north nearly to the Orinoco and south to the Rio Negro, an unexplored waste with a few holes of knowledge or settlement here and there—the Brazilian ranchers in the Rio Branco with their quarter of a million head of cattle they couldn't export, the Venezuelans around Tumeremo, the fringe enterings of the inarticulate mixed blood *balata*, rubber, Brazil nut and gold hunters. The forgotten footsteps of the Conquistadores, tearing the land apart for El Dorado, and Schomburgk's lovely swath through the center of it by way of the Rio Uraricoera. That in a hundred thousand square miles!

At night, in this great country, the witch doctor's chant rose from a thousand *malokas* and naked brown bodies swayed in monotonous dances to the dirge-like piping of the bone flutes and the deep note of the trumpets. And in the friendly shadow of the forest at the edge of the clearings, even as the long, pointed breasts of the golden women were flattened by the amorous chests of the feather-crowned, painted warriors, a burst of savage yells, the whistle of a flight of arrows—and the club men of the neighboring village could be upon them, to destroy the men, carry the children to slavery and annex the never plentiful women, thereby changing language, altering color and physiognomy and creating difficulties for ethnologists.

The Arekuna with us were Karibs, part of the extraordinary wave of conquest and migration that seems to have swept out of the Upper Xingu in the fourteenth century and north to the West Indies, mayhap to the very coasts of Florida. The Arekuna had

become tired or something and had stayed in the mountains of the Southeast Plateau. Or, perhaps, just entranced by the parched beauty of the land.

But west and south of them there were dozens of other tribes many of which were known only by rumor. Pishauko, Kamaragoto, Maionkong, Shiriana, Uaika, Guararibo, Pauishana, Maku, Purugoto, Marakana, Juripixuna, Uapishana, Makushi, Yabuana and a score of others—some Karib speaking peoples, other Aruak speaking and many speaking languages no one has heard much less classified.

Thought I: I want to see all this land and I'll have to see it soon or it will all be changed. This is the path of empire and the world will know it before long. I want to see the Indians before they put on overalls and lay railroad track and I want to see where the savannah ends and I want to see what is between the Rio Branco and the Serra Parima. Then I want to change it all—mechanize it, standardize it and synchronize it, despoil the beauty I see and wreck the primitive cultures in the name of manifest destiny.

The crackling of the fire below soon sent us tumbling down the path where we met Robinson, solemnly working upwards with the packs of two men on his back; the young men had run away. When he heard the true state of affairs, he joined us and then down we went in a pell-mell, devil-take-the-hindmost flight over the great boulders and through the rotted vegetation.

After a half hour of this kind of thing I became aware that the devil seemed to have taken Robinson, who was hindmost even without the packs. I stopped and shouted. No answer. I ran on. As I ran I had a sudden picture of poor Robinson lying between two boulders with a broken leg, his face twisted with agony and feebly calling for help. Simultaneously, I was aware of the frightful roar of the fire and by the sound of it I knew that a few more minutes would serve to imprison us between the cliffs and that awful conflagration. Clearly, I must go back for Robinson but my feet were desperately anxious to gallop.

Doing what you're expected to do, according to the painful code that makes teamwork between individuals possible, is fairly easy—if you have time to think the matter out. But in full flight,

with the roar of a great forest fire in your ears and fifteen minutes to go, so to speak, it's not easy. It's very hard.

By dint of grasping bushes with my hands I stopped my feet and turned back. I felt as if I were bound for my own funeral but I also felt that I was rather a lad—this was playing the game, by God! and all that. By now I was certain that Robinson had a broken leg.

In less than five minutes I heard a series of crashes and grunts interspersed with oaths and a huge, red-faced Robinson burst into sight, holding his unbuttoned pants up with both hands and bounding from boulder to boulder like a mountain goat.

"God damn it!" he panted bitterly as he whizzed past, "Can you imagine being caught short at a time like this?"

We managed to squeeze past the fire and by nightfall the lot of us were out on the savannah, undamaged beyond singed eyebrows and such. Next morning we went back to Kamaiuuong, got drunk on *kashiri* and swore we would never go near Roraima again.

AUGUST COURTAULD

Greenland is internationally important today only in part because of its strategic position. Geographical importance doesn't just happen as one day's labor in the Biblical Genesis. It is determined through the labor of a long line of explorers, some famous and some obscure. For Greenland's present prominence, much of the credit must go to a lot of inexperienced youngsters who are almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

In 1888 Nansen became famous by being the first to cross the Greenland ice-cap. Later it was crossed again by Peary, Rasmussen, Koch, DeQuervain, and several others. It is no easy job. The top of Greenland is cold and stormy, eight thousand feet in the air, flat as a billiard-table so a man can easily lose his way there, no place for a picnic,—much worse than the north pole where the Russians had a camp a few years ago.

In 1930-31 a lot of young members of the British "Arctic Air-Route Expedition", beautifully commanded by Gino Watkins at the ripe age of twenty-three, crossed it twice. They must have done a fine job because they had a good time and saw no reason for making a fuss over it.

That expedition deserves to stand as one of the most remarkable in the history of exploration, partly for those ice-cap crossings, partly because on it August Courtauld started the "alone" business, and always because its members did what they did as a matter of course, because it was their job, taking things as they came without getting excited.

The world began to honor Courtauld after he had spent five months holed in alone on the very top of one of the two coldest and stormiest plateaus on earth. But he pointed out that there are hundreds of men in Labrador, Alaska, and Arctic Canada, who live alone and like it all winter, year after year, cut off from all contact with human beings, just tending to their work, without "going mad", without even going psychological,—and that he therefore didn't see why he deserved any special praise for doing the same thing.

Courtauld's own account of being snowed in, unable to dig himself out, running short of food, without radio or gramophone, much of the time without light because most of his kerosene had leaked away, unable to read, unable even to cook more than one warmed-over meal a day, unable to melt water for drinking, able only to wait week after week in the dark for somebody to come along and find him,—his own account of that adventure, published as a chapter in Spencer Chapman's "Northern Lights", is so laconic, so professional, so void of cosmic thinking, that the man who wrote the introduction to the book didn't even acknowledge in it that Courtauld even existed,—let alone giving him some recognition for one of exploration's greatest exhibitions of calm nerves. Which is remarkable because the man who wrote that introduction is Admiral Byrd, who shortly thereafter went to Antarctica to sit alone too, in a portable house with a radio and all the equipment that science could provide.

Like the whole expedition of which it was a part, Courtauld's exploit eminently made sense.

In those days of 1930 Americans, Englishmen, Germans, were all jockeying for position in the effort to gain exclusive rights to fly passengers and mail between Northern Europe and America over the Greenland-Iceland route, the shortest way and in easy hops of three or four hundred miles. It was, and still is, a splendid idea—the one which, above all others, gives Greenland its present strategic importance. Five or six years ago the idea was kept from being carried out through the undercover bickerings of international politics, but ten years ago its execution was prevented by

the fact that nobody seemed to know much about Greenland's interior.

Hence a whole epidemic of Greenland expeditions, American, English, German, French. Hence also that long parade of aviators who flew between Europe and America via Greenland and Iceland, sometimes successfully and sometimes not, sometimes doing good work and sometimes being merely silly.

It was as part of that stirring international race for supremacy in Greenland that Watkins led his "Arctic Air-Route Expedition" to the east coast of that island in 1930, and did such remarkable work, summer and winter. An expedition that goes into the field just to go exploring can afford to hibernate in winter quarters and give minstrel-shows, but an expedition that goes out to gather data on some future air-route has not only to keep working all winter but also to go to the spot whence those data are most badly needed. In this case that was the interior of the ice-cap, where no man had ever camped before and that had been crossed only a few times by a few world-famous men.

The two crossings of the ice-cap were routine journeys, made for the purpose of studying the areas that had been left blank by the expedition's predecessors. The idea of establishing a weather observatory on the highest point of the ice-cap was also a routine idea and a perfectly obvious one, considering the expedition's aims. It seems, however, that it met with a good deal of criticism in England. People said that it would be too difficult to carry supplies to the station for three men, that two would get on one another's nerves and go berserk, that one man alone would certainly go mad,—that the whole scheme was therefore fantastic. But Watkins answered that there was great need for the information to be gathered, that he and the members of his expedition had a professional interest in doing a good job, that he therefore thought it would go all right.

So fourteen young Englishmen, most of them without polar experience, sailed in the *Quest* for the East coast of Greenland,—the same *Quest* that Shackleton had used on his last Antarctic adventure in 1921. They established their base on the coast, made

friends with the Eskimos, read Stefansson's "Friendly Arctic", the greatest handbook on arctic living and travel ever written, learned to handle kayaks, to hunt seals and bears, to spear sharks and drive dogs. On August 11 a party with four sledges started for the highest point of the interior to establish a station some 130 miles from their base.

They labored up through the incredibly rough crevassed area on the edge of the cap; they sledged along day after day over the flat surface of the top, placing a string of flags as guides for future journeys. Finally, on August 27, they reached 8600 feet above sea-level, where they established their station.

They didn't have a comfortable wooden house,—you don't carry such things when you sledge through Greenland's ice-crevasses. But they had read their Stefansson and so they built an Eskimo snow-house with a tent inside. They built two other snow-houses for supplies and connected the three with tunnels. They erected their weather-instruments outside, stocked the camp with supplies, left two men there, and returned to the base.

The two who were left were Riley and Lindsay. They went to work fixing the camp, did their weather-observing, played chess, were glad they had no letters to write, and told the same stories over and over to one another. Spencer Chapman writes that "an extraordinary intimacy grew up between them; they had no inclination to quarrel." They were relieved after a month by a party coming from the base with more supplies and with Bingham and D'Aeth to take their places. The sledging-party returned to the base. More supplies and a radio were immediately loaded on the sledges and a new batch of six men started back for the interior.

It was October 26 when they started—well into the Arctic winter. Only one of the six had ever driven dogs before, and he only three hundred miles. The Greenland ice-cap is nasty in winter. They had their troubles.

A gale blew for days at a stretch, sometimes at a hundred miles an hour, tearing at their tents at night, rippling the snowy surface so it was no longer a billiard-table but a series of hard ridges that upset the sledges and cut their shoes and the feet of their dogs.

They found it hard to follow the line of flags that marked the way to the station; the sledge-lashings were frozen into hard knots that had to be untangled; the dogs were weakened by hunger and privation; but they had to struggle on because there were two men out there with insufficient food for the winter.

They made fifteen miles in fifteen days. They threw away the radio because it weighed too much. Day after day, in the face of the blizzard, they struggled and wore themselves out, just to keep their sledges on an even keel.

On December 3 they walked in on Bingham and D'Aeth, shouting "Evening Standard, Evening Standard", their faces so covered with ice that the two at the station didn't recognize them. But now it seemed as if they would have to give up their station after all, with its real work just begun. They had taken so long for their difficult journey, had eaten so much, had jettisoned so much food on the way, that they couldn't leave two men there. There wasn't food for two. They thought they would have to take Bingham and D'Aeth back to the base and give up the whole thing as a bad job.

Courtauld said he would like to try staying there alone. They said he was crazy. He said it was a shame to have all that labor and expense go for nothing, he was interested in seeing the program carried out, there was food and fuel to last one man until April, perhaps he *was* crazy but he wanted to stay there anyway. So the others started back for the coast on the 5th of December, with the temperature at 46 below zero, leaving Courtauld to make weather-observations until spring.

On the 9th of March a relief party left the base for the interior. It spent three weeks in the vicinity of the ice-cap station, weathering gale after gale, zig-zagging back and forth, but finding no trace of the snow-house that had been built the previous autumn. The driving snow had obliterated it completely; everything was flat again. When its food was almost gone, the party gave up hope of relieving Courtauld and returned to the base by a series of forced marches.

Another party left the base on April 21st. On May third it was near Courtauld's station. On May 5th, after intensive searching,

it finally saw a small dark object that proved to be the station's flag, in rags and almost covered over. The men found the two-inch ventilator of the main house, barely projecting above the snow. They shouted down, heard an answer, dug down, and greeted Courtauld, bearded, matted, dirty,—emerging on wobbly legs because for weeks he had done little but lie on his back in the dark and hum to himself. He said that accidents will happen and he was glad to be out.

Courtauld's own story of his five months of complete isolation is a gem of decent reticence, being largely a chronology of events that would have been disasters to a man less well-balanced than he. One by one he took those events in his stride, deciding that it was useless to worry because there was nothing he could do but trust his companions—in whom he had infinite faith—to find him.

Later, on analyzing his experiences for the benefit of other explorers, he wrote that there is nothing whatever the matter—psychologically—with a man's living alone for months at a stretch, provided he has enough work—and enough interest in it—to keep him occupied, has an active imaginative mind but not a nervous disposition, and remembers that “the remotest risks become, by brooding over them, grave dangers.”

By refusing to brood and by trusting to the skill of his associates, August Courtauld turned the gravest dangers into the remotest risks. That is the stuff that makes the great explorers.

ALONE ON THE GREENLAND ICE CAP

By AUGUST COURTAULD

MORE than a year has passed since the incidents occurred which are the subject of this chapter. During that time much of the detail has faded from my memory, the impressions have become blurred, and the ideas which then formed themselves in my mind are now forgotten. Yet it may be that a few notes on that time spent on the Greenland Ice Cap will be of some use to travellers who, in the future, may be faced with a similar problem. If I, by these notes, can do something to dispel the strange ideas of danger and risk in leaving a man in such a situation, I shall feel justified. There are many men, trappers and the like, who live by themselves for most of the year. An accident is very rare among these men, nor are their minds usually deranged.

The following is a bare outline, from memory, and from an irregular diary, of my five months alone at the Ice Cap Station.

The total provisions at the Station at this time were, including the supplies brought by our party:

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AUGUST COURTAULD

- 6 ration boxes
- 26 gallons paraffin
- 2 bottles concentrated lemon juice
- 1 bottle cod-liver oil.

Each ration box was designed to last one man a fortnight, but in fact we found that it would last comfortably for twenty-four days. The consumption of fuel at the Station had previously been at the rate of two gallons a week. This, then, was sufficient food for one man for five months, but if two men were to remain, they would have to be relieved by the middle of February.

My first week or two at the Station were fully occupied. Clothes and sleeping-bag had to be dried, the space inside the wall had to be dug free of snow, and the stores got into the house. Six times a day I dressed up in full kit, and sallied forth to read the instruments and inspect the weather. This was an absorbing interest in itself. The sudden changes from days of still twilight and nights of dead silence, with their waving curtain of aurora, to those in which day and night were obliterated in one sweeping roar of blizzard, showed me Nature in her most sublime and her most terrible moods.

For the first few weeks I was also kept busy digging myself out through the tunnel to get to the instruments. This tunnel would get completely filled after half an hour's blizzard. Gradually the drift gained on the digging, and soon I saw that I could not hope to keep the tunnel open if the gales continued in frequency and ferocity. The difficulty was that digging from the inside only piled up the debris further back in the tunnel, so that very soon the whole passage-way became filled, and only a small crawling space between the debris and the roof could be kept clear.

About Christmas I discovered that some four gallons of paraffin had leaked away, so I had to do without the primus stove except for cooking. This was no great hardship so long as there was enough for the Aladdin lamp, which provided a very good heat, though of course it had been very pleasant to have the primus as well.

On January 4th a very severe gale finally closed the entrance,

and the tunnel was too full to dig any more from the inside. A hole was therefore made in the roof of one of the small snow-houses which were connected with the main tent by underground passages. This was above the level of any obstruction, so it did not get drifted up, since the drift blew past it. For a door I made use of a ration box, packed round with snow. This was a much more satisfactory entrance. During January the main house got drifted up, and frequently ominous cracks and groans made themselves heard. but, although the walls bulged inwards a lot, nothing collapsed.

By the end of January, as no aeroplane had turned up, I assumed the Moths could not get up to the Station, and became resigned to waiting for the spring. I had considerable difficulty in getting the spare paraffin and food into the house. There had been no room for these until the first supply had become exhausted, and when I wanted them I could not find them. After protracted exploratory diggings lasting several weeks they were at length found 6 feet under the snow, and brought in. The small snow-houses gradually caved inwards from the weight of the snow on the top of them, but they never actually collapsed, which was a good thing as they were my only means of getting out. The partial collapse of one of them buried one of the ration boxes. It took a long time to extricate it, since all the snow had to be cut or chipped with a knife, and emptied outside with a biscuit-tin.

On the night of March 19th a gale got up from an unexpected direction. A small hole was blown in the packing round the box which closed my bolt-hole, and very soon there was a jet of fine drift blowing in as if from a high-pressure hose. By the morning the small snow-house was completely filled, and exit through it impossible. Accordingly I cut a hole in the roof of the other snow-house, and after excavating a shaft about 5 feet in length the open air was reached. The difficulty was then to close this exit against the next gale. The shaft was too long to reach up from inside, and to allow me to pack snow round a box covering the hole, as had been done with the previous exit, so the shaft was shortened by digging a hollow from outside. As I feared, a gale immediately started blowing, and drifted up the hollow, thus putting a weight on the closing box, more than it was possible to move. This oc-

curred on March 22nd, and put an end to further sallies outside, and therefore to the meteorological observations.

There were several aspects of this situation which occurred to me when I realized that I should no longer be able to get out. I will not deny that at first I was anxious about the safety factor. There were three things I was afraid of:

(1) That the air would become vitiated by reason of there being no possible entry for fresh air, and only an exit in the shape of a 2-inch ventilator in the roof of the tent-house.

(2) That the accumulating drift of snow on this roof would crush the tent, now that I could no longer clear it away.

(3) That since I could no longer keep a look out, the relief party might miss the Station.

The first anxiety was soon dispelled by the air continuing perfectly fresh. This may have been due to a down current through the ventilator, as well as an up current, or more probably to air coming in through the snow walls of the tunnel and side houses. The second anxiety was already partly dispelled by the fact that the snow-level had almost reached the top of the tent, and it had stood the strain: though not without many uncanny noises and bulging inwards. It was, therefore, unlikely that much more would accumulate, since once it was a level surface the drift would blow past. For the third I trusted to the Union Jack on its pole, and the navigation of the relief party. I did not think that the route flags, which at half-mile intervals marked the trail to the Base, would be snowed under completely (as in fact they were), although it was always a great anxiety, when one heard the wind roaring overhead, that a party might have got into difficulties through starting too early. There was, therefore, nothing to worry about as far as personal safety was concerned. It was clearly futile to get anxious, when by no possible endeavour on my part could I make any difference to the course of events.

A more unsatisfactory matter was the cessation of the weather record. A man dislikes changing his habits, and this business of the weather had become a very absorbing habit. So long as one could keep up the observations, one felt that, however vague and academic, some useful purpose was being served. But now that I was

prevented from doing my job I naturally felt that I was wasting time, and throwing away an opportunity not likely to occur again. These records were the only results the Station would have to show, and if they were not kept, all the enormous effort of getting the supplies and men up there would be wasted. However, all I could do was to keep a record of wind-force, estimated from the noise outside, and of pressure readings from the barograph.

The food situation was also becoming interesting about this time. When I first took over the Station I had, of course, to decide on the scale of rations of food and fuel I was going to keep to, and for this purpose it was necessary to estimate a date of relief. One way would be to choose the latest possible date, which would allow a very small ration indeed, with the probability of a large amount of the supplies being left over. This would have been the safest course, but for various reasons I did not take it. In the first place I did not like rationing. I prefer, in fact, to eat my cake rather than have it. "Carpe Diem" was a tag which served as an excuse whenever I felt hungry. Another reason was that I needed a large amount of fuel to begin with for drying clothes and for reading. I therefore assumed March 15th as the date of relief, and scaled my rations to last till then, leaving a small amount of the less palatable necessities, and a bare allowance of fuel for cooking after that.

It was, therefore, all according to plan when stores began to run out. The paraffin supply especially got short, owing to leakage. This was very tiresome, since I had to spend more and more time in the dark and the house got considerably colder without the lamp to give heat. The food problem solved itself, since one's appetite becomes very small if one takes no exercise, and an allowance of half a pound a day proved ample towards the latter part of my stay.

One very pleasant feature of this forced inactivity was being able to hear a blizzard tearing overhead, and knowing that I would not have to dress up and go out into it, with the sequel of undressing again and thawing myself out. Occasionally I used to crawl through the tunnel into the sealed snow-house and do some excavation in the roof. This was a very slow job as it had to be done with a pocket-knife on snow which had turned to ice and taken on

the consistency of concrete. I did this as a precaution in case no relief arrived before the food ran out, so that I should be able to get out, and after a week or two of gradually increasing exercise, walk back to the Base on a compass course. Actually it would have taken several weeks to cut my way out, since I could only work for an hour or so at a time. This tunnel-crawling was not an easy matter, as the snow used to collect on the floor of the tunnel and get compressed by the pressure of crawling through it, making it smaller and smaller. Many times I got stuck for some considerable time in this tunnel, but always managed to wriggle one way or another eventually.

By the middle of April there was no more light, luxuries had run out, and the comfort of the house was much reduced. Tobacco was completely exhausted, so tea was used as a substitute. Food consisted of a little oatmeal, just warmed up for breakfast, and thereafter, uncooked pemmican, biscuit and margarine. The most unpleasant part was the frozen condensed moisture which covered the whole inside of the tent, and, hanging down in long icicles from the roof, used to drop off in one's face. It also condensed inside my sleeping-bag, and so froze up any part of it that I was not in contact with. I tried various substitutes for light: paper, string, ski-wax, etc. None of them was satisfactory, though a lamp made of string in a tin of ski-wax was the best, and would last a few minutes if carefully tended.

The only external incident of interest which happened during the time I was there was the occurrence of a curious and very terrifying phenomenon, of which I have been unable to find an explanation. It was a sound beginning as a distant rushing noise, which rose quickly in a crescendo to end in a crash, rather as if an avalanche had buried the house. It happened twice, once in February and once in April.

The shortage of fuel made drinking a difficulty, but I found that, though laborious, sucked snow was perfectly satisfactory.

I am often asked what I did in my spare time, but there is really not very much to say about it. I had no gramophone, and I am glad to say, since we had abandoned it on the way, no wireless. For the first month or so I was very averse to the least noise. The

complete silence all round seemed to urge one to keep in tune with it by being silent oneself. After a time I got over this, and used to get great satisfaction out of a sort of singing. All the time I was not sleeping, and while the light lasted, I used to read, or draw plans of boats, dinners, meteorological instruments and other things. My own library consisted of only one book, as I had not expected to be staying when I set out from the Base; but fortunately my predecessors had left a very good assortment. The ones I remember enjoying most were: *Vanity Fair*, *Guy Mannering*, *Jane Eyre*, *The Forsyte Saga*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *Whitaker's Almanack*. There were times when the Bible made very good reading.

One fact which I have not yet mentioned, but without which this chapter would not be complete, was the curious growing feeling of security that came to me as time passed. Many doubts presented themselves to me at the start, and for a while they grew in number and in weight. But, as each month passed without relief, I felt more and more certain of its arrival. By the time I was snowed in I had no doubts on the matter, which was a great comfort to my mind. I will not attempt any explanation of this, but leave it as a fact, which was very clear to me during that time, that while powerless to help myself, some outer Force was in action on my side, and that I was not fated to leave my bones on the Greenland Ice Cap.

On May 5th the primus gave its last gasp. A few minutes later an extraordinary scraping and scratching sound was heard overhead, which turned out to be the relief party. On being extricated I found I was perfectly all right, except for a slight feeling of weakness due to the lack of exercise. However, I was able to walk slowly, and in the following days quickly recovered my full strength.

If there are any useful conclusions which I can draw from this experience, they are these:

(A) It seems to me that there is no objection to leaving a man alone, provided that:

- (1) he volunteers for the post himself;
- (2) he is certain of the strength of his house, of his food supply, and of his ultimate relief;

(3) he has plenty to occupy his mind.

(B) I consider that a man for this purpose should have an active, imaginative mind, but not be of a nervous disposition.

(C) It should be remembered that the remotest risks become, by brooding on them, grave dangers; so that every element of doubt should be eliminated by providing alternative plans for any emergency. If this is done there is no reason why any normal person should not live in perfect peace of mind for an indefinite period.

(D) A further important point to be considered is that, if the outside world is to know of the plan of leaving a man alone—as now, with wireless, is unavoidable—it must also be provided with information to assure it of his safety.

FIRST OVER EVEREST!

In introducing the book from which this selection was taken, John Buchan says of the Houston-Mount Everest expedition that "its purpose was not to perform a feat of daring endurance, to break a record, to do something for the first time. These are doubtless excellent things, and the expedition in fact achieved them—but it was incidentally. The true purpose was austere scientific: to show that the airplane and the air camera could be made the means of acquiring important knowledge which would otherwise be unattainable."

One wonders what an austere scientist would say to that. One wonders, too, why so many intelligent men feel forever impelled to look down their noses at sporting adventures and dress them up as science.

The glowing facts are that Mount Everest had for years been one of the greatest sporting challenges in the world; that expedition after expedition had failed to climb it on foot; that failure always enrages men and makes them undertake new attempts; that the airplane was coming along; that the "conquest" of Everest became a kind of glorious race between fliers and mountaineers; that the fliers won that race; but that mountaineers will continue to try to climb the mountain under their own power until some day one of them succeeds.

As "austere science" the first flight over Everest needs such things as Buchan's introduction to explain it; as high adventure it needs no propping whatever.

FIRST OVER EVEREST!

By P. F. M. FELLOWES

JULES VERNE, in company with other dreamers, had visions of weird aircraft, primitive helicopters and would-be steerable balloons flying over the summit of the world's highest peak. These dreams were followed more recently by the projects of actual fliers, but the overcoming of Everest from the air continued to be little more than a fantastic hope until 1932.

Tentative approaches were made, it is true. In 1925 Sir Alan Cobham flew over the neighboring mountains, but the great peaks themselves proved beyond the capacity of his aircraft and engines. Again, two enterprising French fliers and at least one German made plans for the supreme flight, but their ambitions were not to be fulfilled. Later still, Richard Halliburton secured the much coveted permission to cross the frontier of Nepal in his airplane, "The Flying Carpet." He flew over the lower mountains to within sight of the culminating peak; but, once again, his engine was inadequate for attaining super-Olympian heights. The prize was not destined to reward a feat of Arabian Nights' adventure.

Mt. Everest remained unconquered by air and would stay in-

From *First Over Everest*, by P. F. M. Fellowes and others. Copyright 1934, Robert M. McBride & Company.

vincible, it seemed clear, until attacked by an engine of superlative power, equipped with a supercharger able to cope with atmospheric conditions on the roof of the world, close to the very stratosphere. Furthermore, common sense suggested that the subjugation of this giant depended on strategy and tactics no less thoroughly weighed than those employed in any military campaign. No haphazard hop would ever attain the true objective, that is, earn the scientific data that warranted so hazardous an undertaking and the attendant expense. Consequently, true success could not be the fruit of a solo flight. It must hinge on the most conscientious preparation and on the coordination of all resources, whatever their form. Nothing must be left to chance. This demanded careful organization, a technical plan well threshed out by qualified experts and the whole-hearted cooperation of trained pilots and observers, the latter skilled as surveyors and photographers. And, what is more, the stamina and resourcefulness of these men would have to be proof against the known rigors of the enterprise and equal to facing the unpredictable. These aims approximate the ideals of the Mount Everest-Houston Expedition, so named because of the bounty of its generous sponsor, Lady Houston; for a prerequisite of any attack on Mt. Everest was the support of some public-spirited patron of aviation.

Nothing which reason might anticipate should be left to chance. The soundness of this theory may be gauged by the results: both of the airplanes selected for this super-flight returned victorious, not only once but twice in April of this year 1933. Thus did the celebrated Plume of Everest become another feather in the cap of Science.

It is hard to do justice to the magnitude of the Himalayas and the height of its crowning peak. Perhaps some idea of the immensity, the magnetic power, of the Himalayan mountain mass may be gathered from the fact that the liquid in a spirit-level is attracted towards it to an appreciable extent. Indeed, it exerts a force similar to the moon's on the waters of the vast Indian Ocean. And this greatest of mountain ranges rises almost abruptly from the plain of India! As for the altitude of its undisputed monarch, Everest, imagine the pinnacle of a Matterhorn on the shoulders

of Mont Blanc, or Mt. Rainier, the second highest peak of the United States, capped by the very highest, Mt. Whitney. Only from the elevation of nearly five tiers of Mt. Washingtons might one gaze down on the summit of Everest. Five and a half miles it soars into the blue, not less than the 29,002 feet with which it was credited by the observations of 1846-1849. Such is the astounding height of the mountain which overlooks the cradle of Aryan civilization.

Insuperably high, it would seem, for even at an altitude of two miles breathing grows difficult for most climbers; the heart races and limbs show signs of becoming a dead weight. With each step the cold is more bitter, the wind more relentless and the traps set by ice, snow and rock multiply on every hand. As if that were not enough, the very mind ceases to function in accustomed ways and is exposed to hallucination and terror. This being the case on even moderate Alpine heights, picture the increasing ordeal of those clinging to the roof of the world where every handicap is magnified threefold. And yet ever since the All-Highest of mountain giants was named in honor of Sir George Everest, the brilliant Surveyor-General of India who fixed its position and altitude almost a century ago, its ascension has been the dream of sportsmen and scientists.

An exploit which is a magnificent dream figuratively speaking, may reveal all the horrors of a nightmare when put to the practical test. Such has been the experience of every foot expedition on however elaborate a scale. Even the handful of individuals who have ventured to determine the nature and area of the base of Everest have endured incredible hardships. Abysmal chasms encircle its roots, forming an all but impassable moat. Some idea of the perils may be gleaned from conditions along the Bhotia Kosi River as reported by a surveyor mentioned below. The trail was hemmed in by precipices so menacing that the path had to be supported by iron pegs driven into the face of the rock. The path itself was formed by bars of iron and slabs of stone laid from peg to peg and covered with earth. In no place was it more than eighteen inches wide, and often barely half that width. It looked down, and still does, on a torrent which foamed 15,000 feet, nearly

three miles, below. The cleft of the Grand Canyon is a mere gully by comparison.

After almost a year of planning, an age-long year of training and tests and endless preparation in England, the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition was at last ready to take off for the dusty Indian plain below the Himalayas.

On February 16th, 1933, three light airplanes left Heston, bound for Karachi, an airport on the east coast of India. Three little Moths, a Fox, a Gipsy and a Puss, fluttered their farewells to photographers and friends, setting out as forerunners to spy out the promised land nearly two continents away. These aircraft were the light transport scouts and maids-in-waiting to the heavier Westland machines, which, fitted with every improvement and ingenious device, were at that moment stowed safely away in the hold of the P. & O. *Dalgoma*, waiting for their mountain debut on the roof of the world.

A sense of the great prize at hand dominated their efforts; all were so ardent, our leader so confident, the need of securing good results so clamant, and a decisive victory over Everest seemingly so near, that only doubts as to the weather conditions clouded their thoughts. The work and preparation of more than a year which had continued at high pitch seemed likely to be crowned with success.

But always the wind and the weather governed their deliberations. Whenever the clearness of the sky allowed the theodolite observers to see the balloon up to 25,000 feet and above, the wind velocities became alarming, and seldom under seventy miles an hour. Previous official estimates showed that a thirty- or possibly forty-mile wind to be the highest in which it would be safe to make the attempt.

It will be understood that a strong wind from the west, its usual quarter, would tend to make the machines, traveling from south to north, drift sideways out of their course. Steering into the wind to counteract this, would be equivalent to flying a longer course, and hence burning more fuel. Thus the stronger the wind "at height," the more fuel burnt.

It was a question, therefore, if the attempt were made in a

stronger wind than that specified as permissible by the experts, whether there would be sufficient fuel for the return journey. As a precaution, an advanced landing-ground was prepared near Forbesganj, forty-six miles north of Purnea.

They anxiously waited day by day for the wind at 30,000 feet to drop to a reasonable figure. Sometimes, when the wind speed seemed promising, the mountains would be covered in cloud, a matter fatal to photography. They could not even afford to have the valleys on the southern slopes of Everest cloud-filled, as this would cause a gap in the continuity of the all-important strip of air survey photographs.

In April the weather at Purnea seems to go in ten- or twelve-day cycles. It starts with a "disturbance," which might be a storm of rain. Then there are several clear days with little wind, but characterized by cloud-caps on the mountains. As these cloud-caps melt away and the peaks stand out clear, the wind speed appears to rise. Every morning one of the scouting Moths would go up to a few thousand feet, at which height, the three great mountains were always clearly visible and it could be seen to what extent they were free from clouds. They had to wait repeatedly for the evening telegram from Calcutta, with its weather forecast, and then for the early morning reports from the scout pilot, and the balloon observers. Would they never get a moderate wind, without a mass of cloud? All seemed to depend on this. The weather factor had become a much greater one than anticipated.

Over and over again they debated the start, always with the able advice of the meteorologists.

Friday of that memorable week came, then Saturday. The wind reports showed great, but diminishing velocities. On Sunday the speeds had lessened. They could scarcely sleep from suspense. The evening telegram foretold a still further drop. Would it be borne out in the morning? Would the clouds have gathered or the pendulum swing again back to greater winds? It was decided that the risk must be taken of flying in a much higher wind and watching the fuel consumption carefully.

Then came Monday, an auspicious day, so said the astrologers. The scouting Moth reported the mountain crystal-clear, the mete-

orologists gave a wind of fifty-seven miles an hour at the altitudes—not so high as to stand in the way of an attempt on Everest.

The die was cast; they drove breathlessly the ten miles to the landing-ground and fretted and fumed at the manifold last minute preparations.

There were a hundred tasks to complete before the big machines were ready for the flight. Everything possible had been done the night before, but a number of details had to be left to the last minute.

Chief among the preparations was that of the cameras. Dust, fine, impalpable, all-pervading, was everywhere. For this reason the cameras could never be left at the aerodrome, still less in the machines themselves. In fact, it was found necessary to clean thoroughly every one of the numerous delicate items of camera equipment each night, and to wrap them up in a double layer of newspaper before putting them back, each in its proper chest. Even these precautions were not excessive, but the result was that nearly an hour's hard work devolved on the aircraftmen every morning, work which had to be done with great care and with the accuracy of the scientific instrument-maker.

In addition to the fitting of the photographic equipment, there were many other minor tasks which could not be done the night before. Even the actual man-handling of the machines out of their tents took something like twenty minutes, so that it was not till after eight o'clock that the two aircraft were lined up in the aerodrome ready to take off.

The fliers lowered themselves into their machines with difficulty, sweltering already in the heavy suits. The engines were ticking over and running as smoothly as could be; then, after a few final words with the leader and Etherton, who handed up the Everest mail containing letters to be carried over the mountain, the pilots opened the throttles, the huge engines roared, and with a cheer and a wave they were off on the great adventure.

In the "Houston," the pilot was young Lord Clydesdale; the observer, Colonel Blacker; in the "Wallace," the corresponding posts were held by Flight-Lieutenant McIntyre and S. R. Bonnett.

Now let Blacker, the chief observer, tell the story in his own words:

A few minutes after we left the ground I had to busy myself with my routine duties. At the start of all high-altitude flights, a number of vital checks must be made, and to avoid the chance of omitting any, I had compiled a list. No less than forty-six separate jobs were included, and though each one was trifling in itself, none could be omitted without risk to the eventual success of the work. It was the more necessary to prepare such a list because we were inhaling oxygen the whole time, and one of its effects on the human mind seems to be to create a tendency to concentrate on the idea or task that is uppermost to the exclusion of everything else. As most of the forty-six tasks were small details, it was all the more necessary to have them down in writing so that each observer could consult his list at any particular time during the flight, and thus insure that every piece of work had been done at the appropriate time. The whole flight might well be ruined, for instance, by the failure to remove the caps from the lenses of all the cameras; and in this dusty climate they had to be left on till the last moment.

The leading aircraftman-photographer was responsible in the programme for removing all these caps, counting them and reporting to the observer the moment before the chocks were removed from the wheels.

Everything passed off without incident as the two great machines soared up through the haze over the brown plains, except that just for a moment the dynamo refused, as electricians put it, to build up. This is a temperamentalism to which all dynamos are liable. So, almost in a panic, I had to take off the cover of the cut-out of the electrical system, undo the screws with my thumb-nail, pressing the platinum contacts together by hand. All was well, the generator now continued to behave perfectly throughout the flight, and a supply of current kept us warm from first to last.

By the time the initial batch of these tests was completed we had been flying for some ten minutes, and for the next half-hour

I had nothing to do but to sit conning over and recapitulating in my mind my duties. This part of the journey was the more humdrum because the plains and foothills below were almost lost to view owing to the thick dust-haze which had, unfortunately, on that day, chosen to rise to a phenomenal height. Gradually the dull monochrome of the brown checkerboards of the ploughed fields of Bihar fused together into a uniform carpet, and every now and then the cluster of tiny rectangular roofs of a village stood out from the scene.

This haze almost invariably ceases at about a 5,000 or 6,000 foot level; in the present case its continuance above that height was infuriating to the last degree.

We did not rise clear of it until actually about 9,000 feet, and so the southern ground control, which was the river confluence near Kamaltar, was practically invisible to the pilot. He could not find it with sufficient accuracy, a decided misfortune, since it was the point from which the photographic survey was started.

Nevertheless, I was just able to see an infinite tangle of the brown mountains of Nepal, seamed with black forests, and caught occasional glimpses of the swift Arun river in its gradually steepening valley, as now and then I opened the hatchway of the floor and looked down through thousands of feet of purple space. We crossed the frontier of this forbidden kingdom at 13,000 feet. Then, suddenly, a little after our craft sprang clear of the haze into the wonderful translucent air of the upper heights, away to our right an amazing view of Kangchenjunga in all its gleaming whiteness opened out against the blue.

For a few minutes nothing could be seen against the sky but this.

Fumbling with the catches in my thick gloves, I threw up the cockpit roof, put my head out into the icy slip-stream and there over the pulsating rocker arms of the Pegasus, showing level with us was the naked majesty of Everest itself. Just a tiny triangle of whiteness, so white as to appear incandescent, and on its right, a hand's breadth, another tiny peak which was Makalu. For some time nothing could be seen above this purple haze but these three incredible white peaks—Everest and Makalu just to the right of

the engine, and Kangchenjunga behind the right wing. It was fortunate that the wind from the westward caused the machine to lie with a drift of eighteen degrees, obliquely to our track to the mountain, and thus we had a clear view of our goal straight beneath a point on the undersurface of the upper wing, eighteen degrees from the centre line.

Gyachungkar was masked by the engine, but soon Gaurisankar showed over the port wing.

I was not long able to remain watching these wonderful sights; for soon the machine soared upwards, unfolding innumerable peaks to right and left and in front, all in their amazing white mantles, but scored and seared with black precipices.

The light on the snow was a wonderful thing in itself. A quality of whiteness, as much more brilliant than the snow to which ordinary human eyes are accustomed, as that snow is more vivid than the unclothed landscape.

Somewhat to our dismay, there streamed from the crest of Everest away towards its sister peak, Makalu, eastwards, that immense ice-plume which is the manifestation of a mighty wind raging across the summit. Lifting from the prodigious cliff face, countless particles of ice are driven over the summit with blizzard force.

Soon, very slowly it seemed, we approached closer and closer to the big white mountains, and all my time became occupied with work on the cameras.

Now I crouched down over the drift-sight, peering through the great concave lens and adjusted the wires across it. I rotated them carefully and this gave me the angle of drift of eighteen degrees. I passed this to the pilot, who needed it for navigation and then I adjusted the big automatic survey camera, turning it through the same angle in its mounting.

I had to look to the spirit-levels, longitudinal and transverse, and to adjust the tilt of the camera in both senses, until the bubbles rested in the middle of their travel. This required delicacy and judgment as the machine swayed every now and then. The adjustment had to be made in each case just at the moment when the machine happened to be level, neither one wing-tip up nor down in either direction nor pitching. I glanced at the big

aluminum actuating-knob, and saw that after twenty seconds or so it turned by itself as the pilot had switched on the current into its motor. The camera was warm, the current was running through it, and all seemed well.

Now, without getting up from a prone position, I could move myself back a little on my elbows, open the hatchway in the floor, and look vertically down on the amazing mountainscape, bare trees, seamed with great glaciers, and interspersed with streaks of scree and shale. This was the beginning of the range, insignificant enough to our eyes at the height we were, which rises up to the culminating 24,000 foot peak of Chamlang. Then shutting the hatchway and, laboriously taking great care to keep the oxygen pipe unentangled and myself clear of all the various electrical wires, I could stand up and look again through the top of the cockpit. I caught a glimpse over the pilot's shoulder of the brilliant red light on his dashboard, which flashed for a moment as the camera shutter operated itself.

Up went our machine into a sky of indescribable blue, until we came to a level with the great culminating peak itself.

Then, to my astonished eyes, northwards over the shoulder of the mountain, across the vast bare plateau of Tibet, a group of snow-clad peaks uplifted itself. I hesitated to conjecture the distance at which they lay in the heart of that almost trackless country; for by some trick of vision the summits seemed even higher than that of Mount Everest. The astonishing picture of this great mountain itself, whose plume for a moment seemed to diminish in length, and with its tremendous sullen cliffs, set off the whiteness of Makalu, was a sight which must for ever remain in one's mind.

I had been hard at work with the cameras first exposing plates, uncapping dark slides, winding and setting the shutters to seize a series of splendid views. The scene was superb and beyond description. The visibility was extraordinary and permitted the whole range to be seen on the western horizon. It seemed that the only limit to the view along the mountain was that due to the curvature of the earth's surface. The size of the mountains stunned the senses; the stupendous scale of the scenery and the clear air

confounded all estimates of size and distance. So I went on, now exposing plates, now lifting the heavy cinema camera to run off fifty feet or so of film. I crouched down again, struggling to open the hatchway, to take a photograph through the floor. Everything by now, all the metal parts of the machine, was chilled with the cold, the cold of almost interstellar space. The fastenings were stiff and the metal sides had almost seized. I struggled with them, the effort making me pant for breath, and I squeezed my mask on to my face to get all the oxygen possible. I had to pause and, suddenly, with the door half-open I became aware, almost perceptibly, of a sensation of dropping through space. The floor of the machine was falling away below us. I grasped a fuselage strut and peered through my goggles at the altimeter needle. It crept, almost swung, visibly as I looked at it in astonishment, down through a couple of thousand feet. Now I had the hatchway open and the airplane swooped downwards over a mighty peak of jagged triangular buttresses, which was the South Peak.

Below us loomed an almost incomprehensible medley of ridges, ranges and spurs of black rocks, with here and there the characteristic yellowy-red of Everest showing through. We had suddenly lost two thousand feet in this great down-draught of the winds, and it seemed as though we should never clear the crags of the South Peak on the way to Everest now towering in front of us. However, the alarm was short-lived, for our splendid engine took us up through the great overfall. Again we climbed; slowly, yet too quickly for one who wants to make use of every moment, our airplane came to the curved chisel-like summit of Everest, crossing it, so it seemed to me, just a hair's breadth over its menacing summit. The crest came up to meet me as I crouched peering through the floor, and I almost wondered whether the tail skid would strike the summit. I labored incessantly, panting again for breath to expose plates and films, each lift of the camera being a real exertion. Every now and then my eyes swam a little and I looked at the oxygen flow-meter to find it reading its maximum. So I bethought myself of the little cork plugs I had whittled down to fit the eye apertures of the mask. Tearing off the heavy gloves and fumbling with cold fingers, I managed to stuff them in.

Now I had worked my way up again to a standing position, with the cockpit roof fully open and its flaps fastened back. I had my head and shoulders out into the slip-stream, which had become strangely bereft of its accustomed force. I was astonished for a moment till I suddenly remembered that the wind here only weighed a quarter as much as at sea-level. Now I could take photographs over the top of the machine much aided by these fortunate cork plugs. Without them, if the aviator has his head sideways in the slip-stream, the oxygen tends to be blown from his mask and the flow stopped before it can reach his mouth, in much the same way that a trout may be drowned by pulling him upstream against the lie of his gills.

Thus almost, before indeed I expected it, we swooped over the summit and a savage period of toil began. The pilot swung the machine skilfully again towards the westward into the huge wind force sweeping downwards over the crest; so great was its strength that, as the machine battled with it and struggled to climb upwards against the downfall, we seemed scarcely to make headway in spite of our 120 mile an hour air speed. I crammed plate-holder after plate-holder into the camera, releasing the shutter as fast as I could, to line it on one wonderful scene after another. We were now for a few moments in the very plume itself, and as we swung round fragments of ice rattled violently into the cockpit.

We made another circuit and then another as I exposed dozens of plates and ran off my spools of film. We could not wait long over the mountain-top for the oxygen pressure gauge needle in my cockpit was moving downwards, an ominous sign. We had no very exact idea of the length of time our return journey would take with that violent wind blowing, and fuel was needed for emergencies. After a quarter of an hour or so, which seemed perhaps on the one hand like a lifetime from its amazing experiences, and yet was all too short, we turned back. Soon we saw this wonderful view with serried peaks, row upon row, in fairy beauty, surmounted by Everest and Makalu almost grotesquely outlined by the aluminum-colored fabric of our rudder. We came back towards the terrific Arun Gorges over a bewildering medley of peaks,

ranges and spurs, interspersed with broad grimy glaciers littered with moraine, scree and shale. These peaks must be a great height and yet they seemed insignificant enough to our eyes.

The one hundred and sixty miles home passed surprisingly quickly, the journey marred by the discovery that the second film in the ciné-camera had become frozen despite its warm jacket, and was so brittle that I could not reload. My oxygen mask, too, plugged as it was with cork stoppers, had become a solid mass of ice. Steadily we came down, gradually losing height, with the throttle of the engine fairly well open to guard against the carburetor freezing. It was with another struggle that I managed to change the magazine of the survey camera and adjust it to the drift now coming from the opposite side of the airplane.

Soon the semicircle of gleaming peaks faded from our sight as the straight line of purple dust-haze rose to overwhelm it.

So much for the chief observer's record. The pilot and he had no communication during the flight, their positions were several feet apart, there was a bulkhead between them and their telephone had not been in an accommodating mood. Clydesdale was therefore in a position to form his own impressions independently, and we cannot do better than quote his report verbatim:

This morning the Indian Meteorological Officer at Purnea, Mr. S. N. Gupta, whose information and advice have been of great value to the expedition, reported from balloon observations, that the wind, whose velocity previously had been unsuitable, had dropped to fifty-seven miles per hour at 33,000 feet, which altitude we had decided would be the most suitable working height for photographic survey.

Our two machines took off from Lalbalu aerodrome, near Purnea, in still air, the Houston-Westland crewed by Col. L. V. S. Blacker and myself, and the Westland-Wallace piloted by Flight-Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre, with S. R. Bonnett, who is aerial photographer of the Gaumont-British Film Corporation, as observer. Our direct route to the summit meant flying on a track of

342 degrees. This necessitated changing the compass course at intervals more to the west, on account of the increase of wind velocity with height, according to our weather report.

We had relied to some extent on overcoming the difficulty of accurate compass navigation caused by this frequent change of wind speed, by the good landmarks near and along the track.

A heavy dust-haze, rising to a considerable height, almost completely obscured the ground from Forbesganj towards the higher mountain ranges. This, as it proved later, made aerial survey work impossible. We climbed slowly at low engine revolutions to a height of 10,000 feet. By this height, the crews of both machines had tested their respective electrical heating sets, and McIntyre and I signalled to each other that everything was satisfactory.

After thirty minutes' flying we passed over Forbesganj, our forward emergency landing-ground, forty miles from Purnea and at a height of 19,000 feet. Everest first became visible above the haze. We flew lower than our intended working height in order to make every endeavor to pass over Kamaltar, close to which is the ground control from which we were to begin our survey. It proved impossible to identify any landmarks at all until approximately within twenty miles of the summit.

At nine o'clock we passed over Chamlang at an altitude of 31,000 feet. On approaching Lhotse, the southern peak of the Everest group, the ground rises at a steep gradient, and both machines experienced a steady down current due to deflection of the west wind over the mountain, causing a loss of altitude of 1,500 feet, despite all our efforts to climb. Both airplanes flew over the summit of Everest at 10°5', *clearing it by 100 feet.*

The wind velocity was noticeably high near the summit, but no bumps were felt by either aircraft. Fifteen minutes were spent flying in the neighborhood of the summit, and on account of the smooth flying conditions the taking of close-range photographs was rendered possible.

The visibility of distant high peaks was very good. The great Himalaya range could be seen extending to great distances and provided a magnificent spectacle.

The return journey was carried out at a slightly lower alti-

tude, so as to secure better conditions for oblique photography. The machines landed at Lalbalu at 11.25. Both pilots pay the highest tribute to the splendid performance of the engines and aircraft. So we landed, full of happiness, with the realization that we had been where no man had been before.

But soon our jubilation was marred by the discovery that the survey photographs were not a success. That phenomenally amazing haze of dust had obscured the lower mountains to such a degree that the strips of photographs would neither overlap nor show the ground controls near the Kamaltar ridge.

The actual flyers were tired and entranced by their experiences and by what they had seen, to the point of exaltation, so it took some time for the situation to be accurately appraised. In fact it was not until the next day that we were able to pin together the hundred prints from each film. Meanwhile the letters we had carried over the mountain were despatched to H.M. the King, the Prince of Wales and Lady Houston.

We were thrilled beyond description by what we had seen; but of all we had been through, our passage into the heart of that plume or jet of ice particles was the most intriguing.

Before the start of this flight, we had seen the mountain on several occasions from the Moths, from 5,000 feet up, which had taken us above the ground-haze, usually only 5,000 feet from the ground level, but enough to entirely obscure the mountains from the plains.

From the Moths we had seen what previous explorers had called "the plume" of Everest and had somewhat readily taken it for granted that it was merely a cloud, of which the component particles would naturally be frozen, and similar to that one usually seen in the vicinity of high mountains.

Kangchenjunga for instance, was seldom without such a cloud wreath, throughout April.

When, however, the machines went actually into it, we realized that it was something quite different from what we had conceived. Here was no drifting cloud wisp, but a prodigious jet of rushing winds flinging a veritable barrage of ice fragments for several miles to leeward of the peak.

The force of the *rafale* was indeed so great as to crack the celastroid windows of the Houston-Westland's rear cockpit.

We soon realized too, that this "plume" could not be composed of frozen matter carried over by the blizzard from the windward face, for the reason that the windward faces were practically bare.

Perhaps some day science will find a solution for this riddle, the enigma of the great mountain.

We ourselves are inclined to the opinion that this phenomenon is due to the immense overfall of the winds over the crest, giving rise to what aerodynamical experts call a "burble" on the leeward side, that is, a zone of reduced pressure, which tends to draw up the air from the Tibetan side and with it great masses of old snow and fragments of ice. Perhaps, too, drops of moisture are drawn up from lower levels, frozen in the process, and projected back down wind when they come into the grip of this vast maelstrom.

This is merely a tentative theory, and we can but hope that scientists will take up the mystery of this singular "plume."

We realized that our passage through it, and through the complementary "downfall" on the windward side, hard by the South Peak ("Lhotse") had been the great adventure of our flight.

Still, it was not our business to have adventures, for adventures are eschewed by all well-organized expeditions.

SIR HUBERT WILKINS

Sir Hubert Wilkins is today both the most competent and the most maligned single individual active in polar exploration. He is maligned and misunderstood in part because he has never hired a publicity manager to tell the world how modest he is, and in part because he has never organized the kind of big and "scientific" show that most people, for some strange reason, believe is necessary for polar work. He is great because he carries so much equipment in his own head in the form of knowledge and resulting self-confidence that he needs no million-dollar expeditions.

As a boy, Wilkins suffered from the devastating droughts that occasionally ravage the Australian plains and he became interested in the problem of long-range weather forecasting. He found that with a number of permanent observatories in the Arctic and in the Antarctic, similar to the floating Russian North Pole party of 1937-38, it would perhaps be possible to predict the world's weather from six months to a year ahead of time, and it would certainly be possible to improve materially the accuracy of our present weather forecasts. Since then he has devoted his life to scouting in the Arctic and in the Antarctic for places where his proposed observatories might be established, and to testing possible means of transport for establishing and servicing such stations.

First, however, he served a thorough three-year apprenticeship "on the ground" with Stefansson. During that time he learned how to take care of himself in the North, to hunt, to build Eskimo snow houses, to take care of his clothing as the Eskimos do, and

to protect himself in general. So, for general purposes, he became every bit as independent of publicity men and what we like to call scientific equipment as are the Eskimos themselves.

As for the effectiveness of Wilkins' work since he independently took to aircraft, it is enough to state that he has by now examined more previously-unknown square miles of the Arctic Sea than has any other man, and almost as many such square miles of that sea as have been examined by all the rest of mankind together since the beginnings of history.

The expedition described in the present selection was carried out in 1927. That was during the days when a lot of people were madly rushing to the North Pole—why, nobody knew. Because Wilkins did not reach the Pole and because he returned to land on his own two feet, instead of in his plane, the expedition was written off at the time, as it still is in several books on Arctic exploration, as "just another failure." In professional circles, however, it ranks as the greatest and most important aerial Arctic expedition until the Russians flew north ten years later to establish their party at the Pole itself.

Wilkins did not aim for the Pole because the area between Alaska and the North Pole had been examined by Amundsen the previous year. He flew to the northwest from Point Barrow because there he could find a blank spot that needed to be examined. Five hundred miles out he landed on the ice to make an all-important sounding. Flying back, he ran out of gas, again landed his empty plane on the ice, and then walked a hundred miles or so back to land without any fuss whatever. Compare that with the shambles of the Nobile expedition the following year, when some twenty rescue expeditions had the devil's own time getting their survivors off the ice from a point just twenty miles from shore.

Wilkins' various landings on the ice were the great and all-important contributions that that expedition made to our knowledge of Arctic conditions. Leaders like Amundsen were vehement in declaring that airplanes could not land on the ice. Wilkins and Stefansson constituted the minority that insisted they could. Wilkins proved it, thus changing materially our entire concept of the

Arctic Sea's potential usefulness. For if planes can land on the drifting ice, then they can be used to establish and maintain weather observatories there. They can also be used to establish ground-organization for the transpolar commercial airline that the Russians have been talking about. In more ways than one, in other words, they can make of the Arctic Sea a polar Mediterranean instead of one of the romantic "ends of the earth" where only explorers can go.

That is the concept to which the world is rapidly swinging today, and the Wilkins expedition of 1927 was one of the important turning points in that swing.

THE FIRST LANDINGS ON ARCTIC ICE

By SIR HUBERT WILKINS

AS WE left Barrow and headed for the ice we were at an altitude of 1,000 feet and with the engine turning over at 1,600 revolutions per minute our air speed was 88 miles an hour. Our compasses were set at 302 degrees. The temperature on the ground was 42 degrees below zero but as expected, it was warmer in the air. At 1,000 feet the strut thermometer read minus 32 degrees. The temperature in the cabin of the plane was plus 18 degrees Fahrenheit.

My first observation was for ground speed and drift. Wind velocity in the air was greater than on the ground and its direction required a five degree correction to maintain our course, but increased our speed over the ice by ten miles per hour.

Near shore a few irregular open leads, parallel to the shore-line west of Barrow, were crossed. The snowdrifts were conspicuous, running N. E.-S.W. At 6:50 we passed a wide lead between badly broken, but little ridged ice. The ice floes were dotted here and there with small patches of smooth ice suitable for landing fields.

By 7:40—with the engine throttled to 1,500 revolutions—our air speed was reduced to 82, but with increasing wind our ground

From *Flying the Arctic*, by Captain George Hubert Wilkins. Copyright 1928, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

speed of 98 to 100 miles per hour was maintained. The snowdrifts were trending a little more northerly than they had nearer the shore.

At 8 A.M. I noted: "All O. K. Eielson seems happy and I have every confidence in him and everything else on board." We were then passing over older ice and high pressure ridges were noticeable.

At 8:15 we crossed a lead a mile wide. Some of the surface was slightly frozen. At other points the water could be seen still and clear. At our altitude the wind had increased.

Fifteen minutes later haze and cloud appeared ahead and we climbed slightly to pass over them. Strips of cloud a few miles wide crossed our course, as far ahead as we could see. Until 9:30 we intermittently crossed clouds through which we could not see and haze through which leads and rough ice showed dimly.

At 9:45 I noted: "Not a crack for fifteen miles. No real old paleocrystic ice yet. The ice looks older and checkered with cracks, but looking toward the sun the cracks are recognized as worn down pressure ridges."

At 10:20 the engine kicked once or twice. Eielson speeded it up to 1,600 revolutions and worked the altitude control to backfire and clear the carburetor in case ice might have formed. The engine spluttered for two minutes, then settled down to a steady roar.

At 10:30 I wrote: "Engine O. K. again. Now crossing over old paleocrystic ice with many narrow leads and few good landing places. My time too fully occupied to look for animal life on the ice. Have tried all lengths of wire, but antenna current on wireless is scarcely visible on meter. Doubt that messages are leaving, but have sent every half hour since leaving Barrow. My eyes are feeling strain of wind coming through the hole in the floor for the drift indicator and taking sights of sun for altitude and azimuth."

Far ahead the ice looked old and much ridged. It appeared as if we were approaching an area of greater disturbance and pressure. As soon after eleven as possible I intended to land, take soundings, fix our position and turn south for about two hours.

Opposite 10:50 my log book shows: "Engine kicking all the time. Took bearing for drift. Wind now S. E., about 12 miles per hour. Will circle over young ice patch in case engine goes wrong."

From 10:55 to 11:05 the engine kicked, knocked and missed badly. Five minutes later a message to Ben said: "That's good ice to land on. Think we had better land and fix it?"

By 11:15 we were on the ice. The ice beneath us was dull grey and flat, without ridges or snowdrifts.

Beautiful flower-like crystals—two inches high, sharp and brittle as steel in the temperature of 30 below zero—covered the surface and cut into our duralumin skis.

The plane came to a rest quickly. My first thought was to take a sounding. Eielson hurried to examine the engine. To hole through the ice three feet thick, with an icepick, took eight minutes—then the icepick broke. I mended it with some screws from the cabin of the plane and a second hole some thirty yards away took slightly more time. Two holes were necessary for the Sonic depth-finding apparatus.

Eielson left the engine to detonate a charge. There was a 7.3 seconds interval between the detonation and the echo. Rapid calculation gave over 5000 meters as the depth. With the roar of the engine running I might have been mistaken and asked Eielson to shut it off. He did as requested and fitted the receivers to his ears. I completed the electric circuit and detonated a charge. Eielson announced 7.25. (Long after we were back in civilization, Eielson grinningly told me what flashed through his mind at the time I asked him to stop the engine. It was: "Go ahead and take the sounding; if we stop the engine we will never get it started again and nobody but God, and you and me will ever know what the sounding is.")

One of our regrets at the time was the fact that clouds covered the sky and we could not get a sight of the sun for accurate position.

In less than thirty minutes we were both at work on the engine. For two hours we fiddled and sought for the trouble, starting and stopping the engine to keep it warm. Then cowlings and carburetor had to come off—nippy work on fingers at 30 below. Assembled

again the engine gave 1,400 revolutions per minute. This was not as it should be, but we thought it might take us off and after five attempts we rose from the ice and headed for Barrow.

At work on the engine we had failed to notice the increasing wind and clouds. Once in the air we were enveloped in haze. Ten minutes later the engine started kicking and stalling again. There was nothing to do but land. Three times we approached the ice before being certain of a safe landing field. The sun was darkly obscured and visibility poor.

It was undoubtedly my actual experience on foot on the ice that enabled me to detect the unsuitable surfaces for landing. The surface on which we did land had looked good from the air, but in the hazy lights I could not have sworn to this until we came within a few feet of the surface.

The engine seemed to be getting very poor magneto service and upon landing the second time the ignition had to be thoroughly overhauled. To do this job all the cowling had to come off. The increased wind stiffened our fingers and the oil in the engine. Eielson—unknown to me—worked during this interval with four of his finger tips solidly frozen. He was to suffer permanent injury from this later on. When we finally reached Barrow the first and second phalanges of the fifth finger on the right hand were amputated.

After an hour's rapid and painful work, it took many turns to start the motor, but once started it emitted a steady roar that gladdened our hearts. A very light snow had been falling and as we taxied into the wind the freshly drifted snow made the surface sticky and the first attempt to get off failed. The second time, following our tracks gave us greater speed and we loosened from the ice a few feet from the end of the flat surface.

The navigator's cockpit was strewn with sundries hurriedly dragged from their places during the repairs. It was a few minutes before the floor could be cleared and observations taken.

The time was then 2:20 P.M. We had been out eight hours and at cruising speed our gas should last another eight hours. Uncertain ground observation from 2,000 feet showed a loss of speed of fifteen miles an hour, with a correction of five degrees. Half an

hour later we were in fairly clear atmosphere and it was evident the wind was increasing. We climbed steadily, seeking to get above it. The engine was speeded up to 1625 revolutions.

At 3,500 feet a good observation showed a need of twenty degrees correction for wind in order to make good on our course, and a loss of over twenty miles an hour in our speed over the ice. Ahead were a few sections of clouds. Beyond them we hoped for more favorable weather, so we forged ahead.

Now was our first opportunity to remember our hunger. We partly emptied a thermos bottle and ate some biscuits and pemmican. I noted: "The food tastes good. Everything O. K., but speed over the ice painfully slow."

Soon the weather thickened. At 6 P.M. I got another ground observation showing a side wind of about 40 miles per hour and to keep our course we must head more into it. Our machine was headed 30 degrees south of the course we were making. We crabbed our way toward Point Barrow.

By 6:15 the sun and ice were almost obscured. By 7 P.M. ground observations were no longer possible, but dark shadowy ribbons beneath showed leads and open water. I wrote: "All gas now in top tanks. We should have enough for three hours."

It was too risky to attempt a landing. By keeping on we expected to just reach the coast. Soon it was too dark for Eielson to observe both turn and bank indicator and the compass, so I leaned over the gas tank and with the aid of a guarded torchlight watched the compass, touching Eielson on either the right or the left arm to keep him on the course. Dark clouds were all about us. Far below I occasionally caught a glimpse of a band of slightly darker grey and knew we were passing over many leads.

At 8:40 P.M. we were over a dark blackish band of open water, perhaps three or four miles or more wide. As we crossed I wrote a note to Ben: "That should be the shore lead." But we passed on above the somber grey that was cut by narrow dark lines at frequent intervals.

Our position was above one of the most dangerous districts in the Arctic ice. A wrecked forced landing within one hundred miles of Barrow—under ordinary circumstances—would mean that our

best chance for safety lay in a three hundred mile walk to Wrangel Island.

The engine purred smoothly. We hoped for another hour's steady running, but any time after that we might hear the snap of a misfire due to lack of gas pressure. In an hour's time we might be over the tundra or we might still be over the rough sea ice. What was best to do in either case?

Visibility ahead was nil. We had climbed to 5,000 feet. A dull glow through the clouds, like a clouded moon on a winter's night, showed where the sun was skimming beneath the far horizon. I hurriedly gauged its bearing, then wrote: "What do you think; let her go as long as she can, then drop straight down ahead?" Eielson slowly nodded his head. No word was spoken.

My watch was before me beside the compass. At 9:02 the engine cut out suddenly, as if the switch had been snapped. There was no splutter or gasp because of starved carburetor, but a sudden silence, except for the hum of the wind in the wires.

Eielson snapped the switch right and left; there was no response from the engine. We could feel the sag of the falling plane. With great coolness and skill Eielson steadied the machine, righting her to an even keel and an easy glide. His eyes were glued to the turn and bank indicator. My hands were ready to guide and keep the compass course. As we came within a few hundred feet of the ground the horizon neared and we could dimly see it serrated with ice ridges, but they gave us no idea of the height or distance.

Near the ground the air was rough. The plane swerved and pitched, but Eielson—still calm and cool—corrected with controls each unsteady move. In a moment we were in the snowdrift. We could not see beyond the windows of the plane. I felt Eielson brace himself against the empty gas tank; I leaned with my back against the partition wall of the cabin and waited. The left wing and the skis struck simultaneously. We bounced and alighted as smoothly as if on the best prepared landing field. I gripped Eielson's shoulder and slipped through the door of the machine to the ice. Wind and driving snow filled my eyes. Dimly about us I saw pressure ridges as high as the machine. We had, undoubtedly, struck one as we came down. Along the extreme edge of the lower wing the

fabric was torn. The machine still rested on the skis, but they had turned on their sides, the stanchions twisted and broken.

It was too dark to see well and the snowdrift too thick for close examination of our machine or position. We climbed back into the cabin. Few words were exchanged. Courses, wind and speed were briefly discussed; position estimated.

I had little faith in the wireless machine as the antenna current meter failed to register. But we repeated the short-clipped message: "Went out 550 miles. Engine trouble. Forced landing three hours. Sounded 5,000 meters. Landed out of gas sixty-five miles N. W. Barrow." Later I inserted the code in the automatic device and sent the letters "K. O." meaning "Engine trouble" and turned for a few minutes, with the forlorn hope that our message might be received.

The intense strain of the past two hours of flying over the Arctic Ocean through the blizzard after sunset had left us weak and tired. Eielson stretched out in a sleeping bag on top of the empty gas tank and I huddled in a corner of the cabin and we slept.

II

On the morning of March thirtieth—following the day the DN 1 made a 550 mile flight over the ice and landed out of gas in the dark, among rough, ridged pack-ice in a forty mile gale—the weather was thick and stormy. We could see through the windows of the cabin, where we had slept, that conditions made outdoor activity most inadvisable if not impossible.

With the uncertainty of wireless communication, we had resigned ourselves to the fate of walking to some coast.

The district in which we had landed was one in which many ships and men had been caught in the ice and none except those strongly built and well provisioned had escaped. All previous parties had been lost in the Autumn and drifting west had either disappeared or come ashore on the islands off the Siberian coast. We knew that the heavy gale from the N. E. must have driven the ice off shore, and that the roaring blizzard from the S. W. that imme-

diately followed was likely to have great influence on the ice off Point Barrow.

I climbed from the machine and even in the thick, drifting snow could see that our safe landing the night before was miraculous. We were on a patch of smooth ice less than thirty by fifteen yards in extent. On three sides were high, rough ridges. On our right was a ridge three feet high, but beyond that was a patch of smooth ice on which a skilful pilot might land with a small machine in most favorable weather conditions.

I took the ice pick and dug a hole through ice six feet thick, and by dropping a short line found that we were drifting north of east at a speed of five or six miles an hour. The wind was then blowing at more than thirty miles an hour.

Late that afternoon a position from two indifferent observations placed us approximately at Lat. $72^{\circ} 30'$; Long. 155° . There was a possible chance that if the wireless messages were received we might expect help from the DN 2. We repeatedly wirelessly a message: "Now about one hundred miles northeast of Barrow. Position tomorrow." We could not set out afoot until the weather cleared.

By draining our five gas tanks we collected a little more than half a gallon of gasoline. Fuel was our greatest concern. We had ten pounds of biscuit; twenty pounds of chocolate; five pounds of Army emergency ration; and about three pounds of mixed biscuit, chocolate and pemmican packed for consumption in flight. I had thrown fifteen pounds of condensed food from the plane just before starting. I was certain of getting both food and fuel on the ice if necessary, but to live off the ice takes much time and patience.

In order to save gasoline we improvised an oil burner with a gallon can and in this we burned Pennzoil engine lubricating oil, using two slats of wood from the cabin roof as wicks. The biscuits, pemmican and chocolate were eaten cold.

All that night and the next day the wind continued. We selected from our gear what we required for walking ashore and made improvised sleds—one from the lower part of the cowl and the other from the tail-ski—to which was attached a section of corrugated duralumin from the cabin wall.

I stripped the wire from the radio antenna, except the thirty feet we were using, and with the spare wire, sealing lines and cord made a length of eighty-seven fathoms. We used these scraps of equipment rather than dig down into our gear for the regular sounding apparatus, but we could not reach bottom through the hole in the ice. (A sounding in this locality was desired only as a check on our navigation. A shallow sounding would have proved my astronomical observations and dead reckoning to be wrong.)

About 6 P.M. it calmed slightly, then blew from the north increasing to thirty miles per hour by 9 P.M.

We woke on Friday, April first, to hear the hum of the wind through the wires on the machine. The machine itself rocked and shook under the pressure. The wind direction was slightly north of west; force over forty miles per hour. Snowdrifts were piling up about us and over the sleds we had made.

By night the wind veered to S. W. Next morning, April second, a bright sun shone on a light breeze and low fine snowdrift. Our sleds were snowed under and big drifts had formed about the plane.

We freed the sleds and packed everything in readiness for the tramp ashore. The amazingly fortunate drift had carried us far to the east. From sights of the sun obtained, I calculated that we were then on about the 150th meridian and eighty odd miles from land. I decided to head south for the trading post at Beechey Point.

On Sunday, April third, we were on the trail by 8:15. A sharp wind blew from the north by west and it nipped our tender-skinned cheeks, chins and noses. Hard, dry snow was dribbling over the ridges and pack ice and by 1 P.M. it was drifting as high as our waists. Five hours of steady, hard pulling was enough for the first day out, so we stopped at a suitable place and Eielson helped build the first snow-house he had seen. It was twelve years since I had built a house of snow, but the principle is easy to grasp and the execution not difficult.

It was that night I first realized how seriously Eielson's hand was frozen. He could not hold a knife or saw and was scarcely able to carry the snow blocks. Four fingers on the right hand were badly nipped; the little finger and the one next it badly blistered

and blackened. Three fingers on the left hand were affected. There was no immediate danger, but he must have suffered excruciating pain which he bore heroically without a murmur. He was agreeably surprised at the comfort our frozen house afforded. One lacking experience can never realize how comfortable and warm, even without fuel, a snowhouse can be. It was necessary to limit the use of fuel to melting ice only. As soon as the water was warm the Primus stove was put out.

Within my experience it had never been possible to get anyone to at once contentedly discard all his civilized clothing and adopt the native style of dress. I did not ask Eielson to do this until after two days' slight inconvenience—experienced because of his expensive riding breeches, woolen underwear and elaborate sheepskin jacket. Suitable clothing was on the sled. On the third day all our civilized clothing was thrown away and, dressed native fashion, Eielson was warm in his praise of the convenience and comfort afforded.

With much reduced bulk on our load we could now discard one sled and, harnessed with rawhide thongs, we dragged our load over the old rounded floes and pressure ridges. About one o'clock that afternoon, a rising cloud of steam showed that we were approaching a narrow, irregular lane of open water. Almost dead ahead of us was a break in the cloud. Experience assured me that the lead was closed. It might open any minute.

We hurried along and found a section about fifty yards wide spanning a lead trending east and west, varying in width from a yard to half a mile. We paused long enough to test our drift. The floe we had been travelling on was moving east about two miles an hour. The ice bridge was rapidly crumpling, ridges piling on both sides.

Over the squirming blocks we scrambled, ran over the few yards of unbroken ice, then over another seething mass, and we were once more on the solid floe. The relative movements of the two floes seemed greater than the easterly drift of the northerly one. This was accounted for later when, through a frozen-over crack, we punched a hole and found we were drifting slowly west.

We were then in the westerly drift which I feared might take us

west of Barrow, but our easterly position and nearness to shore gave us the assurance that we would undoubtedly reach the coast far east of Barrow. We might be held for days outside an open lead, but in that case the food and fuel we might get from the seals would conserve our supply of emergency ration, and it was only a matter of time before we reached the coast and help.

But there was good reason for haste. Eielson's fingers, with the exception of one, ached and pained—a good sign, for they were regaining life—but the little finger on the right hand promised trouble. I had several times performed surgical operations—and there was a serviceable surgical outfit in our kit—but I hoped to save Eielson's hand without mutilation.

For five days after leaving the plane on the ice we laboriously hauled a sled over the old pack-ice and low broken ridges. Each night we built a house of snow. Each night and morning we went through the process, strictly necessary for comfort in Arctic travel, of turning, scraping, cleaning and caring for our footwear.

During travel our clothing was comfortable and warm, but hoarfrost gathers on the inside of boots and outside socks. Constant care is necessary to prevent them from becoming a mass of ice.

The boots must be turned inside out, beaten and scraped; socks beaten, turned and rubbed, then slung about the chest and under the arms to dry. Cleaning boots and insoles is a cold-fingered job, and drying socks on one's bosom is not exactly a pleasant pastime, but care of clothing is the most essential part of the day's work during Arctic travel.

Eielson, who for the last nine years had done no harder physical work than handle the controls of an airplane, was, after a few days, getting used to downright toil.

After crossing many lanes of moving ice pinched between more solid floes, we came to ice—the character of which assured me that it was land-locked—moving off and on shore, but not far either to east or west. Two good sun observations gave us our position. We could now afford to leave all but the essentials for a hurried trip ashore.

The ice became more badly broken and crushed, with broad ridges at frequent intervals. It was no longer possible to haul a

sled and keep it upright. In fact, to have taken any type of sled over some of the ridges would have meant hours of ice chopping and road making. We decided to camp, arrange our equipment on the Indian-type packs we had and back-pack our loads over the ice. By this means we saved much time and labor. We had no occasion to turn back to right an overturned sled; every step ahead was a step nearer shore.

We had hoped to walk, but much of the way was so rough—upended ice blocks surrounded with soft snow in which we sank to the waist—that it was necessary to crawl slowly ahead on hands and knees. Without our heavy packs we might have been able to have stepped from top to top of the sharp-edged, upended ice blocks, but loaded as we were we couldn't keep our balance. No pen-picture can fully describe the state of the ice we found. During the early part of the storm we had recently encountered the ice had been badly broken and later was covered with loose, soft snow. A moving picture of our floundering efforts would be considered much over-acted, but it was a stern reality to us; one overcome only by persistence and toil.

Occasionally a few moments respite would be gained in crossing a newly iced lane, but in crossing lanes there was need to exercise great caution.

On Sunday (April tenth) we came to a wide stretch of newly formed ice, still broken in places by open water upon which the ice had not yet formed. Several seals popped their heads from the water to look at us, but we had ample food in our packs and did not disturb them.

To cross the lead meant a long detour to a place where the edges of the thicker pack were close together. It was less than fifty feet across the spongy ice. A change of wind might mean a greater separation and a wait of several days on the northern side. As I studied the conditions, Eielson stepped on the ice to see if it was safe, and went in to the knees. His long waterproof boots saved him from a wetting. Careful testing showed that by skirting round a little we might safely cross. Soft snow had fallen, hiding the character of the ice. Each step must needs be tested. As quickly as possible we

edged across, our feet spread wide and icepicks outstretched in case we might go through. I reached within three yards of the other side and turned to say "Come on," when the ice beneath my feet gave way. I went into the water up to my waist. Eielson was transfixed with horror. Fortunately, the ice was thicker where he stood. By throwing my weight largely on my arms and the extended icepick, the ice about held me. My feet were quickly drawn out of the water and I rolled over and over to the thicker ice.

Just near the edge I went in again, but this time I was near enough to haul myself with the icepick to the solid floe. My clothing was soaking wet, almost to the armpits. My high waterproof boots full of water. I slipped the eighty-pound pack from my shoulders and threw Eielson a line to which he fastened his pack. When it was hauled over, he spread-eagled across the young ice to safety. It was a narrow shave, brought about by necessary though dangerous haste to reach shore.

One cannot afford to rush things in the Arctic. It is a place where, to accomplish much, one must bide his time and proceed with utmost caution. The first thing I should have done after falling in the water was to roll in a deep, soft snow bank; but there was no soft snow nearby. The outside of my clothes froze almost instantly. Inside, my legs and feet were slowly stiffening. We seized our packs and hurried to some rough ice for shelter. A pair of spare boots and two pairs of socks were strapped to the top of my pack for use in such an emergency and it was not long before Eielson had pulled my boots and socks off. They stood up stiff and solid as he tossed them aside. We squeezed much of the water out of my pants and I dallied none getting into dry footgear. My fur shirts and pants would dry as well on me as elsewhere, so we bundled up our packs and proceeded over the rough ice for two hours before stopping to build our quarters for the night. The temperature was about ten degrees below zero.

We had abandoned one sleeping bag and one half of the other. At night we slept in our parkas and on our canvas packs, both of us with our feet in one bag. We found this warmer and more comfortable than an individual bag, and a safe proceeding for a limited

time. But, sleeping in one's clothes is not a practice to follow on long journeys, for reasons of health and wear and tear on the clothing.

There was little sleep to be had in saturated clothing, but after another day's struggle through the soft snow my clothes were almost dry.

For several days after leaving the plane we crossed many bear and fox tracks, but in the terribly broken up ice and soft snow nearer the shore, not even the bears and foxes ventured.

However, it was the character of ice I expected to find near the shore. Ben Eielson stuck manfully to his job with much fortitude and courage. We struggled slowly on, ten steps or one step, then a tumble. Often our feet were pinched between narrowing cracks hidden in the snow; many times we had a ten minutes' crawl on hands and knees over ridges too steep for even a dog to follow; then a cautious slithering dash across young ice that sagged as would a stretched blanket, if you stepped on it.

On Thursday (April fourteenth) we had to make a long detour to get around some young ice that was too thin to walk on. Towards evening we came to a pressure ridge higher than any we had seen before. Eielson looked at it with misgiving, but my heart was glad, for I recognized it as the edge of the shore ice: there would be no more rough ice to cross. That night we camped near an old hummock and built our last snow-house on the ice. The next night we would camp on the beach or—if luck was with us and my navigation nearly correct—we would sleep in a wooden house of some kind.

III

For two days the weather had been warm and hazy, but that night it grew cold and clear. In the morning, from the top of the hummock, we could see far to the south an unbroken expanse of white—the shore ice and possibly the flat tundra beyond.

At 7 A.M. we shouldered our packs and trudged eagerly onward, resting for a few minutes every half hour. There was no more tumbling or crawling; no more young ice to cross. It was now not a question of danger, but one of endurance.

We had not apportioned or rationed our food. Each one ate as much or as little as he cared. We had taken with us thirty-eight pounds of biscuits and chocolate and half a gallon of fuel. We had five pounds of food and a little more than a quarter of a gallon of fuel left. This showed an average consumption of less than sixteen ounces of dried food per man per day.

A few minutes before ten o'clock my eye caught the wavering line of a distant pole on an island near the shore. At ten we rested and through our Mirakel five-power field glasses we could plainly see two poles and timber on the sandpit. A few degrees to the right of the course we had followed for thirteen days, a dark object looked suspiciously like the roof of a trader's house. We made for the island to take another look. We had not gone three hundred yards when we struck a dog trail heading west. It was leading toward the dark object we had observed. Another look with the glasses and we could plainly see the house and the store room attached. It was the trading post at Beechey Point. I did not recognize it, for it had not been there when I passed that way thirteen years before.

Hard physical work, danger, uncertainty and anxiety had stilled our tongues during the march shoreward. A little ruminating now and then; short discussions as to the accuracy of navigation; solicitous inquiry as to tender parts and condition after strains and falls, that brought uncontrollable sharp cries of pain from one or the other as we tumbled or pinched our feet and ankles between the steel-like ice, was the extent of our conversation.

Absolute, sympathetic companionship I had found in Eielson, who had shown under conditions of the most trying nature, the courage and competence that good breeding, careful upbringing and education produce.

In sight of relief and human habitation, our tongues began to wag. Whom might we find? What had our friends thought of our delay? Had our wireless messages been received? Would we find transportation at the house, or would we have to walk to Point Barrow? Those and many other questions.

We proceeded leisurely towards the house, resting frequently. We came within two miles before a sign of life was seen, then a

figure rose from an Eskimo house near the trading post and quickly disappeared. Soon a dog team was scurrying in our direction; then another approached from the trader's store. With it was Alfred Hopson, son of our old friend, Fred Hopson at Barrow, who had been my travelling companion when I was in the Arctic with Stefansson.

By twelve noon, we were inside the trader's house at Beechey Point.

COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

There is a very good and very simple reason for the fact that Commander Ellsberg's book *On the Bottom*, has come to rank as a great modern classic of the sea. In charge of salvage operations for the sunken submarine S-51, Ellsberg had a difficult and dangerous job to do. He knew what he was driving at; he knew all the dangers and all the difficulties; he knew his business in meeting them, and he described the process step by step—on the one hand, with a clarity of detail; and on the other, with a restraint and a refusal to overwrite that are magnificent.

In this book Ellsberg demonstrates the essential soundness of a working maxim that William Ellery Leonard used to pound home to his students in the days when I studied under him at the University of Wisconsin. "Anybody can write," he used to say, "*who knows what he's talking about.*"

That's Ellsberg. When he writes about his own work, where he knows every trick, every aim, every problem, he does a beautiful job. When he writes about other people, and about other jobs that he doesn't know so well, he isn't so hot. No matter, though. There's no quarrel about the job now under consideration. On reading it, one can only extend to the author what is about the highest praise one can give a man—he's an able workman.

The raising of the sunken submarine S-51 from her position 132 feet down in the open ocean, exposed to all the swells and all the gales off New England's section of the Atlantic, is not only one of the classic jobs of deep-sea salvage, but an important one as

well, insofar as the techniques and methods there devised by Commander Ellsberg set a pace that made other and similar jobs possible in the years to follow. The job, briefly, was to lower great pontoons to the bottom from the salvage ship *Falcon*, hitch them to the stricken submarine, and then pump them full of air, so that their buoyancy, together with that of the submarine's intact portion, could raise the ship to the surface.

In this account Ellsberg describes the harrowing job of excavating a tunnel under the sub, through which a cable might be passed for hoisting her to the surface.

ON THE BOTTOM

By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

AT BOW and stern we had been able to pass our reeving lines under with no great difficulty, because there the keel, due to its rocker shape, rose clear of the bottom. However, for the other pontoons amidships, the case was far different.

Amidships the *S-51* was buried about six feet deep in a bed of hard blue clay, overlaid with a thin layer, a few inches thick, of hard packed gray sand. To get the reeving lines and the chains through here required that we provide a tunnel for their passage. There was only one way which appeared practicable for digging the tunnel. At that depth it was out of question for the divers to undertake the continued physical exertion of swinging pick and shovel in an excavation, disregarding the mechanical limitations of trying to do it in a diving rig. We all felt that the best solution lay in washing out a hole under the ship with a stream of water from a fire hose.

We coupled up two hundred and fifty feet of the *Falcon's* two and one-half inch fire hose, with a regular hose nozzle screwed to the end. Bailey was selected to go down and start the tunnel. I

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took him aboard the *S-50* and showed him the spot abreast frame forty-six, where he was to start. A torpedo davit projecting from the deck was the nearest visible mark. He was to spot this on the *S-51's* side, then measure off five feet forward of it, and start the tunnel there.

Bailey was small, but he was an excellent diver and a careful man. We could rely on him to hit the right spot and in case of any doubt, to ask questions rather than to guess.

Bailey was dressed, went down on the forward descending line, the fire hose dragging after him on a lanyard to his wrist. He found the torpedo davit, tied a small line to it, which he threw over the port side to mark the location, and then slid down the line to the bottom. He measured off the five feet against the side of the submarine, dragged the hose nozzle over, braced it between his heavy shoes against the sea bottom close to the ship's side, and sang out:

"On deck! Turn on the water!"

A sailor opened wide the valve to the *Falcon's* wrecking pump. The hose swelled out, and throbbing with each stroke of the pump as the water rushed through, disappeared over the rail.

Another call from Bailey:

"On deck! Turn off the water! I'm about fifty feet from the sub and I don't know where the hose is!"

We shut down the pump and the hose flattened out, hanging limply over our bulwarks.

It was easy to imagine what had happened. I remembered in my boyhood days the sight of four firemen clinging to a hose nozzle, trying to direct the stream against a burning building. Bailey, all alone, had tried the same thing except that his stream instead of meeting air, was discharged against solid water, making the reaction worse. The writhing hose had torn itself from his grasp and sent him flying backwards through the water.

Bailey picked himself out of the sand, located the submarine, and after a search, found the hose again. He dragged the nozzle back, braced himself against the hull.

"On deck! Turn on the water again! Easy this time!"

Once more the wrecking pump started to throb. Gently we opened the valve from the firemain to the hose, watched the hose

swell out slowly as we gradually raised the pressure. At forty pounds on our gauge, Bailey sang out from below:

"Hold it, that's enough!"

The engineer at the pump throttled it carefully to hold the pressure steady. We watched the stream pulsing through the hose, which was not very hard. A thumb could make a dent in the canvas covering.

Bailey worked his hour and came up.

"I could just hang on the second time, but I didn't get much done. That clay is awful hard, and the stream I had hardly made an impression. I don't think I made a hole a foot deep, and part of that was through the sand on top."

Other divers followed Bailey. We helped matters a little by tying a one hundred pound weight to the hose, just behind the nozzle, to assist the diver in holding the hose down. Still the low pressure prevented much progress, the stream had not force enough to cut the clay. We needed more pressure. To get it, we removed the last section of hose and replaced it with a one and one-half inch length and a nozzle to match. With the smaller nozzle, we were able to raise the pressure to sixty pounds before the divers complained. (The usual pressure on a two and one-half inch fire hose is one hundred and twenty pounds.) The sixty pound stream had force enough to do a little cutting, but of course the smaller hose greatly reduced the size of the jet.

Day after day, we worked on the tunnel at frame forty-six. It was slow work. We were never able to get more than six men in any one day down on the job, because of the loss of time in getting the old diver out and clear before his relief could get down, pick up the hose, and crawl in. Other complications arose. The clay turned out to be so heavy that when cut, it would not stay in suspension in the water, but after floating back a foot or so, would settle down in the tunnel around the diver. Consequently after cutting ahead for a few inches, the diver had to stop, and crawling out backwards, turn his nozzle and wash the cuttings all the way out to the tunnel mouth before he could again advance.

As a final aggravation, after one or two days' work, a storm would drive us away. Coming back, we always found our tunnel filled in

with hard packed sand, washed along the sea bottom by the currents, and this had to be removed regularly before we could again drive our bore ahead.

We worked along against constant difficulties. Hoses got fouled in the submarine's superstructure and tore in half when we tried to pull them free. Sometimes the divers could not find the tunnel, and wasted half their precious hour searching out the small entrance hole under the port bilge. Others, lying down in the tunnel, had their suits fill with water, and had to be dragged up, half frozen and nearly drowned.

We made progress, yes, but it had almost to be measured by the inch. As a result of two weeks' desperate work in May, the tunnel had advanced sixteen feet under the port side,—about an average of one foot a day.

We were still two feet from the keel on the port side. Francis Smith was in the tunnel, burrowing his way along. Imagine his situation. In ice cold water, utter blackness, total solitude, he was buried one hundred and thirty-five feet below the surface of the sea. No sight, no sound, no sense of direction except the feel of the iron hull of the *S-51* against his back, as he lay stretched out flat in a narrow hole, scarcely larger than his body, not big enough for him to turn around in. Ahead in his outstretched arms he grasped the nozzle, burrowing his way deeper, while around him coursed backward a black stream of freezing water laden with mud and clay.

He had been working about twenty minutes, when on the *Falcon* the man at the telephone got a call from Smith. He could not understand and passed the telephone set to me.

"Hello, Smith!"

In an agonized voice came the reply:

"I'm in a very bad position, Mr. Ellsberg. Send someone to help!"

Joe Eiben was working aft on the other side of the submarine. I dropped Smith's phone, seized Eiben's, ordered Joe to stop whatever he was doing, climb over the boat to the tunnel and help Smith. Eiben acknowledged the message, started forward.

Meanwhile I tried to figure out what had happened. The fire

hose leading over the rail was throbbing violently. Perhaps the nozzle had torn itself from Smith's grasp, was thrashing him to death.

I took Smith's phone again, called down:

"Shall I turn off the water?"

Almost a scream came the answer:

"No! For God's sake keep it going! The tunnel has caved in behind me!"

I felt faint. Hastily we coupled up another fire hose, slid it down the descending line for Eiben's use. But it had taken two weeks to drive the tunnel to where Smith lay! On deck we looked at each other helplessly. Over the telephone, I could hear Smith's labored breathing as he struggled in the darkness.

No further messages came. The sailors stood silently around the deck, waiting for Eiben to arrive at the tunnel, wondering what good he could do when he got there.

Eiben reached the descending line at the gun, cut loose the new hose, dragged it forward with him, and dropped over the port side to the bottom. Finally after what seemed an age, he reported himself at the tunnel mouth, said he was trying to enter.

I waited; then over Smith's telephone, I heard Smith say to Eiben:

"I'm all right now, Joe. Had a little accident. You go on back to your own job."

Though he could not turn round, Smith had managed to pass the nozzle back between his legs, and guiding it with his feet, he had washed his way out backward through the cave-in!

Eiben left. Smith sat down on the ocean floor a few minutes to rest, then picked up his hose, crawled back into the tunnel and for half an hour more continued to wash his way towards the keel.

No deed ever performed in the heat of battle with the enemy where thousands cheer you on, can compare with Francis Smith's bravery, when in the silent depths of the ocean beneath the hulk of the *S-51*, he washed his way out of what well might have been his grave, then deliberately turned round, went back into the black hole from which he had by the grace of God escaped, and worked his way deeper and deeper into it.

Other divers followed Smith; in a few more days we reached the keel on the port side. Then, marking the corresponding spot on the starboard side as carefully as possible, we started to drift another tunnel from that side to meet the port side hole. As the boat was heeled far over on her port side, the tunnel on the starboard side was not much over half as long as on the low side. While the divers worked on the starboard side hole, we sent one or two men a day into the port tunnel to keep it cleared out.

Only the most experienced of the divers managed to make any headway in the tunnels. Carr, Smith, Wilson, Eiben, Kelley, Eadie, Michels, and Bailey, did practically all the work. We tried a few of the most promising of the newer divers on the job, but they never got anywhere at it. The reason was clear enough. Years of experience were necessary to develop the iron nerve and the forgetfulness of surroundings which were essential to allow the diver to concentrate on the job and ignore his situation.

The job proceeded, the divers coming up sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs. Eiben and Eadie, who had been working, one in the port tunnel, the other in the starboard one, met at the gun on the submarine's forecastle, climbed on the stage at the ninety-foot mark, and, according to ritual, began their setting-up exercises while decompressing.

Those two men were safely off the bottom. On the quarterdeck, we turned attention to the next diver, who, except for his helmet, was ready to go over. He was testing his telephone.

A voice came from the superstructure.

"Tom Eadie said something but I couldn't make it out. I can't get him now!"

Hartley tried, I tried, Gunner Tibbals tried. None of us could understand, though it did sound as if Eadie were shouting something. Eiben was on the stage down there with Eadie. I took Eiben's telephone.

"Hello, Joe! Ask Tom what he wants!"

A pause, then Eiben replied:

"Tom's not here! What did you pull him up for?"

Surprised, I looked at Eadie's tender. He had not pulled Eadie up.

"Where's Tom?" I asked him.

"He's still down there, sir. I'm trying to signal him. I've given him 'One' on his line, two or three times, but still he doesn't answer."

A shout over the telephone from Eiben.

"Eadie just fell back on the stage. His suit's nearly torn in half and he's full of water. Take him up quick!"

Half a dozen bears grabbed Eadie's lines and heaved hard. The weight was tremendous, evidently Eadie's suit was wholly water-logged. Others grasped the lines wherever they could lay hands on them and we heaved rapidly. Over the side went another stage, two men on it, dropped into the water up to their waists. Hand over hand Eadie's lines came in, then at last Eadie's helmet. The men on the stage seized it, dragged his limp form on the stage; the winchman jerked the stage up, swung it in on deck.

Eadie's suit was nearly completely torn in two just below the breastplate, the leather straps over his shoulders were broken, his lead belt was hanging round his ankles. No need to take off his helmet. We cut loose his shoes, dragged him out of the suit through the hole around his breast.

Eadie was very pale, bleeding badly from the mouth and nose, but apparently still conscious. We did not wait to investigate. The tenders who pulled him out of the suit dragged him hurriedly to the recompression tank, thrust him in, together with Surgeon Flotte who hastily ran the pressure up to fifty pounds.

Hours later, after Eiben had come up, and Eadie was below, wrapped in blankets in his bunk, with Eiben resting in the next berth, I asked them what had happened. Eadie told me.

"Joe and I were on the stage at ninety feet, I was jumping up and down to decompress myself and I guess Joe was doing knee stoops.

"All of a sudden my exhaust valve jammed shut and my suit started to swell out. I tried to reach my control valve and turn off the air, but before I could swing my arm around, my suit stiffened out from the pressure inside, and it spread-eagled me. Both my sleeves shot out straight sideways and I couldn't bend my elbows to get my hand in on the control valve.

"By that time I was so light, I started to float up off the stage

and I yelled in the telephone to the man on deck to turn the air off on my hose. I guess he didn't understand me."

I interrupted Eadie and turned to Eiben.

"Say, Joe, didn't you notice it when Eadie started up?"

Eiben looked at us sheepishly.

"Yes, I sort of saw him go, out of the corner of my faceplate, but I just thought he was taking an extra-high jump, and I went right on exercising. I wasn't thinking about Tom and I didn't look around again for him till you called me from the deck."

Eadie went on.

"As I started to float up, I thought fast. Of course I knew if I 'blew up' without any decompression I'd probably get 'the bends,' but that wasn't what worried me most. We were hanging from the *Falcon*, and if I came up from the bottom with all that buoyancy, I'd be going as if I'd been fired from a gun by the time I hit her hull. My copper helmet would flatten out like a pancake and that would be my finish right there.

"As I shot up, I saw the top of the steel bails from which the stage was hanging flash down past my faceplate. I couldn't do anything with my hands, but as I went by, I shoved out the toes of both my shoes, and I managed to hook the brass toe caps on my diving shoes into the triangle where the bails join. That stopped me with a jerk, and there I was, hanging onto the bails with my toes and just praying that the caps wouldn't tear off the shoes!

"I tried again to pull my hands in but I couldn't. My suit swelled out some more in a hurry, and burst the shoulder straps holding my belt up and my helmet down. The lead belt dropped around my feet, and my helmet flew up over my head. As it went by, the breastplate hit me a lick under the chin that nearly broke my jaw, and my suit then stretched out so the helmet was nearly two feet over my head. When the straps let go and the suit stretched that gave me still more buoyancy, and the pull on my toes was awful.

"I tried to yell in the telephone to you to have Joe climb up to me, shut off my air and open the petcock on my helmet so as to let some air out of my suit, but the telephone transmitter was up in the helmet and that was two feet over my head and I couldn't make you understand.

"Then the pressure increased with a rush and nearly broke my ears,* and I started to bleed from my mouth and nose. The strain on my toes was fierce, and I was wondering how much longer I could hang on, when all at once my suit tore apart under all that pressure, let out all the air, and I nearly burst as the extra pressure suddenly disappeared. My helmet sort of dropped back, my suit all filled up with water, and I fell down again on the stage.

"I felt you starting to pull me up. I tried to hold my breath, because there was no more air in the suit. Then I remembered that the lines you were hauling me with were only secured to my helmet, and I could feel that my suit was nearly torn in two just below the breastplate. I was down in the rest of the suit and I could feel my heavy shoes and that lead belt hanging round my ankles. I was afraid that what was left of the suit wouldn't stand the strain and it would tear all of the way across. Then you'd pull up the helmet and I'd just sink with those lead-soled shoes and the lead belt as anchors. I thought how surprised you'd be when my helmet came up empty. I tried to kick the belt free from round my feet. No use, I couldn't get it off, so I just held my breath and prayed that the suit wouldn't rip any more. I tried hard not to swallow any water, and the next thing I knew, they were dragging me onto the stage."

A terrible experience. In less than a minute's time, Eadie had seen death in four different horrible forms, successively staring him in the face,—“the bends,” concussion against the *Falcon*, sudden heavy pressure, and drowning had each in turn seemed about to kill him. He came through, saved by his quick thinking, weak and wounded, but with unshaken nerves. A wonderful diver, Tom Eadie. All the world learned what we already knew, when he later won the Medal of Honor on the *S-4*.

We examined Eadie's helmet to see what had jammed his automatic exhaust valve shut and stopped the air from escaping. We found out, but drew little comfort from the knowledge. While Eadie had been stretched out flat in the tunnel, washing, some

* With no escape for the air, the pressure in Eadie's suit went up till it balanced at the *Falcon's* compressor pressure of one hundred and thirty-five pounds, equal to diving to a depth of water of three hundred and four feet.

mud had been carried into the exhaust valve of his helmet by the water that inevitably leaks in whenever a diver stoops over or lies down.

A few grains of sand had entered the sleeve in which the valve stem worked, jammed between the sleeve and the stem, and prevented the valve from sliding open. It was just as likely to happen to the next man working in the tunnel, and added another danger to the multitude we had. We thereafter warned all divers working in the tunnel to leave the petcock on their helmets cracked open a trifle, while they were in the tunnel and later while coming up, so that if their exhaust valves jammed shut, they might have a brief period to shut off their air before the pressure could build up enough in their suits to spread eagle them and prevent them from using their hands. The partly open petcock meant that a tiny stream of water would continually run into their suits while they lay down in the tunnel, but it had to be borne. If anyone ever spreadeagled and then had his suit burst inside the tunnel, he was sure to drown before aid could reach him.

There was a little delay on deck after Eadie was hauled up before Carr, the next diver ready, was finally dressed and on his way down, but in about thirty minutes all was quiet again on the *Falcon's* quarterdeck. The pulsating fire hose hanging over the rail and vanishing in the water, showed that far below, Carr, prone in the tunnel, was carrying on. Eiben, hanging at the fifty foot stage, still had an hour to wait before he came aboard. The *Falcon* pitched easily as the waves rolled by; near at hand the *Vestal*, the *Iuka*, the *Sagamore*, and the *S-50* tugged at their anchors, and far off on the western horizon, a thin wisp of smoke indicated that the *Penobscot* was coming out with the mail. Altogether, the squadron presented a very peaceful scene, with no indication of the swift drama that had just been acted ninety feet below the gently heaving surface of the sea.

A few more days went by, and from the starboard side, the men reported that they could touch the box keel, which extended sixteen inches below the hull, with their hose nozzles. We knew we could do the same in the port tunnel.

To finish the job, Tug Wilson and Tom Eadie went down together, each one taking a fire hose, and each with a small manila line tied to one wrist. They entered the tunnels, Eadie on the port side, Wilson on the starboard side. When both had crawled in as far as they could go, they asked us for the water, and started from both sides to wash away the clay under the keel.

For communication, I wore Eadie's telephone receiver over one ear, Wilson's over the other one, with a transmitter in each hand.

The divers worked nearly an hour, digging steadily. Neither one made any report. On deck we waited anxiously for news, but did not wish to bother the men with needless conversation. Still it seemed as if they should have been able to wash away the barrier under the keel in that time. As the minutes dragged by without a junction, I began to feel that the two tunnels had not met, that one or the other had been drifted at the wrong angle or perhaps a few feet too far forward to meet its mate. Considering the difficulty of locating anything below, and the impossibility of checking up on the tunnel directions once they ran in under the hull, such a failure of the tunnels to meet would be quite natural but nevertheless it would be heartbreaking after all our struggles.

A call in my left ear. Wilson talking.

"On deck! Turn off my water. I think I can feel the water from Tom's hose!"

We shut down on Tug's hose. It hung limply, while the other hose throbbed vigorously.

"Tell Tom to point his hose aft." I gave Eadie the word. A few minutes went by, then:

"Tell Tom to point his hose forward."

I passed that order also down to Eadie. Wilson, lying in the darkness below, fumbled blindly around the keel, trying to locate the direction of the current of water he could feel washing by him. He could find nothing definite.

"On deck, turn on my water again! I'll try to wash further aft along the keel!"

The hour was up, but with the prospect of finishing the tunnel, it looked best to leave them alone a little longer. Alternately, I

shut off Eadie's water, and then Wilson's, each one hoping to feel a stream coming under the keel from the other side. Nothing happened, both men kept on digging.

A call in my right ear. Eadie talking.

"Turn off my water, Mr. Ellsberg!"

I ordered the water shut off. Eadie resumed:

"I got a hole under the keel. I'm going to shove my foot under. Tell Tug to look out for it!" I turned off Wilson's water, told him to stand by."

Eadie crawled out of the tunnel, turned round, crawled in feet first, lying on his face, till he touched the keel, and then shoved his right foot, heel up, under the keel till his knee passed through, then bent his foot upward as much as possible.

"On deck! I got my foot through! Tell Tug to look out for it!"

"Hello, Tug! Eadie says his foot is under! Feel around for it!"

Wilson fumbled in the blackness and the mud but encountered nothing.

Two hours had gone by, the men were long overtime. I could hear Wilson cursing volubly as he fumbled in the water-filled tunnel.

"On deck! Tell Tom to wiggle his foot! I can't feel a damned thing!"

I told Eadie. Burying his face deeper in the mud, Eadie struggled to push his leg through a few inches further, and wiggled his foot desperately.

A message in my right ear.

"Something is holding my foot!"

I seized Wilson's phone.

"That's Tom's foot you've got hold of, Tug! *Don't let go!*" and in Eadie's transmitter:

"Stop wiggling, Tom! Tug is going to tie his line on your foot!"

Then to Wilson, "Get a couple of good round turns and two half hitches with your line on that foot before you lose it!"

Carefully holding the foot with one hand to avoid losing it in the darkness, Wilson worked up a little slack in the line tied to his left wrist, wound it round Eadie's foot, then drew his knife, cut

away the line from his wrist, and firmly secured the end to Eadie's ankle.

A far away growl came from Tug.

"All right, tell Tom he can have his foot now! I'm coming up!"

Wilson crawled out backwards from the starboard hole. Eadie crawled headfirst out of the long port tunnel, dragging on his foot the first reeving line under the body of the ship. Outside the tunnel, he pulled through a little slack, cut the line off his foot, bent it to the line on his wrist, and we had a complete line around the ship.

Eadie and Wilson started up, cold and stiff. Their suits were filled with water nearly to their waists.

It was two hours and twenty-three minutes since they had gone down. It took nearly five hours to decompress them. They came aboard finally, utterly fagged out. They had won a point in our struggle against the sea, the first tunnel was at last completed, but on the *Falcon* we spent an anxious night till finally Surgeon Flotte assured us that neither pneumonia nor "the bends" would attack either Tom or Tug.

Another pair of divers took the reeving line, tied it securely to the rail on each side of the *S-51's* deck, cut off the excess lengths going to the surface, ready for running the larger lines through when a good day offered for pontooning.

EDGAR SNOW

Among the greatest collective adventures in all history is the famous Long March—some 6000 miles—of China's communist army—the same organization that has lately, as the Eighth Route Army, done such valiant work against the Japanese invaders. Indeed, from many points of view it ranks as *the* greatest military march in history. After all, Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan did their brilliant traveling as victors, proceeding from success to success; these communists evacuated under pressure, and proceeded to a new home over a tortuous route, harassed by enemies on all sides, and with their meager equipment facing German-trained troops and some of the best weapons that China has ever seen. Still they arrived intact at their destination and set up a new state-within-a-state not far from the borders of Soviet Russia.

To Edgar Snow, then chief correspondent for the *London Daily Herald* in China, goes full credit for uncovering the amazing story of the Chinese communists, and publishing it in his book, *Red Star over China*. Since the publication of that book, however, new reports and new rumors have arrived which, while in no way detracting from the greatness of Snow's story, give it an interpretation partially different from his—though not necessarily more accurate. Snow made the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek out to be an implacable enemy of the communists who tried his best to exterminate them until they kidnaped him, made him see the error of his ways, and forced him to unite with them against the

common Japanese foe. Lately, however, reports have come out that the kidnaping was a bit of stage-play, arranged with Chiang's connivance, so he could save face while still apparently reversing his previous stand. According to that interpretation, Chiang never really tried to exterminate the Reds, because they were too useful to him in his efforts to exterminate the various powerful warlords who were resisting his efforts to unite the country.

I quote from an unpublished manuscript by my friend F. G. Hardenbrook, who was in China and Tibet in 1935, and found himself squarely in the path of the advancing communists.

"Chiang," says Hardenbrook, "was supposed to be fighting the communists, and the truly great march of the Red Army—now the Eighth Route Army—across all of China and in the face of universal opposition, is justly a famous saga. But Chiang helped in that march. He engineered it. He wasn't "fighting" the communists at all, though he put up a good show of it. They were much too useful against the provincial governors. By the use of strong troops the Reds, who could probably have been defeated at the very start had Chiang wanted to defeat them, could be kept moving and forced to go wherever the generalissimo wanted them. In that way they were eventually nudged into every province that had a strong provincial government not completely under Nanking's control.

". . . Military governors who had for years been supported by Nanking and given a free hand, were suddenly confronted with a strong hostile force which they had to fight with their armed rabbles in order to protect their own interests. Almost invariably they called on Nanking for support. Invariably, too, Nanking gave it—with enthusiasm. German-trained troops who were loyal to the generalissimo were sent in to back up the provincials. To back them up! The provincials were in front, facing the enemy, and the federals were behind them. If the provincials faltered in battle, they were encouraged by a few well-placed shots from the rear. So, caught in a cross-fire, the provincial armies melted away, and their commanders, now more than ever dependent on Nanking, were inclined to be more docile than formerly."

That is one point of view, and the very fact of its existence throws an interesting sidelight on China's turbulent history of the past twenty years. But in no way does the point of view detract from the greatness of this long march.

THE LONG MARCH

By EDGAR SNOW

HERE I cannot even outline the absorbing and as yet only fragmentarily written history of the six years of the Soviets of South China—a period that was destined to be a prelude to the epic of the Long March. Mao Tse-tung has told briefly of the organic development of the Soviets, and of the birth of the Red Army. He has told how the Communists built up, from a few hundred ragged and half-starved but young and determined revolutionists, an army of several tens of thousands of workers and peasants, until by 1930 they had become such serious contenders for power that Nanking had to hurl its first large-scale offensive against them. The initial “annihilation drive,” and then a second, a third and a fourth, were not defeats. In each of those campaigns the Reds destroyed many brigades and whole divisions of Kuomintang troops, replenished their supplies of arms and ammunition, enlisted new warriors, and expanded their territory.

Meanwhile, what sort of life went on beyond the impenetrable lines of the Red irregulars? It is one of the amazing facts of our age that during the entire history of the Soviets in South China

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not a single "outside" foreign observer entered Red territory—the only Communist-ruled nation in the world besides the U.S.S.R. Everything that has been written about the southern Soviets by foreigners is therefore secondary material. But a few salient points are now confirmable from accounts both friendly and inimical, and these clearly indicate the basis of the Red Army's support. Land was redistributed and taxes were lightened. Collective enterprise was established on a wide scale; by 1933 there were more than 1,000 Soviet co-operatives in Kiangsi alone. Unemployment, opium, prostitution, child slavery, and compulsory marriage were eliminated, and the living conditions of the workers and poor peasants in the peaceful areas were greatly improved. Mass education made much progress in the stabilized Soviets. In some counties the Reds attained a higher degree of literacy among the populace in three or four years than had been achieved anywhere else in rural China after centuries. This did not exclude even the Rockefeller-backed *de luxe* mass education experiment at Ting Hsien, run by "Jimmie" Yen. In Hsin Kuo, the Communists' model *hsien*, there was a populace nearly 80 per cent literate—much higher than in the famous Ting Hsien.

That much at least has now been established by a wealth of independent testimony. But while documentary material is becoming abundantly available on other phases of the little Soviet Republic, it is impossible to discuss them except in terms of polemics which are not within the scope of this book. What might have been accomplished by the Reds had they held their bases in the South and strengthened them? Here at once one enters a realm of sheer prophecy, where the subjective factor naturally conditions the conclusions reached.

Speculation on the southern Soviets in any case is now a matter chiefly of academic interest. For, late in October, 1933, Nanking mobilized for the fifth and the greatest of its anti-Red wars, and one year later the Reds were finally forced to carry out a general retreat. Nearly everyone then supposed it was the end, the Red Army's funeral march. How badly mistaken they were was not to become manifest for almost two years, when a remarkable comeback, seldom equalled in history, was to reach a climax with events

that put into the hands of the Communists the life of the Generalissimo who for awhile really had believed his own boast—that he had “exterminated the menace of Communism.”

It was not until the seventh year of the fighting against the Reds that any notable success crowned the attempts to destroy them. The Reds then had actual administrative control over a great part of Kiangsi, and large areas of Fukien and Hunan. There were other Soviet districts, not physically connected with the Kiangsi territory, located in the provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Anhui, Szechuan, and Shensi.

Against the Reds, in the Fifth Campaign, Chiang Kai-shek mobilized about 900,000 troops, of whom perhaps 400,000—some 360 regiments—actively took part in the warfare in the Kiangsi-Fukien area, and against the Red Army in the Anhui-Honan-Hupeh (Oyüwan) area. But Kiangsi was the pivot of the whole campaign. Here the regular Red Army was able to mobilize a combined strength of 180,000 men, including all reserve divisions, and it had perhaps 200,000 partisan and Red Guards, but altogether could muster a firing power of somewhat less than 100,000 rifles, no heavy artillery, and a very limited supply of grenades, shells, and ammunition, all of which were now being made in the Red arsenal at Juichin.

Chiang adopted a new strategy to make the fullest use of his greatest assets—superior resources, technical equipment, access to unlimited supplies from the outside world (to which the Reds had no outlet), mechanized warfare, and a modern air force that had come to comprise nearly 400 navigable war planes. The Reds had captured a few of Chiang's aeroplanes, and they had three or four pilots, but they lacked petrol, bombs, and mechanics. Instead of an invasion of the Red districts and an attempt to take them by storm of superior force, which had in the past proved disastrous, Chiang now used the majority of his troops to surround the “bandits” and impose on them a strict economic blockade. It was, therefore, primarily a war of exhaustion.

And it was very costly. Chiang Kai-shek built hundreds of miles of military roads and thousands of small fortifications, which were made connectable by machine-gun or artillery fire. His defensive-

offensive strategy and tactics tended to diminish the Reds' superiority in manœuvring, and emphasized the disadvantages of their smaller numbers and lack of resources. In effect, in his famous Fifth Campaign, the Generalissimo built a kind of Great Wall round the Soviet districts, which gradually moved inward. Its ultimate aim was to encompass and crush the Red Army in a stone vise.

Chiang wisely avoided exposing any large body of troops beyond the fringes of his network of roads and fortifications. They advanced only when very well covered by heavy artillery, armoured cars, tanks, and heavy air bombardment, and rarely moved more than a few hundred yards ahead of the noose of forts, which stretched through the provinces of Kiangsi, Fukien, Hunan, Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Deprived of opportunities to decoy, ambush, or outmanœuvre their enemy in open battle, the Reds were obliged to plan a new strategy. They began to place their main reliance on positional warfare—and the error of this decision, and the reasons for it, will be alluded to farther on.

The Fifth Campaign is said to have been planned largely by Chiang Kai-shek's German advisers, notably the late General Von Seeckt, former chief-of-staff of the Nazi army, and for awhile the Generalissimo's chief adviser. The new tactics were thorough, but they were also very slow and expensive. Operations dragged on for months and still Nanking had not struck a decisive blow at the main forces of its enemy. The effect of the blockade, however, was seriously felt in the Red districts, and especially the total absence of salt. The little Red base was becoming inadequate to repel the combined military and economic pressure being applied against it. The Reds deny it, but I suspect that considerable exploitation of the peasantry must have been necessary to maintain the astonishing year of resistance which was put up during this campaign. At the same time, it must be remembered that their fighters were mostly enfranchised peasants and proud owners of newly acquired land. For land alone, most peasants in China will fight to the death. The Kiangsi people knew that return of the Kuomintang meant return of the landlords.

Nanking believed that its efforts at annihilation were about to

succeed. The enemy was caged and could not escape. Tens of thousands of peasants had been killed in the daily bombing and machine-gunning from the air, as well as by "purgations" in districts re-occupied by the Kuomintang. The Red Army itself, according to Chou En-lai, suffered over 60,000 casualties in this one siege, and sacrifice of life among the civilian population was terrific. Whole areas were depopulated, sometimes by forced mass migrations, sometimes by the simpler expedient of mass executions. The Kuomintang itself admits that about 1,000,000 people were killed or starved to death in the process of recovering Soviet Kiangsi.

Nevertheless, the Fifth Campaign proved inconclusive. It failed in its objective, which was to destroy the living forces of the Red Army. A Red military conference was called at Juichin, and it was decided to withdraw, transferring the main Red strength to a new base. The plans for this great expedition, which was to last a whole year, were complete and efficient. They perhaps revealed a certain military genius that the Reds had not shown during their periods of offensive. For it is one thing to command a victorious advancing army, and quite another to carry through to success a plan calling for retreat under such handicaps as those which lay ahead in the now famous Long March to the North-west.

The retreat from Kiangsi evidently was so swiftly and secretly managed that the main forces of the Red troops, estimated at about 90,000 men, had already been marching for several days before the enemy headquarters became aware of what was taking place. They had mobilized in southern Kiangsi, withdrawing most of their regular troops from the northern front, and replacing them with partisans. Those movements occurred always at night. When practically the whole Red Army was concentrated near Yütu, in southern Kiangsi, the order was given for the Great March, which began on October 16, 1934.

For three nights the Reds pressed in two columns to the west and to the south. On the fourth they advanced, totally unexpectedly, almost simultaneously attacking the Hunan and Kwangtung lines of fortifications. They took these by assault, put their astonished enemy on the run, and never stopped until they had oc-

cupied the ribbon of blockading forts and entrenchments on the southern front. This gave them roads to the south and to the west, along which their vanguard began its sensational trek.

Besides the main strength of the army, thousands of Red peasants began this march—old and young, men, women, children, Communists and non-Communists. The arsenal was stripped, all the factories were dismantled, all machinery was loaded on to mules and donkeys—everything that was portable and of value went with this strange cavalcade. As the march lengthened out, much of this burden had to be discarded, and the Reds tell you today that thousands of rifles and machine guns, much machinery, much ammunition, even much silver, lies buried on their long trail from the south. Some day in the future, they say, Red peasants, now surrounded by thousands of policing troops, will dig it up again and re-establish their Soviets. They await only the signal—and the war with Japan may prove to be that beacon.

After the main forces of the Red Army evacuated Kiangsi, it was still many weeks before Nanking troops succeeded in occupying the chief Red cities. Thousands of peasant guards and partisans, held together and led by a few Red regulars, put up a stiff resistance till the end. The heroism of many of these Red leaders, who volunteered to stay behind for self-immolation, is memorialized in many ways by the Reds today. They provided the rearguard action which enabled the main forces to get well under way before Nanking could mobilize sufficient forces to surround and annihilate them on the march. Even in 1937 there were regions in Kiangsi, Fukien, and Kweichow held by these fragments of the Red Army, and in the spring the Government announced the beginning of another anti-Red campaign for a “final clean-up” in Fukien.

II

A NATION EMIGRATES

Having successfully broken through the first line of fortifications, the Red Army set out on its epochal year-long trek to the west and to the north, a vari-coloured and many-storied expedition

that can be described here only in briefest outline. The Communists are now writing a collective account of the Long March, with contributions from dozens who made it, which already totals over 300,000 words, and is still incomplete. Adventure, exploration, discovery, human courage and cowardice, ecstasy and triumph, suffering, sacrifice, and loyalty, and then through it all, like a flame, this undimmed ardour and undying hope and amazing revolutionary optimism of those thousands of youths who would not admit defeat either by man or nature or God or death—all this and more are wrapped up in the history of an Odyssey unequalled in modern times.

The Reds themselves generally speak of it as the “25,000-li March,” and with all its twists, turns and counter-marches, from the farthest point in Fukien to the end of the road in far Northwest Shensi, some sections of the marchers undoubtedly did that much or more. An accurate stage-by-stage itinerary prepared by the First Army Corps¹ shows that its route covered a total of 18,088 li, or 6,000 miles—about twice the width of the American continent—and this figure may be accepted as a minimum for the march of the main forces. It must be remembered that the whole journey was covered on foot, across some of the world’s most impassable trails, most of them unfit for wheeled traffic, across some of the highest mountains and the greatest rivers of Asia. It was one long battle from beginning to end.

Four main lines of defence works, supported by strings of concrete machine-gun nests and blockhouses, surrounded the Soviet districts in South-west China, and the Reds had to shatter those before they could reach the unblockaded areas to the west. The first line, in Kiangsi, was broken on October 21, 1934; the second, in Hunan, was occupied on November 3, and a week later the third, also in Hunan, fell to the Reds after bloody fighting. The Kwangsi and Hunan troops gave up the fourth and last line on November 29, and the Reds swung northward into Hunan, to begin trekking in a straight line for Szechuan, where they planned to enter the Soviet districts and combine with the Fourth Front

¹ *An Account of the Long March*, First Army Corps, Yuwang Pao, August, 1936.

Army there, under Hsu Hsiang-chien. Between the dates mentioned above, nine battles were fought. In all, a combination of 110 regiments had been mobilized in their path by Nanking and by the provincial warlords, Chen Chitang, Ho Chien and Pai Ch'ung-hsi.

During the march through Kiangsi, Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Hunan, the Reds suffered very heavy losses. Their numbers were reduced by about one-third by the time they reached the border of Kweichow province. This was due first to the impediment of a vast amount of transport, 5,000 men being engaged in that task alone. The vanguard was very much retarded, and in many cases the enemy was given time to prepare elaborate obstructions in the line of march. Secondly, from Kiangsi an undeviating northwesterly route was maintained, which enabled Nanking to anticipate most of the Red Army's movements.

Serious losses as a result of these errors caused the Reds to adopt new tactics in Kweichow. Instead of an arrow-like advance, they began a series of distracting manœuvres, so that it became more and more difficult for Nanking planes to identify the day-by-day objective of the main forces. Two columns, and sometimes as many as four columns, engaged in a baffling series of manœuvres on the flanks of the central column, and the vanguard developed a pincer-like front. Only the barest and lightest essentials of equipment were retained, and night marches for the greatly reduced transport corps—a daily target for the air bombing—became routine.

Anticipating an attempt to cross the Yangtze River into Szechuan, Chiang Kai-shek withdrew thousands of troops from Hupeh, Anhui, and Kiangsi, and shipped them hurriedly westward, to cut off (from the north) the Red Army's route of advance. All crossings were heavily fortified; all ferries were drawn to the north bank of the river; all roads were blocked; great areas were denuded of grain. Other thousands of Nanking troops poured into Kweichow to reinforce the opium-soaked provincials of Warlord Wang Chia-lich, whose army in the end was practically immobilized by the Reds. Still others were dispatched to the Yunnan border, to set up obstacles there. In Kweichow, therefore, the Reds found a re-

ception committee of a couple of hundred thousand troops, and obstructions thrown up everywhere in their path. This necessitated two great counter-marches—across the province, and a wide circular movement around the capital.

Manœuvres in Kweichow occupied the Reds for four months, during which they destroyed five enemy divisions, captured the headquarters of Governor Wang, and occupied his foreign-style palace in Tsunyi, recruited about 20,000 men, and visited most of the villages and towns of the province, calling mass meetings and organizing Communist cadres among the youth. Their losses were negligible, but they still faced the problem of crossing the Yangtze. By his swift concentration on the Kweichow-Szechuan border, Chiang Kai-shek had skilfully blocked the short, direct roads that led to the great river. He now placed his main hope of exterminating the Reds on the prevention of this crossing at any point, hoping to push them far into the south-west, or into the wastelands of Tibet. To his various commanders and the provincial warlords he telegraphed that “the fate of the nation and the party” depended on bottling up the Reds south of the Yangtze.

Suddenly, early in May, 1935, the Reds turned southward and entered Yunnan, where China's frontier meets Burma and Indo-China. A spectacular march in four days brought them within ten miles of the capital, Yunnanfu, and Warlord Lung Yun (Dragon Cloud) frantically mobilized all available troops for defence. Chiang's reinforcements meanwhile moved in from Kweichow in hot pursuit. Chiang himself and Mme Chiang, who had been staying in Yunnanfu, hastily repaired down the French railway. A big squadron of Nanking bombers kept up their daily egg-laying over the Reds, but on they came. Presently the panic ended. It was discovered that the drive on Yunnanfu had been only a distraction carried out by a few troops. The main Red forces were moving westward, obviously with the intention of crossing the river at Lengkai, one of the few navigable points of the upper Yangtze.

Through the wild mountainous country of Yunnan, the Yangtze River flows deeply and swiftly between immense gorges, great peaks in places rising in defiles of a mile or more, with steep walls of rock lifting almost perpendicularly on either side. The few

crossings had all been occupied long ago by Government troops. Chiang was well pleased. He now ordered all boats drawn to the north bank of the river to be *burned*. Then he started his own troops, and Lung Yun's, in an enveloping movement round the Red Army, hoping to finish it off for ever on the banks of this historic and treacherous stream.

Seemingly unaware of their fate, the Reds continued to march rapidly westward in three columns towards Leng kai. The boats had been burned there, and Nanking pilots reported that a Red vanguard had begun building a bamboo bridge. Chiang became more confident; this bridge-building would take weeks. But one evening, quite unobtrusively, a Red battalion suddenly reversed its direction. On a phenomenal forced march it covered eighty-five miles in one night and day, and in late afternoon descended upon the only other possible ferry-crossing in the vicinity, at Chou P'ing Fort. Dressed in captured Nanking uniforms, the battalion entered the town at dusk without arousing comment, and quietly disarmed the garrison.

Boats had been withdrawn to the north bank—but they had not been destroyed! (Why spoil boats, when the Reds were hundreds of *li* distant, and not coming there anyway? So the Government troops had reasoned.) But how to get one over to the south bank? After dark the Reds escorted the village official to the river, and forced him to call out to the guards on the opposite side that some Government troops had arrived, and wanted a boat. Unsuspectingly, one was sent across. Into it piled a detachment of these "Nanking" soldiers, who soon disembarked on the north shore—in Szechuan at last. Calmly entering the garrison quarters, they found the troops peacefully playing mah-jong, their guns resting safely on the walls. In open-mouthed amazement they stared as the Reds ordered "Hands up!" and pocketed their weapons. They did not for some time comprehend that they were prisoners of the "bandits" whom they had believed to be at least three days distant.

Meanwhile the main forces of the Red Army had executed a wide counter-march, and by noon of the next day the vanguard reached the fort. Crossing was now a simple matter. Six big boats worked constantly for nine days. The entire army was transported

into Szechuan without a life lost. Having concluded the operation, the Reds promptly destroyed the vessels and lay down to sleep. When Chiang's forces reached the river, two days later, the rear-guard of their enemy called cheerily to them from the north bank to come on over; the swimming was fine. The Government troops were obliged to make a detour of over 200 *li* to the nearest crossing, and the Reds thus shook them from their trail. Infuriated, the Generalissimo now flew to Szechuan, where he mobilized new forces in the path of the oncoming horde, hoping to cut them off at one more strategic river—the great Tatu.

III

THE HEROES OF TATU

The crossing of the Tatu River was the most critical single incident of the Long March. Had the Red Army failed there, quite possibly it would have been exterminated. The historic precedent for such a fate already existed. On the banks of the remote Tatu the heroes of the *Three Kingdoms* and many warriors since then had met defeat, and in these same gorges the last of the T'ai ping rebels, an army of 100,000 led by Prince Shih Ta-k'ai, was in the nineteenth century surrounded and completely destroyed by the Manchu forces under the famous Tseng Kuo-fan. To Warlords Liu Hsiang and Liu Wen-hui, his allies in Szechuan, and to his own generals in command of the Government pursuit, Generalissimo Chiang now wired an exhortation to repeat the history of the T'ai pings. Here, inevitably, the Reds would perish.

But the Reds also knew about Shih Ta-k'ai, and that the main cause of his defeat had been a costly delay. Arriving at the banks of the Tatu, Prince Shih had paused for three days to honour the birth of his son—an imperial prince. Those days of rest had given his enemy the chance to concentrate against him, and to make the swift marches in his rear that blocked his line of retreat. Realizing his mistake too late, Prince Shih had tried to break the enemy encirclement, but it was impossible to manœuvre in the narrow terrain of the defiles, and he was erased from the map.

The Reds determined not to repeat his error. Moving rapidly northward from the Gold Sand River (as the Yangtze there is known) into Szechuan, they soon entered the tribal country of warlike aborigines, the White and Black Lolos of Independent Lololand. Never conquered, never absorbed by the Chinese who dwell all round them, the turbulent Lolos have for centuries occupied that densely forested and mountainous spur of Szechuan whose borders are marked by the great southward arc described by the Yangtze just east of Tibet. Chiang Kai-shek confidently counted on a long delay and weakening of the Reds here which would enable him to concentrate north of the Tatu. Lolo hatred of the Chinese is traditional, and rarely has any Chinese army crossed their borders without heavy losses or extermination.

But the Reds had a method. They had already safely passed through the tribal districts of the Miao and the Shan peoples, aborigines of Kweichow and Yunnan, and had won their friendship and even enlisted some tribesmen in their army. Now they sent envoys ahead to parley with the Lolos. *En route*, they captured several towns on the borders of Independent Lololand, where they found a number of Lolo chieftains who had been imprisoned as hostages by the Chinese militarists. Freed and sent back to their people, these men naturally praised the Reds.

In the vanguard of the Red Army was Commander Liu Pei-ch'eng, who had once been an officer in a warlord army of Szechuan. Liu knew the tribal people, and their inner feuds and discontent. Especially he knew their hatred of Chinese, and he could speak something of the Lolo tongue. Assigned the task of negotiating a friendly alliance, he entered their territory and went into conference with the chieftains. The Lolos, he said, opposed Warlords Liu Hsiang and Liu Wen-hui and the Kuomintang; so did the Reds. The Lolos wanted to preserve their independence; Red policies favoured autonomy for all the national minorities of China. The Lolos hated the Chinese because they had been oppressed by them; but there were "White Chinese" and "Red Chinese," just as there were White Lolos and Black Lolos, and it was the White Chinese who had always slain and oppressed the Lolos. Should not the Red Chinese and the Black Lolos unite

against their common enemies, the White Chinese? The Lolos listened interestedly. Slyly they asked for arms and bullets to guard their independence and help Red Chinese fight the Whites. To their astonishment, the Reds gave them both.

And so it happened that not only a speedy but a safe and pleasant passage was accomplished. Hundreds of Lolos enlisted with the "Red Chinese" to march to the Tatu River and fight the common enemy. Some of those Lolos were to trek clear to the Northwest. Liu Pei-ch'eng drank the blood of a newly killed chicken before the high chieftain of the Lolos, who drank also, and they swore blood brotherhood in the tribal manner. By this vow the Reds declared that whosoever should violate the terms of their alliance would be even as weak and cowardly as the fowl that they had killed.

Thus a vanguard division of the First Army Corps, led by Lin Piao, reached the Tatu Ho. On the last day of the march they emerged from the forests of Lololand (in the thick foliage of which Nanking pilots had completely lost track of them), to descend suddenly on the river town of An Jen Ch'ang—just as unheralded as they had come into Chou P'ing Fort. Guided over narrow mountain trails by the Lolos, the vanguard crept quietly up to the little town, and from the heights looked down to the river-bank, and saw with amazement and delight one of the three ferry-boats made fast on the *south* bank of the river! Once more an act of fate had befriended them.

How did it happen? Now, on the opposite shore, there was only one regiment of the troops of General Liu Wen-hui, the co-dictator of Szechuan province. Other Szechuan troops, as well as reinforcements from Nanking, were leisurely proceeding towards the Tatu, but the single regiment meanwhile was enough. A squad should have been ample, indeed, with all boats moored to the north. But the commander of that regiment was a native of the district; he knew the country the Reds must pass through, and how long it would take them to penetrate to the river. They would be many days yet, he told his men. And his wife, you see, had been a native of An Jen Ch'ang, so he must cross to the south bank to visit his relatives and his friends and to feast with them.

Thus it happened that the Reds, taking the town by surprise, captured the commander, his boat, and secured their passage to the north.

Sixteen men from each of five companies volunteered to cross in the first boat and bring back the others, while on the south bank the Reds set up machine-guns on the mountain-sides and over the river spread a screen of protective fire concentrated on the enemy's exposed positions. It was May. Floods poured down the mountains, and the river was swift and even wider than the Yangtze. Starting far upstream, the ferry took two hours to cross and land just opposite the town. From the south bank the villagers of An Jen Ch'ang watched breathlessly. They would be wiped out! But wait. They saw the voyagers land almost beneath the guns of the enemy. Now, surely, they would be finished. And yet . . . From the south bank the Red machine-guns barked on. The onlookers saw the little party climb ashore, hurriedly take cover, then slowly work their way up a steep cliff overhanging the enemy's positions. There they set up their own light machine-guns, and sent a down-pour of lead and hand grenades into the enemy redoubts along the river.

Suddenly the White troops ceased firing, broke from their redoubts, and fled to a second and then a third line of defence. A great murmur went up from the south bank, and shouts of "*Hao!*" drifted across the river to the little band who had captured the ferry landing. Meanwhile the first boat returned, towing two others, and on the second trip each carried eighty men. The enemy had entirely fled. That day and night, and the next, and the next, those three ferries of An Jen Ch'ang worked back and forth, until at last nearly a division had been transferred to the northern bank.

But the river flowed faster and faster. The crossing became more and more difficult. On the third day it took four hours to shift a boatload of men from shore to shore! At this rate it would be weeks before the whole army and its animals and supplies could be moved. Long before the operation was completed they would be encircled. The First Army Corps had now crowded into An Jen Ch'ang, and behind were the flanking columns, and the transport and rear-guard. Chiang Kai-shek's aeroplanes had found the

spot, and heavily bombarded it. Enemy troops were racing up from the south-east; others approached from the north. A hurried military conference was summoned by Lin Piao. Chu Teh, Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and Peng Teh-huai had by now reached the river. They took a decision, and began to carry it out at once.

Some 400 *li* to the west of An Jen Ch'ang, where the gorges rise very high and the river flows narrow, deep, and swift, there is a famous iron-chain suspension bridge called the Liu Ting Chiao—the Bridge Fixed by Liu. It is the last possible crossing of the Tatu east of Tibet. Towards this the barefoot Reds now set out along a trail that wound through the gorges, at times climbing several thousand feet, again dropping low to the level of the swollen stream itself, and wallowing through waist-deep mud. If they captured the Liu Ting Chiao the whole army could enter central Szechuan. And if they failed? If they failed they would have to re-trace their steps through Lololand, re-enter Yunnan, and fight their way westward towards Likiang, on the Tibetan border—a detour of more than a thousand *li*, which few might hope to survive.

As their main forces pushed westward along the southern bank, the Red division already on the northern bank moved also. Sometimes the gorges between them closed so narrowly that the two lines of Reds could shout to each other across the stream; sometimes that gulf between them measured their fear that the Tatu might separate them for ever, and they stepped more swiftly. As they wound in long dragon files along the cliffs at night their 10,000 torches sent arrows of light slanting down the dark, inscrutable face of the imprisoning river. Day and night these vanguards moved at double-quick, pausing only for brief ten-minute rests and meals, when the soldiers listened to lectures by their weary political workers, who over and over again explained the importance of this one action, exhorting each to give his last breath, his last urgent strength, for victory in the test ahead of them. There could be no slackening of pace, no half-heartedness, no fatigue. Victory was life; defeat, certain death.

On the second day the vanguard on the right bank fell behind. Szechuan troops had set up positions in the road, and skirmishes

took place. Those on the southern bank pressed on more grimly. Presently new troops appeared on the opposite bank, and through their field-glasses the Reds saw that they were White reinforcements, hurrying to the Bridge Fixed by Liu! For a whole day these troops raced each other along the stream, but gradually the Red vanguard, the pick of all the Red Army, pulled away from the enemy's tired soldiers, whose rests were longer and more frequent, whose energy seemed more spent, and who after all were none too anxious to die over a bridge.

The Bridge Fixed by Liu was built centuries ago, and in the manner of all bridges of the deep rivers of Western China. Sixteen heavy iron chains, with a span of some 100 yards or more, were stretched across the river, their ends imbedded on each side under great piles of cemented rock, beneath the stone bridgeheads. Thick boards lashed over the chains made the road of the bridge, but upon their arrival the Reds found that half this wooden flooring had been removed, and before them only the bare iron chains swung to a point midway in the stream. At the northern bridgehead an enemy machine-gun nest faced them, and behind it were positions held by a regiment of White troops. Now that bridge should, of course, have been destroyed. But the Szechuanese are sentimental about their few bridges; it is not easy to rebuild them, and they are costly. Of Liu Ting it was said that "the wealth of the eighteen provinces contributed to build it." And, anyway, who should have thought the Reds would insanely try to cross on the chains alone? But that is just what they did.

No time was to be lost. The bridge must be captured before enemy reinforcements arrived. Once more volunteers were called for. One by one Red soldiers stepped forward to risk their lives, and, of those who offered themselves, thirty were chosen. Hand grenades and Mausers were strapped to their backs, and soon they were swinging out above the boiling river, moving hand over hand, clinging to the iron chains. Red machine-guns barked at the enemy redoubts and spattered the bridgehead with bullets. The enemy replied with machine-gunning of its own, and snipers shot at the Reds tossing high above the water, working slowly towards them. The first warrior was hit, and dropped into the current be-

low; a second fell, and then a third. But, as they drew nearer the chains, the bridge flooring somewhat protected these dare-to-dies, and most of the enemy bullets glanced off, or ended in the cliffs on the opposite bank.

Never before had the Szechuanese seen Chinese fighters like these—men for whom soldiering was not just a rice-bowl, but youths ready to commit suicide to win! Were they human beings or madmen or gods? wondered the superstitious Szechuanese. Their own morale was affected; perhaps they did not shoot to kill; perhaps some of them secretly prayed that they would succeed in their attempt! At last one Red crawled up over the bridge flooring, uncapped a grenade, and tossed it with perfect aim into the enemy redoubt. Desperate, the officers ordered the rest of the planking to be torn up. It was already too late. More Reds were crawling into sight. Paraffin was thrown on the planking, and it began to burn. By then about twenty Reds were moving forward on their hands and knees, tossing grenade after grenade into the enemy machine-gun nest.

Suddenly, on the southern shore, their comrades began to scream with joy. "Long live the Red Army! Long live the Revolution! Long live the thirty heroes of Tatu Ho!" For the Whites were withdrawing, were in pell-mell flight! Running full speed over the remaining planks of the bridge, right through the flames licking towards them, the assailants nimbly hopped into the enemy's redoubt and turned the abandoned machine-gun against the shore.

More Reds now swarmed over the chains, and arrived to help put out the fire and replace the boards. And soon afterwards the Red division that had crossed at An Jen Ch'ang came into sight, opening a flank attack on the remaining enemy positions, so that in a little while the White troops were wholly in flight—either in flight, that is, or with the Reds, for about a hundred Szechuan soldiers here threw down their rifles and turned to join their pursuers. In an hour or two the whole army was joyously tramping and singing its way across the River Tatu into Szechuan. Far overhead angrily and impotently roared the planes of Chiang Kai-shek, and the Reds cried out in delirious challenge to them. As the

Communist troops poured over the river, these planes tried to hit the bridge, but their torpedoes only made pretty splashes in the river.

For their distinguished bravery the heroes of An Jen Ch'ang and Liu Ting Chiao were awarded the Gold Star, highest decoration in the Red Army of China. Later on I was to meet some of them in Ninghsia, and to be amazed at their youth, for they were all under twenty-five.

IV

ACROSS THE GREAT GRASSLANDS

Safely across the Tatu, the Reds struck off into the comparative freedom of western Szechuan, where the blockhouse system had not been completed, and where the initiative rested largely in their own hands. But hardships between battles were not over. Another 2,000 miles of marching, studded by seven great mountain ranges, still lay ahead of them.

North of the Tatu River the Reds climbed 16,000 feet over the Great Snowy Mountain, and in the rarefied air of its crest looked to the west and saw a sea of snow peaks—Tibet. It was already June, and in the lowlands very warm, but as they crossed the Ta Hsueh Shan many of those poorly clad, thin-blooded southerners, unused to the high altitudes, perished from exposure. Harder yet to ascend was the desolate Paotung Kang Mountain, up which they literally built their own road, felling long bamboos and laying them down for a track through a tortuous treacle of waist-deep mud. "On this peak," Mao Tse-tung told me, "one army corps lost two-thirds of its transport animals. Hundreds fell down and never got up."

They climbed on. The Chung Lai range next, and more lost men and animals. Then they straddled the lovely Dream Pen Mountain, and after it the Big Drum, and these also took their toll of life. Finally, on July 20, 1935, they entered the rich Mou Kung area, in north-west Szechuan, and connected with the Fourth Front Army and the Soviet regions of the Sungpan. Here

at last they paused for a long rest, took assessment of their losses, and re-formed their ranks.

The First, Third, Fifth, Eighth, and Ninth Army Corps, that had begun the journey in Kiangsi nine months earlier with about 90,000 armed men, could now muster beneath their hammer-and-sickle banners but 45,000. Not all had been lost, strayed or captured. Behind the line of march in Hunan, Kweichow, and Yunnan the Red Army had, as part of its tactics of defence, left small cadres of regular troops to organize partisan groups among the peasantry, and create disturbances and diversionist activity on the enemy's flanks. Hundreds of captured rifles had been distributed along the route, and stretching clear from Kiangsi to Szechuan were new zones of trouble for Nanking. Ho Lung still held his little Soviet area in northern Hunan, and had been joined there by the army of Hsiao K'eh. The numerous newly-created partisan detachments began working slowly towards that region. Nanking was not to dislodge Ho Lung for a whole year, and then only after he had been ordered by Red Army headquarters to move into Szechuan, an operation which he would complete—via Tibet!—against amazing obstacles.

The journey of the Kiangsi Reds thus far had provided them with much food for reflection. They had won many new friends—and made many bitter enemies. Along their route they had provisioned themselves by "confiscating" the supplies of the rich—the landlords, officials, bureaucrats, and big gentry. The poor they had protected. Seizures were systematically carried out according to Soviet laws, and only the confiscation department of the finance commission was empowered to distribute the goods that were taken. It husbanded the army's resources, was informed by radio of all confiscations made, and assigned quantities of provisions for each section of the marchers, who often made a solid serpentine of fifty miles or more curling over the hills.

There were big "surpluses"—more than the Reds could carry—and these were distributed among the local poor. In Yunnan the Reds seized thousands of hams from rich packers there, and peasants came from miles round to receive their free portions—a new incident in the history of the ham industry. Tons of salt were

likewise distributed. In Kweichow many duck farms were seized from the landlords and officials, and the Reds ate duck until, in the words of one of them, they were "simply disgusted with duck." From Kiangsi they had carried big quantities of Nanking notes, and silver dollars and bullion from their State bank, and in poor districts in their path they used this money to pay for their needs. Land deeds were destroyed, taxes abolished, and the poor peasantry armed.

Except for their experience in western Szechuan, the Reds told me they were welcomed everywhere by the mass of the peasantry. Their fame spread ahead of them, and often the oppressed peasantry sent groups to urge them to detour and "liberate" their districts. They had little conception of the Red Army's political programme, of course; they only knew that it was "a poor man's army." That was enough. Mao Tse-tung told me laughingly of one such delegation which arrived to welcome "Su Wei-ai Hsien-shêng"—Mr. Soviet! ¹ These rustics were no more ignorant, however, than the Fukien militarist, Lu Hsing-pong, who once posted a notice throughout his fiefdom offering a reward for the "capture, dead or alive, of Su Wei-ai." Lu announced that this fellow had been doing a lot of damage everywhere, and must be exterminated!

In Maoerkhai and Mokung the southern armies rested for three weeks, while the revolutionary military council, and representatives of the Party and the Soviet Government, discussed plans for the future. It may be recalled that the Fourth Front Red Army, which had made its base in Szechuan as early as 1933, had originally been formed in the Honan-Hupei-Anhui Soviet districts. Its march across Honan to Szechuan had been led by Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien and Chang Kuo-t'ao, two veteran Reds, of whom something more shall be said later on. Remarkable successes—and tragic excesses—had marked their campaigns in Szechuan, the whole northern half of which had once been under their sway. At the time of its junction in Mou Kung with the southern Bolsheviks,

¹ *Su*, the first Chinese character used in transliterating the word "Soviet," is a common family name, and *wei-ai*, when suffixed to it, might easily seem like a given name.

Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien's army numbered about fifty thousand men, so that the combined Red force concentrated in western Szechuan in July, 1935, was nearly 100,000.

Here the two armies divided, part of the southerners continuing northward while the rest remained with the Fourth Front Army in Szechuan. There was disagreement about the correct course to pursue. Chang Kuo-t'ao and Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien favoured remaining in Szechuan and attempting to reassert Communist influence south of the Yangtze. Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and the majority of the Cheka were determined to continue into the North-west. The period of indecision was ended by two factors. First was the rapid completion of an enveloping movement by Chiang Kai-shek's troops, moving into Szechuan from the East and from the North, which succeeded in driving a wedge between two sections of the Red Army. Second was the rapid rise of one of the hurried rivers of Szechuan, which then physically divided the forces, and which suddenly became impassable. There were other factors of intra-Party struggle involved which here need not be discussed.

In August, with the First Army Corps as vanguard, the main forces from Kiangsi continued the northward march, leaving Chu Teh in command in Szechuan, with Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien and Chang Kuo-t'ao. The Fourth Front Army was to remain there and in Tibet for another year, and be joined by Ho Lung's Second Front Army, before making a sensational march into Kansu, which I shall describe farther on. At the head of the Red cavalcade that in August, 1935, moved towards the Great Grasslands, on the border of Szechuan and Tibet, were Commanders Lin Piao, P'eng Teh-huai, Tso Chuan, Ch'en Keng, Chou En-lai, and Mao Tse-tung, most of the officials from the Kiangsi Central Government, and a majority of the members of the Central Committee of the Party. They began this last phase of the march with about 30,000 men.

The most dangerous and exciting travel lay before them, for the route they chose led through wild country inhabited by the independent Mantzu tribesmen, and the nomadic Hsifan, a warring people of eastern Tibet. Passing into the Mantzu and Tibetan territories, the Reds for the first time faced a populace united in its hostility to them, and their sufferings on this part of the trek ex-

ceeded anything of the past. They had money, but could buy no food. They had guns, but their enemies were invisible. As they marched into the thick forests and jungles and across the headwaters of a dozen great rivers, the tribesmen withdrew from the vicinity of the march. They stripped their houses bare, carried off all edibles, drove their cattle and fowl to the plateaus, and simply disinhabited the whole area.

A few hundred yards on either side of the road, however, it was quite unsafe. Many a Red who ventured to forage for a sheep never returned. The mountaineers hid in the thick bush and sniped at the marching "invaders." They climbed the mountains, and when the Reds filed through the deep, narrow, rock passes, where sometimes only one or two could pass abreast, the Mantzu rolled huge boulders down to crush them and their animals. Here were no chances to explain "Red policy towards national minorities," no opportunities for friendly alliance! The Mantzu Queen had an implacable traditional hatred for Chinese of any variety, and recognized no distinctions between Red and White. She threatened to boil alive any one who helped the travellers.

Unable to get food except by capturing it, the Reds were obliged to make war for a few cattle. They had a saying then that "to buy one sheep costs the life of one man." But from the Mantzu fields they harvested green Tibetan wheat, and vegetables such as beets and turnips—the latter of an enormous size that would "feed fifteen men," according to Mao Tse-tung. On such meagre supplies they equipped themselves to cross the Great Grasslands. "This is our only foreign debt," Mao said to me humorously, "and some day we must pay the Mantzu and the Tibetans for the provisions we were obliged to take from them." Only by capturing tribesmen could they find guides through the country. But of these guides they made friends, and after the Mantzu frontier was crossed they continued the journey. Some of them are now students in the Communist Party School in Shensi, and will one day return to their land to tell the people the difference between "Red Chinese" and White.

In the Grasslands there was no human habitation for ten days. Almost perpetual rain falls over this swampland, and it is possible

to cross its centre only by a maze of narrow footholds known to the native mountaineers who led the Reds. More animals were lost, and more men. Many foundered in the weird sea of wet grass, and dropped from sight into the depth of the swamp, beyond reach of their comrades. There was no firewood; they were obliged to eat their green wheat and vegetables raw. There were even no trees for shelter, and the lightly equipped Reds carried no tents. At night they huddled under bushes tied together, which gave but scant protection against the rain. But from this trial, too, they emerged triumphant—more so, at least, than the White troops, who pursued them, lost their way, and turned back, with only a fraction of their number intact.

The Red Army now reached the Kansu border. Several battles still lay ahead, the loss of any one of which might have meant decisive defeat. More Nanking, Tungpei, and Moslem troops had been mobilized in southern Kansu to stop their march, but they managed to break through all these blockades, and in the process annexed hundreds of horses from the Moslem cavalry which people had confidently predicted would finish them once and for all. Footsore, weary, and at the limit of human endurance, they finally entered northern Shensi, just below the Great Wall, and on October 20, 1935, a year after its departure from Kiangsi, the vanguard of the First Front Army connected with the 25th, 26th, and 27th Red Armies, which had already established a small base of Soviet power in Shensi in 1933. Numbering less than 20,000 survivors now, they sat down to realize the significance of their achievement.

The statistical recapitulation of the Long March is impressive. It shows that there was an average of almost a skirmish a day, somewhere on the line, while altogether fifteen whole days were devoted to major pitched battles. Out of a total of 368 days *en route*, 235 were consumed in marches by day, and 18 in marches by night. Of the 100 days of halts—many of which were devoted to skirmishes—56 days were spent in north-western Szechuan, leaving only 44 days of rest over a distance of about 5,000 miles, or an average of one halt for every 114 miles of marching. The mean daily stage covered was 71 *li*, or nearly 24 miles—a phenomenal

pace for a great army and its transport to *average* over some of the most hazardous terrain on earth.

Altogether the Reds crossed 18 mountain ranges, five of which were perennially snow-capped, and they crossed 24 rivers. They passed through 12 different provinces, occupied 62 cities, and broke through enveloping armies of 10 different provincial warlords, besides defeating, eluding, or outmanœuvring the various forces of Central Government troops sent against them. They entered and successfully crossed six different aboriginal districts, and penetrated areas through which no Chinese army had gone for scores of years.

However one may feel about the Reds and what they represent politically (and here is plenty of room for argument!), it is impossible to deny recognition of their Long March—the Ch'ang Cheng, as they call it—as one of the great exploits of military history. In Asia only the Mongols have surpassed it, and in the last three centuries there has been no similar armed *migration of a nation* with the exception, perhaps, of the amazing Flight of the Torgut, of which Sven Hedin tells in his *Jehol, City of Emperors*. Hannibal's march over the Alps looks like a holiday excursion beside it. A more interesting comparison is Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, when the Grand Army was utterly broken and demoralized.

While the Red Army's March to the North-west was unquestionably a strategic retreat, it can hardly be called a rout, for the Reds finally reached their objective with their nucleus still intact, and their morale and political will evidently as strong as ever. The Reds themselves declared, and apparently believed, that they were advancing towards the anti-Japanese front, and this was a psychological factor of great importance. It helped them turn what might have been a demoralized retreat into a spirited march of victory. History has subsequently shown that they were right in emphasizing what was undoubtedly the second fundamental reason for their migration: an advance to the strategic North-west, a region which they correctly foresaw was to play a determining rôle in the immediate destinies of China, Japan, and Soviet Russia. This skilful propagandive manœuvre must be noted as a piece of

brilliant political strategy. It was to a large extent responsible for the successful conclusion of the heroic trek.

In one sense this mass migration was the biggest armed propaganda tour in history. The Reds passed through provinces populated by more than 200,000,000 people. Between battles and skirmishes, in every town occupied, they called great mass meetings, gave theatrical performances, heavily "taxed" the rich, freed many slaves (some of whom joined the Red Army), preached "liberty, equality, democracy," confiscated the property of the "traitors" (officials, big landlords, and tax-collectors) and distributed their goods among the poor. Millions of peasants have now seen the Red Army and heard it speak, and are no longer afraid of it. The Reds explained the aims of agrarian revolution and their anti-Japanese policy. They armed thousands of peasants, and left cadres behind to train the Red partisans, who have kept Nanking's troops busy ever since. Many thousands dropped out on the long and heart-breaking march, but thousands of others—farmers, apprentices, slaves, deserters from the Kuomintang ranks, workers, all the disinherited—joined in and filled the ranks.

Some day some one will write the full epic of this exciting expedition. Meanwhile I must get on with my story, for we have now brought the Reds together in the North-west. As epilogue, I offer a free translation of a classical poem about this 6,000-mile excursion, done by Chairman Mao Tse-tung—a rebel who can write verse as well as lead a crusade:

*The Red Army, never fearing the challenging Long March,
Looked lightly on the many peaks and rivers.
Wu Liang's Range rose, lowered, rippled,
And green-tiered were the rounded steps of Wu Meng.
Warm-beating the Gold-Sand River's waves against the rocks,
And cold the iron-chain spans of Tatu's bridge.
A thousand joyous li of freshening snow on Min Shan,
And then, the last pass vanquished. Three Armies smiled!*

MADEIRA-MAMORE

Construction-work is justly celebrated as the romantic and more-obviously adventurous side of engineering. And as an erstwhile construction-engineer I can testify that it's fun.

But not always. Wherever construction men gather in South America, to spin yarns and do their placer-mining around the beer table, two great jobs almost always are rehashed. The Panama Canal is dug over again and the Madeira-Mamore Railway is rebuilt from start to finish. And the latter commands the greatest attention because of the almost insurmountable difficulties it presented, and because of its large toll in human life.

But what they mostly talk about today is the final and successful effort to build the road. In the last half century, American drive, American enterprise and method have become famous all over the world. It wasn't always so. We bought our knowledge and experience at a high price in money and men. And not the smallest item in that total price is the tragic and harrowing story of the first large construction job that we Americans ever attempted on foreign soil.

OUR FIRST FOREIGN CONSTRUCTION JOB

By EARL P. HANSON

THEY poured millions of dollars and thousands of lives into the blackest heart of the Brazilian jungles, in the attempt to build the Madeira-Mamore Railroad. Three times in fifty years they tried it; twice they were beaten back leaving behind them dead men and shattered hopes; the third time they were successful. Then economic conditions changed and there was no longer any real need for the road. Only now may it yet come into its own as the railroad that was to open an empire.

The first American effort to build it was also our first large construction job in any foreign country. In the history of modern engineering there is nothing more harrowing or heroic than the story of that attempt. The contractors went bankrupt after spending \$800,000 to build two and a quarter out of a needed hundred and eighty miles of road; a thousand men paid for the attempt with a year of suffering, privation, and death; *twenty-five percent* of them were drowned, killed by Indians, eaten by jungle beasts, killed by malaria after first going mad from the privations endured. In the Spanish-American War the American death rate, from all causes, was less than one percent.

The project that started with flags waving and bands playing, with all the papers screaming with joy over a great opportunity to show the world what Yankee engineers and Yankee enterprise could do, ended less than a year later in sorrow and suffering and scandalous vituperation. Only now, with the railroad finally completed—also by Americans—after sixty years of added experience in South America's interior, is it possible to evaluate the heroic achievements of those first pioneers who threw themselves into the jungle against insurmountable obstacles and accomplished miracles of endurance and results. Only now, with South America again becoming increasingly important, does it seem faintly possible that the railroad may yet serve its original purpose.

Straddling the Andes, Bolivia needed, as she still does, an outlet to the sea. She had lost her ports on the Pacific through her war with Chile; her empire on the Eastern slopes of the Andes, staggeringly wealthy and as large as New England, was effectively bottled up by the nineteen falls and rapids on the river that is called the Madeira below its confluence with the Beni, and the Mamore above it. With a railroad on Brazilian soil around those hundred and eighty miles of turbulent waters, Eastern Bolivia might ship her products down the 1700 miles of the Madeira and Amazon Rivers to the Atlantic Coast; with adequate transportation the jungle-empire might boom.

The project stirred world-wide interest in those post-civil-war days of industrial and commercial expansion. An American, Col. George Earl Church, held concessions for transportation in the Bolivian *Oriente*, the key part of which called for the construction of the Madeira-Mamore Railroad. The United States was officially interested; President Grant sent a Naval expedition to map the Amazon and Madeira Rivers and survey them as outlets for the fast-growing Yankee trade. Too many others were also interested.

Funds for construction lay in the Bank of England and wave after wave of Bolivian politicians tried to tie them up so they could have the spending. English bondholders and an English company that had once made a futile attempt to build the road, also worked ceaselessly in the English courts to lay their hands on the money.

For that consuming interest and consequent wrangling across

twenty-thousand miles of slow communications, 221 men paid with their lives and seven hundred with a year of horrible privations. Counting on the money, P. & T. Collins of Philadelphia sent a thousand workers into the world's worst jungle. Failing to get it, they had to leave their men virtually stranded, to die or to make their way out as well as they could.

The epic story has been documented. "Recollections of an Ill-Fated Expedition", written in 1907 by an engineer named Neville Craig, out of print and all but forgotten today, is one of the truly great books to come out of the wild South American interior. It is also an important historical record of early Yankee expansion, impinging on, and defeated, by a hostile nature.

II

On January 2, 1878, the steamer *Mercedita* left Philadelphia for the Brazilian port of Para, thence to proceed the 1700 miles up the Amazon and Madeira Rivers. Her departure was cause for general rejoicing on the part of the assembled spectators and all the newspapers. Commenting on it, as a turning point in our national life, the New York *Herald* said: "—it is the first time in the history of this country that an expedition has been sent from the United States, equipped with American money, materials and brains, for the execution of a great public work in a foreign country."

The little *Mercedita*, 856 tons, carried two hundred and twenty passengers—engineers, three doctors, carpenters, axemen, foremen, storekeepers, timekeepers, clerks. Like the vanguard of every construction-job most of the men were tried and loyal employees of the company. With them on the eight-hundred-ton steamer were five hundred tons of railroad iron, three hundred and fifty tons of coal, and two hundred tons of "instruments, tools, general merchandise, and provisions." It turned out later that the provisions, composed of salt pork, dried beans, and molasses, were fatally inadequate for men in a tropical jungle where fresh foods were all but unobtainable; they were packed in cases too large for transport on turbulent rivers and through the matted forest. It was known that there wasn't enough food to last very long, but the

contractors chartered other ships that were to arrive on the Madeira in quick succession.

After a crowded uncomfortable voyage of seven weeks, the *Mercedita* discharged her passengers and cargo at San Antonio, a miserable, romantic collection of dirty huts on the Madeira River that was to be rebuilt as the railroad's northern terminus. At one time San Antonio had been a Jesuit mission, at another a military garrison. Priests and soldiers alike had been routed by fevers; the pious remaining inhabitants boasted that the devil himself had left his boots behind in his hurry to leave their village. The vine-matted jungle, riotously green on top, rotting and stinking near the ground, through which the engineers were to run their lines and axemen to cut the right-of-way, encroached on the village from the three land sides. Here the two hundred men were to start working without delay—they arrived six days before the contracted date for beginning construction—while gambling their lives on the immediate arrival of further supplies.

The contractors sent two schooners south from Philadelphia with stores, and dispatched the steamer *Metropolis* with 215 workers and engineers, machinery, railroad iron, and some supplies. The schooners arrived at Para in their leisurely fashion, couldn't ascend the rivers under their own sail, could find no local help for proceeding to San Antonio, and were effectively stuck. The *Metropolis* was wrecked off the coast of Virginia two days after leaving Philadelphia.

Her loss was one of the major disasters in America's maritime history. Eighty passengers were drowned and the entire cargo was lost. The resulting stink reached across the United States and to high heaven, and started several ponderous investigations that did nothing to help the men on the Madeira.

P. & T. Collins bought two little harbor-tugs, the *Juno* and the *Brazil*, and rushed them south under their own steam to pick up the schooners at Para. Their passage down the Atlantic was a maritime epic. They were overloaded with coal, supplies, and thirty men; the chandlers had done a hurried and criminally sloppy job of fitting them out; their decks were constantly awash and leaked salt-water into the fresh-water tanks below; out of water, forced

to shovel coal on whiskey and beer, their stokers went berserk and threatened mutiny and murder. But eventually, near the end of June, the *Juno* arrived at San Antonio with the schooner *D. M. Anthony* in tow, to find sickness everywhere prevalent among the men in the village and on the river above, no medicines, not even quinine, for the sick, provisions practically exhausted, deaths of almost daily occurrence, and the doctors so bewildered by new problems and inadequate supplies that they were practically worthless and were shunned by all the sick.

In the meantime the contractors had sent another shipload of men to the Madeira. The *City of Richmond* had sailed from Philadelphia on February 14 with forty white collar workers and over four hundred laborers. The latter weren't much good. The loss of the *Metropolis* had given the project a black eye and had made it difficult to obtain experienced men. Most of the passengers on the *City of Richmond* were illiterate, bewildered Italian immigrants, hurriedly picked up in Philadelphia's slums and hired at low wages to pit themselves against the worst jungles in the world.

Things began to happen on the Madeira after they arrived.

III

In San Antonio the Italians found the work well begun but already starting to falter. The sawmill left behind by the English had been reconditioned and was cutting lumber; bunkhouses and offices were being built, but morale was sinking. There was almost no money, wages were paid in book-keeping and promises to the men who had expected to send money home to their families. There was almost no food; breakfasts consisted of cornbread and sugarless coffee, lunches of moldy sea-biscuits and water. Men were succumbing in droves to the slow and fearsome debilitation of malnutrition, to demoralization and malaria. Lacking quinine the doctors were trying unsuccessfully to fool them with pills made of sugar-coated flour.

The Italians worked a few days, discovered that the men who had preceded them to the river were being paid more than they, gave in to the disillusionment that inevitably follows the expecta

tion of a great, adventurous opportunity, and promptly went on strike.

San Antonio was an unhappy place for a strike. There were no judges, lawyers, arbitrators, or police; there was virtually no food, except what little the company had in its warehouses; there was no way of getting out except down the river, where the contractors controlled all the shipping.

The Italians were driven back to work with pick-handles and rifles—doctors, engineers, and clerks having been mustered as guards for the company. They worked a few days, collected arms surreptitiously, raided a small store of food, and then went on strike again. Company-men, armed to the teeth, patrolled their camp in groups of four. Finally the unfortunate “dagoes” were starved into resuming work.

A few of their ringleaders were arrested. They were chucked into an escape-proof cage that had been built for them of steel rails, and were eventually sent to the Brazilian authorities in Manaos. With nobody there to prefer charges against them, they were sent back to the United States, where their stories of suffering and inhuman treatment did much to throw the whole project in disrepute.

Talk of piracy began to be heard everywhere among the starving men on the river. Italian, Irish, American workers were buzzing with the rumor that a group of them would swarm the next steamer that came up, take over, and run her to Para or even New York. Nothing came of the talk, but seventy-five Italians walked off to make their way overland to Bolivia.

They deserted at night. With no food, no arms, without map or compass those seventy-five desperate and bewildered men from the hills of Italy and the slums of Philadelphia plunged into the dense, unexplored jungle. Nobody ever saw them again or heard what happened to them. Starvation killed them, the fevers, the insects, the crocodiles or those terrible little man-eating fish called *Piranhas*. Perhaps the Parintintin savages killed them. Nobody knows. The jungle swallowed them without a trace as a lesson to the others that it was safest to stay on the job.

So the work began—in turmoil and fear. Things began to im-

prove only after the staggering problem of liaison and transportation was at least partially solved with the advent of a steady stream of supply-ships and lighters, towed from Para by the two famous tugs. More men arrived from the United States. Quinine, food, materials, were at last plentiful and the work could be pushed. The laborers began to cut a hundred-foot right of way and to lay tracks into the jungle; engineers plunged into the forest and up and down the turbulent river, spending many weeks at a time in the bush, staggering back to request replacements for the sick and dying in their parties.

Strenuous work and the inspiring sight of tangible results at least served to improve morale. While the contractors were embarrassed financially and couldn't pay wages, it was well-known that almost four million dollars lay in the Bank of England for them, and that only a few legal formalities had to be tended to before the money was available.

The difficulties of maintaining health came to be accepted as one of the realities of a bad but heroic situation. At one time or another every single man on the job came down with fevers and chills; at times as many as twenty-five or thirty percent were laid up at once. But they worked until they dropped, in part because the hospital was a dark and crowded house of horrors, in part because they had no faith in the doctors who had once tried to fool them with flour-pills. The sight of men being carried in stretchers became so commonplace that nobody bothered any longer to inquire if they were dead or merely being moved in preparation for death. The cemetery grew by leaps and bounds. With the callousness of those who face death as a daily routine, the men came to refer to it as "the banana-patch".

If food, as such, was abundant, the almost total lack of *fresh* foods was a serious problem. Malnutrition ruined resistance to disease.

Hunting and fishing parties were constantly sent out. They discovered what every traveler in Amazonia has discovered to his surprise before and since, that game is scarce there and that a man is much more apt to return from a hunting-trip with a dose of malaria than with the fresh meat that may help him to maintain

the strength to combat it. The few fish, monkeys, and parrots that were obtained went to the tables of the officials and did nothing to help the workers.

Mr. Thomas Collins, in charge of operations, had the Amazon Basin scoured for a herd of Durham and Jersey cows, to wander around the camp as a self-replenishing source of fresh meat and milk. They promptly strayed into the jungles and were never seen again. The company offered five dollars to anybody who shot a cow and brought in the meat. Nobody ever collected the bounty.

IV

Taking their parties, tents, provisions, and instruments into the bush, the engineers cut and surveyed a total of 320 miles of lines through the forest, and made an actual projected location of 67 miles, from San Antonio to the rapids that had the grotesque name of "Hell's Boiler-Room". In the United States, in the swashbuckling, trans-prairie railroad-work on which they had all been trained, that record would have been disgraceful; in the Brazilian jungles it was miraculous.

Unable to see, in unmapped, unexplored territory, the engineers had no inkling of hills or ravines ahead until they saw their axemen either climbing up among the treetops or suddenly sinking out of sight. They had to feel their way, with no notion of where any line might take them, once begun. The axemen couldn't swing their axes because of the thick parasitic vegetation; often they managed to cut a tree entirely through, only to have it remain standing as proudly as ever, held by a thousand vines, up high where they couldn't be reached.

Drenched by tropical rains, poorly equipped, with moldy and insufficient food, the engineering-parties were special prey for malaria. Day after day they stood up to their instruments, so shaken by chills that they couldn't stand still, so near to fever-delirium that the world spun around them and dipped up and down in grotesque Coney-Island convolutions.

They became used to the jaguars as beasts that would do them no harm, but they never did become used to the insects. Mos-

quitoes and black flies tormented them; ants were a constant menace. If they felled a tree it was likely to spray them with fire-ants, those small but formidable red devils that have a sting like an electric needle. If they bridged a creek the bridge was soon covered by ants; every man who crossed it thereafter did so at the cost of hours of excruciating pain.

The insects and the inflamed skins of the men, eaten by tropical ulcers, covered by something resembling a heat-rash but many times more painful, permitted no rest during the nights that separated the days of feverish work. Army ants came marching through their camps. millions and millions at a time, surrounded them, crawled into their tents, their hammocks, their clothing, tortured them with painful bites, walked off with the food, chewed the boots, tents, instrument-cases to pieces.

Gradually they were beset by a constant, gnawing terror of the invisible Indians, the Parintintin "cannibals" who were known to infest the bush. At first they laughed at the fears of their Indian-workers for those savages. Then they noticed a few signs that Parintintins were around—a piece of vine neatly coiled on the ground, a tent disappearing from an unguarded camp, perhaps a human form flitting noiselessly through the forest, too vague to be identified. Then workers began to be hit by arrows; an entire camp of tents, cots, supplies, and personal belongings, was carried off; the cook who had been alone in it was found dead with three arrows in his chest.

According to their usual custom the wild Indians never came into the open. They simply teased, harassed, and shot just enough men to add realism to their campaign of terror.

But the work went on. The engineers were the first to plunge into the jungle and the last from it. Three hundred and twenty miles of line were a miracle of achievement under those conditions.

V

Word came in July that things were going badly in the British courts and the money in the Bank of England would not be available—at least for some time. The news not only demoralized

the workers but ruined the contractors' credit in Brazil. Nevertheless, perhaps as a bluff to inspire confidence, certainly in one great gamble, Thomas Collins pushed the work harder than ever, letting new sub-contracts and hiring hundreds of local and imported Indians.

The collapse and the disorderly retreat began in August. The laborers imported from the United States had been bound by contract to a minimum of six months' work, to pay for their passage down. The period was now up and they began to leave in droves.

They could not pay passage on the Brazilian steamers. The company was under no contracted obligation to transport them home until they had worked two years; it could pay them no wages except in orders of questionable value on the Philadelphia office; many of them had no wages coming, what with deductions for long days of illness and for things bought in the company-store. They sailed down the Madeira and Amazon Rivers, in the broiling tropical sun, on uncovered lighters towed by the *Juno* and the *Brazil*. They built rafts, bought or stole canoes from the Indians, and embarked on their own fantastic and perilous expeditions of 1700 miles to Para. Many never reached there. They drowned, died of fever or starvation, were eaten by crocodiles or Piranhas. The rest arrived in Para, ragged, ill, penniless, to become a pounding headache for the American consul, who told them that it was not his business to look after all the tramps roaming about the country.

In Para the term *American* became synonymous with *beggar*. For months men arrived in droves from the Madeira, to go on the beach, to infest the city's slums, to organize in bands for begging and stealing so they could hold body and soul together, to catch typhus and malaria and crowd the city's filthy hospital.

In San Antonio men began hysterically to find themselves between the devil and the sea. They *had* to get out, yet the news of their friends on the beach of Para was disheartening. They *had* to get out. Of the engineering-corps in San Antonio, which had originally numbered 57, only 26 were still alive. Nearly all the men were sick to death; some were crowded against their will in

the moist and gloomy "hospital", struggling to get well on a diet of salt pork, molasses and sea-biscuits. Wild Indians were encroaching on the headquarters camp itself; several Americans and three Bolivian Indians were shot by arrows that flew out of the bush from the bows of invisible savages. They *had* to get out. Men began to sell their watches, their clothes, everything they had, in a frantic effort to raise a few dollars. At least they *tried* to sell them. They hawked them, but who was there to buy?

Engineering parties straggled in from the field to find things almost worse in San Antonio than they had been in the jungle camps. Only one heroic engineer, Joe Byers, refused to give up. The rainy season was on; the rain came down in torrents daily; his tents leaked; he had nothing to eat but canned meat, coffee, and limes. But he wore out party after party, driving them through the bush to carry on the surveys. *The show must go on.* Finally he was almost the only one left. He spent his nights in his camp, nursing his sick, his mornings cooking breakfast for them, his days running lines with only a party of Bolivian Indians to help. But at last even he had to give in to malaria. His solitary gesture came to nothing. Burning, shaking, sweating, weak, bewildered over having butted his head against something stronger than himself, he transported his sick and dying men through the jungle trails and down the turbulent river to San Antonio to join in the general disorderly retreat for New York.

One by one or in droves, the men at San Antonio struggled to get down the river, on the cattle-decks of steamers, on lighters, any way they could, just so they could get out of that hell-hole. The steamer *Theotonio* left on November 28th, towing two lighters. As passengers she carried a doctor and twelve engineers. The open lighters carried 199 laborers who had not enough money to buy passage on the *Theotonio's* cattle-deck. They traveled uncovered, in the broiling sun and the torrential rains, as even cattle never travel on the Amazon. They were packed like sardines, in a sort of open Black Hole of Calcutta. Five died before the load was dumped on the beach at Para two weeks later; the rest were too ill to take care of themselves.

One by one, by hook or crook, the survivors of the ill-fated

expedition filtered back to the United States. Many arrived in New York in mid-winter, penniless, dressed in ragged, filthy tropical clothes, to sleep in flop-houses, beg in the streets, and spend years pressing their claims for wages against P. & T. Collins.

So ended the first American construction-job in a foreign country.

VI

The road was built thirty-five years later, at about the same time as the Panama Canal, on the impetus of that same worldwide surge of expansion that began with the Boer war and the Spanish-American war, and brought with it the Panama Canal and such imperial feats of construction as Chuquicamata in Chile and Cerro de Pasco in Peru.

The railroad was built by the American firm of May, Jackle, and Randolph, which had two great advantages over its unfortunate predecessor. In the first place it had the benefit of experience gained at Panama, which called for tons of quinine, refrigeration to permit fresh food, screened houses, and a measure of mosquito-control; in the second place it worked on a *cost-plus* basis.

Cost-plus was probably the only way the railroad could have been built. Nobody could have estimated cost ahead of time because nothing remotely resembling the Madeira-Mamore job had ever been completed before. At *cost-plus* money was no object, expense a virtue. Every time the contractors bought a ton of quinine, every time they shipped in ties from Australia instead of cutting them from local trees, every time they built a town of fine screened houses, every time some penny-pinching little thief of a clerk adroitly fudged the books so he could send more money to his mother in God's Country, every time a dozen laborers died and had to be replaced from Europe or the United States, the Brazilian Government repaid the cost, plus ten or twelve percent.

And how they died! I have talked to veterans of the job in Chile, in Manaos, along the railroad itself, in New York, in London. They talk of going to bed at night, thirty strong and lusty men in a bunk-house, to wake up mornings and find twenty of

them already stiff and ready for burial. The saying is that, in spite of the quinine that was dealt out by the bucketful, in spite of refrigeration, in spite of screened houses, one man died for every tie under those hundred and eighty miles of rails.

Old-timers tell of the gang of Texans who went down to the Madeira for the express purpose of holding up the pay-train, found the money almost unguarded, but left again without it. Like the seventy-five striking Italians of forty years earlier, even Texas desperadoes couldn't get out of that country alive with the authorities after them. They tell about finding the "Colonel Church" in the jungle when they first arrived on location, all grown over with vines and with a tree growing out of her stack. She was an American wood-burning locomotive, the only tangible remnant of the first American effort at foreign construction. They cleaned her up and used her—for all I know she may still be running today.

They built the road at the cost of a life for every tie, to give Bolivia an outlet to the East, specifically to allow Bolivia to ship her rubber. No sooner was it finished than the bottom dropped out of South American rubber and there was little need for the portage-road. When I saw it in 1932, one train was chugging each way every two weeks, almost empty; the once-proud and modern little town of Abuna, located at the half-way point and much of it patterned after Panama Canal construction, looked desolate and slatternly, with jungle crawling in and with paint peeling off the houses in great flakes. Because electricity was expensive, Abuna ran its electric-light plant only on Thursday nights, and only as swank, when north or south-bound trains tied up there to wait for daylight.

On the Beni River I visited Nicolas Suarez, that grand and ruthless old warhorse who had established himself at a strategic point immediately after the American explorer, Heath, had first descended the river in 1881. He had made a fortune in the early buccaneering days, when every pound of his rubber had had to be transported down the Madeira rapids in small dugout canoes, and over the portage-trails on the backs of sweating Indian slaves. In 1932 he had tons and tons of rubber stored in his yard because

even the presence of the railroad did not permit him to ship it at a profit.

It's a sad-looking road today. The mere expense of maintaining right-of-way against the encroaching jungle-vegetation is mounting beyond the flimsy revenue. Nevertheless it may soon turn out to be an extremely important project.

A stable, acclimatized population now lives along it, much of it remaining from the early construction days. Like many a tropical land in the world, for reasons as mysterious there as elsewhere, the region is no longer as desperately unhealthful as it once was. Above it, in the country served by the railroad, along the Beni River to the famous Yungas Valley, along the Mamore and inland to Santa Cruz, where Alfalfa Bill Murray once failed in a colonization scheme with American farmers, there are still an almost fabulous wealth and fertility, still an empty and sometimes delightfully healthful empire that may some day attract thousands of new settlers.

H. H. DUNN

This selection is included somewhat as an anachronism. Two years ago it was still within the spirit of the times; today it is as remote from our thinking and feeling as Richard Harding Davis. For Davis, as well as H. H. Dunn, lived in a romantic age when Latin America was considered a vast region of ever-recurring revolutions where swashbuckling "bandits" seized power indiscriminately for no other reason than that they wanted it and had the skill and the power to take it. Of the profound social forces that always and inevitably underlay these revolutionary movements, the recorders either had no inkling or were able to publish no inkling up here—though men like Zapata were usually thoroughly aware of them.

H. H. Dunn was an American newspaperman who was for years closely associated with "the super-bandit" of Mexico (one wonders what some of the Mexicans think of the term), Emiliano Zapata, whom Dunn considered possibly the most powerful and most destructive outlaw in the known history of the world. Here is one of Zapata's raids as recorded by Dunn.

THE VIRGINS OF YAUTEPEC

By H. H. DUNN

THE dry season was upon Morelos. Crops had been harvested. It was too early to start planting again in the *milpas* around the villages.

Many men were idle, traveling aimlessly from village to village, attending fiestas, seeking amusement, hunting in vain for relief from the sordid sameness of their daily lives. They endured Holy Week as best they could. The annual time of disaffection was on them. They were eager for change, no matter what or how. The call of revolution, with the promise of horses, rifles, loot and women, lured them in throngs to the *bandera* of Emiliano Zapata.

Juan and I decided that the brass beds of Zapatismo were not for us. Those who have lived close to the great and to the near-great on their ambitious ways will know why we decided to move. We rented a small room from an Ótomi, in the village, for twenty-five centavos—twelve and one-half cents—a day. We covered half of the floor four inches deep with dried chiles—long, purple pepper pods, spread blankets over them, and slept free of all the myriad insect pests that follow man in the tropics.

We ate with Zapata and his staff, bought food from the villagers,

From *The Crimson Jester*, by H. H. Dunn. Copyright 1934, Robert M. McBride & Company.

or obtained it from the *guachas*, even from their superiors, the *soldaderas*. These women, all Indians at this time, formed a cruel and destructive element in every revolution in Mexico. The *guachas* did the work of the camp and provided the food. The *soldaderas*, many of whom were armed, fought side by side with their men. To encourage them, one was now and then promoted to be a sergeant, a lieutenant of the second class or, rarely, of the first class. The greater number merely worked like slaves from dawn to dark, and after, providing water, food, fuel and clothing for their men. They formed the commissary departments of all early Mexican armies, both federal and rebel. Like locusts, they stripped the countryside of everything edible and of all fuel.

After battles, they looted and mutilated dead bodies, sacked stores and homes, brought in fleeing girls for their men, and committed indescribable indignities on white women captives who fell into the hands of such forces as the Zapatistas. The *soldadera*, on foot, followed her man over thousands of miles of mountain and valley, desert and meadow. If he was killed, she spent a few hours wailing, took such valuables as he had, and then sought a new alliance. With the capture of a town, more Indian women would attach themselves to the rebel forces. After necessary adjustments, involving not a few fights and the occasional killing of one woman by another, these *nuevas* would find protectors among the *revoltosos*. One enterprising Guerrero had seven young women of this type providing him with food, water and other comforts of life at Villa Ayala.

Zapata's staff consisted of about twenty men. The only "generals" were Emiliano, Eufemio and Azcona. Joaquin Zapata, father of the notorious brothers, then verging on three score and ten, was given the title, but took little or no part in plans or fighting. All the others on the staff were colonels, with the exception of a Captain Moreno, in charge of the four machine guns. Most revolutionary armies, however, contain at least one full "general" to every hundred privates.

One morning, this Captain Moreno announced that he would take Diablote. I protested that the black mule belonged to me.

"And to me that is of no importance," replied the mestizo.

If he wanted Diablote, he had the power to take him. I said no more, and Moreno walked boldly to the mule's head, taking the riata from the Indian herder. Diablote stretched his sleek neck, waited until Moreno's hand was almost on him, and bit with the speed of a striking snake. The ends of two of the captain's fingers went back with the mule's teeth. Leaping backward, Moreno dropped the riata. As he stooped to regain it, Diablote was upon him. Both little black heels, perfectly timed and placed, caught the captain squarely in the seat of his stolen riding-breeches. They lifted him ten or fifteen feet, and deposited him on his head on the hard ground, where he rolled over, quite unconscious. The mule followed swiftly, reared above the man, sharp forefeet lifted, ready to cut his enemy to strips. Juan ran forward, shouting. The black fury drew back, dropped to all fours, and stood, head up, watching Moreno as four Tlahuicas carried him away.

Leading Diablote and Angelito, Juan and I went to Zapata. He laughed, called Azcona and ordered:

"The Great Devil mule shall retain the American as its master. This is an order. The Little Angel mule belongs to the Yaqui. This also is an order. Inform my *muchachos*."

Years later, when I prevented Emiliano from attacking an outpost of American troops near Vera Cruz, he and I laughed about that mule and Moreno.

"Why did you not permit the mule to finish?" he asked. "I would have done nothing about it. The man who cannot control an animal cannot control men!"

The little matter of the theft of the mule was not even considered by Zapata. The entire incident was—to him—merely the testing of Moreno.

I expected trouble with the captain, but none came. He treated me with a silent civility, and Juan let it be known that if Moreno would put away his arms, I, Juan's *patrón*, would thrash the mestizo "with much good taste."

After Zapata's order, the Death Legion seemed to understand my position. Its thousand members made me one of them. I was welcomed at their campfires and to their food, their liquor, and, what was of greater value, to listen to their stories of life in their

various tribes as they told them in the shifting glow of their fires at night. This group, almost all pure-blood Indians, formed the nucleus of Zapata's Horde. Even when 20,000 men rode behind him, rarely did he keep more than this Death Legion close around his own camp. A few mestizos came into it later, but Emiliano never trusted them.

The Zapatista Horde was maintained and fed by being divided into bodies of 500 to 2,000 men, rarely more, all mounted and scattered across Mexico. From the rim of the Vale of Anahuac on the north, to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on the south, nearly from ocean to ocean, they fed themselves on whatever Mexico produced. In this March of 1911, however, Zapata had, all told, not more than 3,000 men, divided into bands of 200 to 500 prowling through Morelos, Guerrero, Puebla and the western half of Vera Cruz. These included the Death Legion, with him at Villa Ayala.

This large bodyguard was armed with rifles, mainly Mauser carbines, looted from army posts, ammunition for them being obtained from every federal *cuartel* which fell to their hands. Emiliano preferred, and carried, a 44-caliber Winchester rifle. Though it lacked the range of the Mauser, this weapon had greater stopping power, due to the larger bullet. A few of the Death Legion wore revolvers. Later, they carried automatic pistols. All had machetes, slung in leather or wooden scabbards alongside their saddles.

With the three-foot blade of the machete, the Mexican Indian clears and cultivates the ground for his little patch of corn, beans, peppers and squash. With it he cuts the canes for the walls of his hut as well as the brush and vines with which he roofs it and binds it together. With it he spans his babies, beats his women, and mixes and molds adobe for his fireplace, or *brasero*. On its wide steel blade, often forged in Toledo, Spain, he bakes his tortillas. He uses it to dig pitfalls for deer in the jungle, to knock wild turkeys and *chachalacas* out of the trees, and to kill other game he may overtake. With it in his hand he meets and slays the jaguar and the puma, cuts down trees containing honey in the comb, and beheads the huge pythons and boas which supply him with an occasional meal. In individual feuds or in tribal war, the machete

is the Mexican Indian's favorite weapon. With it he can split an enemy from shoulder to crotch, or slice off a head as easily as he severs a bunch of yellow bananas from the green stalk. It is the most adaptable, as it is one of the most deadly, of cutting weapons, in the hands of a man who knows how to use it.

Over the hills from the east came riding one morning late in March one Pascual Diaz, a Guerrero, and his patrol of twenty men. Beside him rode a short, evil-faced, one-eyed Indian, Tuerto Morales, evidently a man of one of the hot-country tribes, a *costeño*. He came to make alliance with Zapata, being in the same business of banditry. After many mutual vivas, several embraces, much handshaking and a number of cups of *aguardiente* and its milder brother, *tequila*, Emiliano and Tuerto went into conference. The visiting bandit brought, as a sort of treaty-binding gift, five Spaniards, captured in the environs of Jalapa. Their crimes consisted, first, in being Spaniards, and, second, in being caught alive in what was to become an Indian empire within Mexico. Justice of the high, the middle and the low, as worked in Morelos, was done them.

The "high court," as Eufemio called it, consisted of the Zapata brothers, Azcona and Morales, with myself an interested observer. Four of the Spaniards, having no funds nor any prospect of ransom, were condemned at once to death by the ants. One of them leaped at Zapata, as sentence was pronounced. Emiliano shot him dead. This one was lucky. He fell across the table which served as a bar of justice. His blood ran down the Mexican flag, laying a crimson bar across the white field.

The fifth, Moises Êbano, a Spanish Jew, offered to ransom himself with ten thousand pesos, if permitted to return to Jalapa to get the money. Diaz and twenty-five trusted members of the Death Legion rode away with him. The whole "trial" occupied less than half an hour. In three days, Diaz returned with the ten thousand pesos in silver, and the report that Êbano had been shot while trying to escape. The ancient *ley de fuga*—the "law of flight" which had served Juárez and Diaz—was working well for Zapata.

A score of men took the remaining trio of condemned Spaniards to a gentle, sunburned slope, where a large colony of red ants,

each half to three-quarters of an inch long, had established itself. The men were stripped. Wild honey was smeared into and around the openings in their bodies. They were spread, faces upward, on the ground between the ant hills. Each foot and each hand was lashed with wet rawhide strips to a stake well driven into the hard earth. These thongs, drying, would pull the tortured bodies flat to the soil. As the ants found the honey, they would follow it, eating their way through skin and flesh. The Guerrero in charge of the party told me that the men would be dead in about two days, "unless they were unusually strong." During the nearly three days these victims survived, the *soldaderas* and *guachas*, whenever they had an idle moment, would stroll out to the slope of death, shouting insults at the dying white men. Zapata never even looked at his victims after he had pronounced sentence upon them.

Meanwhile Emiliano and Morales reached an agreement, whereby the 3,000 men of the latter *cabecilla* joined the banner of Zapatismo. Jesús Salgado, a Cora Indian, operating to the west, sent envoys, and, with his 1,500 men, also was received into what Zapata called "the Army of Liberty of the South." Morales returned to his forces in the state of Vera Cruz. Salgado's ambassadors went back to him in the southwestern part of the state of Mexico.

Other military matters did not advance quite so smoothly for Emiliano. Two messengers were sent by him to invite Acapara Tompa—later to be nationally known as Margarita Neri—to join him. This woman rebel was looting her way, at the head of about 1,000 Maya and Chontal Indians, through Tabasco, Chiapas and lower Guerrero. A Dutch-Maya mestiza, born in Quintana Roo, *La Tompa* had been by turns dancer, actress, spy, mistress of a member of the Díaz cabinet, wealthy courtesan and leader of the night life of Mexico City, before she took the warpath. Her reply to Zapata was to send back his envoys, their ears cut off and hanging by leather thongs about their necks!

Two other American-Mexican halfbreeds, the Greene Brothers, Guillermo and Benjamin, operating along the Mexico-Guatemala border, were even less amenable. They returned the head of one of Zapata's two ambassadors, sewed into the skin of a black mon-

key, the stuffed body of which trailed below. They compelled the other envoy to carry this reply to Emiliano.

These unfriendly replies to his amiable overtures put Zapata into a howling temper. Calling together his staff, he ordered the first of a series of raids which were to depopulate cities and towns, end thousands of lives, outrage hundreds of women, destroy millions in property and make Zapata's name a synonym for terror to whites throughout the southern half of Mexico.

Messengers flashed out to summon roving bands. From the steel safe let into the wall of the stone house, part of the 150,000 pesos (\$75,000) stored there by Emiliano Zapata's father and brother during his term in the army was taken and sent away by other messengers. It went to purchase ammunition. Two Americans and two German Jews in Mexico City received part of it. Agents of the Mexican government's war department got the remainder. In return, they sent to Zapata weapons and cartridges with which he sought to destroy all government and drive out all foreigners.

Day and night the *guachas* knelt over their *metates*, grinding hulled corn into *masa* for the thin tortillas and the thick *gorditas*. Hours at a time they rolled their stone *manos* up and down, up and down, crushing dry, purple chiles into fiery powder. On flat, thin stones, over hardwood ember-fires, they baked and boiled and broiled food for their men and themselves on a raid, no one except the leaders knew whither. Armorers sharpened machetes, ground stubby Indian knives to razor edges and cleaned rifles, revolvers and flat automatics. Farriers shod horses. Indians who had been in charge of the riding horses for wealthy hacendados of Morelos repaired saddles, bridles, riatas and running ropes, or braided new lines for these animals.

Then, early one dry morning, we rode out of Villa Ayala, Emiliano Zapata in the lead, Eufemio in the rear, between them the thousand men of the Death Legion. These were destroyers beside whom the American gangster and gunman of today is as a small boy with a pop-gun. Here and there rode an armed woman. Strung out for half a mile or more to the rear trailed five or six hundred other women on foot, carrying food, charcoal for fuel—

the commissary department of the Army of Liberty of the South. Slung in a *reboso*, over the shoulder or at the breast of every other one of these women was a baby. One girl, not more than sixteen, led two children and carried one. In all probability, she could not have named, with any accuracy, the father of any one of them.

We passed through half a dozen small towns and as many villages. Stripped of food, the brush and adobe huts of these *pueblecitos* held, here and there, a man too old to bear arms, or a woman too infirm to follow the Horde. Pariah dogs, now and then a stray cat, were the only other living inhabitants of these villages. About mid-afternoon of the next day, we rode over a range of low hills to look down on Yautepec, thousand-year-old outpost of the Nahuatl Empire against the Guerrero and Zapotec nations. As we saw it, this "place of abundance of brown and black maize" was a city of eight to ten thousand prosperous, contented people. It was famed throughout Mexico for its sugar, oranges, *chirimoyas*, corn and *mameyes*. Above all, it was noted for its beautiful women, almost as celebrated in song and story as the Tapatillas of Guadalajara, four hundred miles farther to the northwest. From Yautepec for fifty years girls and boys had gone out to be trained in languages and the arts in Mexico City, Paris, London, Rome, Madrid and New York. When I had last seen ancient Yautepec, I was almost persuaded to return one day, to remain for life. Now I was returning, not in peace as I had planned, but with the barbarous *Chusma Zapatista*—Zapata's Mob!

Small bands of mounted and well-armed bandits joined the Horde from time to time, until at least 3,000 men rode at Emiliano's back. Differences arose as to positions and precedence, usually settled by fights, both among the men and between the increasing *soldaderas*. Juan quarreled with a Zapotec, threw him, held him down and spanked him soundly, a highly insulting trick I had taught the Yaqui. Eufemio Zapata, watching the fuss, offered John-of-God one hundred men and a captaincy. He refused, on the specious ground that all his time was occupied in taking care of me!

Among those who united with the Horde were 200 Chontales.

They were uniformed in new khaki, mounted on good horses, carried clean weapons and maintained excellent order. Their leader was Manuel d'Asunsulo, six feet tall, and proportionately wide and thick. His slightly curly, reddish-brown beard, blond hair and clear blue eyes called to mind some Longbeard come riding out of medieval history. This man was an Italian-Spanish-Indian mestizo. He was fated to serve Madero well, receive no reward, and die at the hands of a political assassin in a plotted quarrel. He despised Zapata, and, in spite of his three thousand men, Emiliano feared d'Asunsulo and his compact, efficient two hundred. No *soldaderas* followed these fighting men. Their food rode in their saddle rolls. On the backs of two mules were two easily assembled machine guns. They formed as deadly a human spearhead as was ever thrust into Mexico. I mention them in detail, because this gentleman-soldier appears again.

Zapata sent three men to demand the surrender of Colonel Rómulo Yañes and the two companies of federal soldiers—about 240 men—in the *cuartel* at Yautepec. These returned immediately with the defiant refusal of the old officer who had fought Indians under Porfirio Diaz forty years before. The Horde settled into a ring around Yautepec. After I had silenced peremptorily Juan's protests, I went, alone, into the town. Indian men and women by the score were leaving to join the attackers. On the streets the talk was of the mysterious Zapata and what he would do to the city. Going down a side street, I met an American mine employee, Ralph Perris, who at once became alarmed for my safety. He insisted that I accompany him to his house. Had he but known, I was infinitely safer than he or any of the happy people of Yautepec!

With Perris' somewhat reluctant aid, I made my way into a vacant storeroom, fronting on the plaza. Once inside this building, with its three-foot stone walls and its four-inch, iron-banded, mahogany shutters over barred windows, little short of dynamite could harm me. Two hours' work with my knife on the edge of one of the shutters gave me a peephole through which I could look across the central square and see all the front of the military post in the stone structure on the opposite side. About midnight, I

rolled in my *zarape*, lay down on a pile of sand and slept, disturbed only by an occasional rat, or the hourly calls of the federal patrol.

A little brown-skinned rancherita of the Perris household roused me with the dawn, bringing whipped chocolate, eggs cooked in green chile on a tortilla and a bundle of cornhusk cigarettes. With a five-gallon kerosene can—mark of progressive civilization throughout Indian America—as a seat, I placed myself behind the peephole in the shutter. The stage was set; the audience in its box; remained only the entrance of the masters of tragedy.

The guard at the door of the barracks was changed. The Mexican tricolor floated upward to its daytime place at the top of the staff. Smoke of cooking-fires rose from the corral at the rear of the *cuartel*. The military arm was awake, but the streets and the plaza remained deserted. Not a store opened its doors or took down the heavy shutters from its windows. An officer came out of the *cuartel*, looked up and down the street, went inside, leaving the great door, ten feet wide and a foot thick, standing open. Two soldiers, bayonets fixed, guarded the entrance.

Seven small boys, fourteen or fifteen years old, loitered into the plaza. Chasing each other, they crossed this little park and began playing in the wide street in front of the barracks. All of them lighted long, black cigars from one match. They spread out, one remaining before the open door, three on each side, running, or playing leapfrog away from him. The door-guards watched them idly.

Suddenly, the little fellows reached inside their ragged shirts. They withdrew small, round, bright objects, tin cans, with a short bit of string dangling from each. The boys touched these strings to the burning ends of their cigars, then hurled the round, bright objects at the *cuartel*. Two threw their cans on the tiled roof. Four pitched them into the narrow windows, from which the muzzles of machine guns peered. The boy at the center threw his toy into the open door. All ran, each in any direction he chose, away from the barracks.

A section of the roof rose into the air. The great door leaned

forward, split down the center, and fell. The two guards disappeared. One second they were leaning on their rifles; the next they were gone, obliterated in a heartbeat. Fragments of other men came through the gaping doorway. A machine gun lifted up, pitched forward and, held fast by its breech-mechanism, tipped out one of the windows. A smothered thump, as if someone had smitten a muted drumhead, shook the shutters before me. Three men reeled out of the doorway, wavered about and fell. They never rose. A human head came through a window, bounced, rolled across the road and into the plaza. The boy who had hurled his bomb through the door, lay sprawled, like a discarded doll, in the street. The other six seemed to have escaped. They were a few of the hundreds of "dynamite boys" who won many a battle for rebel armies in later years of Mexico's history. I believe this is the first time they appeared.

Called by the dynamite's drums of death, the Horde swept into the plaza. Yelling, shooting, shouting "Viva Zapata!" "Death to the Whites!" "Kill! Kill!! Kill!!!" the Death Legion, Emiliano Zapata at its head, led the way. Two machine guns, hurriedly replaced in the windows, met them, but the fire was so badly directed that the horses suffered most. While they screamed in pain, their riders leaped from their backs and continued the charge. Others coming behind saw the situation, left their mounts, and swept, a second wave, onto the *cuartel*. The federals, half their number dead or wounded and others smothered in the fumes of the dynamite, fought desperately, hand to hand, bayonet against machete. Eventually, the long knives, known to their Indian wielders from boyhood, won the battle.

In less than an hour, the fighting ceased. Zapata, with one of his officers, appeared in the doorway. Hands bound, head up, the white-haired commander of the federals followed, surrounded by a score of Zapatistas. Emiliano led the way to a near-by wall. This happened to be the side of the principal church of Yautepec. Colonel Yañes was backed against it. A member of the Death Legion offered to bind his eyes, but the veteran refused. A priest, defying death, stepped from the church door, and held aloft a cross so that the doomed man might see it. Above the rattle of

arms and the shouts of command rose a brave man's prayer for the soul of another!

Five Zapatistas moved back, ten feet from the wall. They leveled their carbines. Emiliano's machete rose and fell. Over the crackling volley of the Mausers sang the farewell of their victim to life:

"Viva Mejico! Viva Diaz!"

From the pavement, as the body fell, a white right hand was thrust up, slender fingers waving in the air. Emiliano stepped forward, drew his revolver and shot his victim again, this time through the brain.

I went out, back through Perris' house, across the plaza and into the *cuartel*. John-of-God, chattering in Opata his happiness at seeing me alive and well, joined me. Its door gone, large holes blown in the roof, the barracks told of the savagery of dynamite. Bodies and fragments of them covered the floor. The captured garrison, less than half its original strength, huddled, disarmed, at one end of the long room. Emiliano Zapata came in, ordered the prisoners to the corral and offered them enlistment in his Horde. Virtually all of them were mestizos, whose idea of war had been to parade over paved streets. About fifty of them stepped forward. Zapata waved his hand at the others.

"Shoot every fifth man," he ordered.

This being done, the remainder literally leaped into the ranks of the Zapatistas. Somewhat to the rear, however, two men remained, the Lieutenants Neri and Martinez, little more than boys. Neri looked Zapata in the eyes.

"We belong to the army of the government," he said steadily. "If you were the government, we would obey you. As it is, you are an assassin, a bandit and a coward. We defy you!"

Emiliano shot one of them. Eufemio killed the other. I went out a bit sick. Juan and I walked across the plaza to a cantina. The door was barred. A patrol of a dozen Zapatistas came along, broke open the little saloon. We went in, took a double drink of *aguardiente* straight, and went out again into the man-soiled sunshine of Yautepec. Wailing for their dead while they searched other bodies for stray valuables, *soldaderas* were crowding into the little park. Later, the wounded and dead federals would be turned over to

these terrible women, the former to be mutilated to death and the latter to be looted. Local ghouls who followed these Seekers of the Slain found little.

We met Zapata and his staff. Emiliano was mounted on a coal-black gelding, once the pet of the murdered Colonel Yañes. This magnificent animal was to carry Zapata to the National Palace in Mexico City. Today, in the Zapata myth that is growing in Morelos, the horse is known as Relámpago—the Lightning. As a matter of fact, Emiliano called it Negro, or, in rare moments of kindness, Negrito—Black One, or Little Black One. Juan and I followed the leaders of the Death Legion. Patrols had opened saloons, wine-shops, stores of all kinds, every place of business except the banks. These Zapata reserved for himself. Looting had begun.

In the largest room of a widespreading warehouse the two Zapatas, Azcona and the staff, to the number of twenty, seated themselves behind a long and massive table, looted from some home. Before them Captain Pablo Peñafiel—a villainous *cholo* with an honored name—brought three middle-aged, well-dressed white men, either Spaniards or Mexicans of the upper class. They were the bankers of Yautepec. Indian porters, each accompanied by two armed Zapatistas, came and went through a wide door, depositing bags of gold and silver coins and an occasional bale of currency, on the table. There was 200,000 pesos of this, about \$100,000 in American value.

When the money had been counted, Emiliano turned to Peñafiel.

“Take them away,” he ordered.

“We are free?” asked one of the *banqueros*.

“Within five minutes,” replied Zapata.

As they stepped from the doorway, a ragged rattle of rifle fire chattered in. Peñafiel returned.

“Most unfortunately, my general, they tried to escape,” he reported.

The money was piled in one corner of the room and a large sheet of heavy canvas thrown over it. Indian women brought food, wine and hard liquors. Emiliano emptied many a *copita*, with little effect on either speech or movement. Eufemio soon was in his usual condition of rather good-natured cynicism. Azcona, who took little part in the fighting and rarely appeared at fiestas, drank little and

said less. Manuel d'Asunsulo, chief of the roving band of Chontales, sat somewhat apart at the other end of the table from me. Occasionally, he sipped a little wine. Other members of the staff soon became hilarious. One cannot mix ten-year-old cognac with last year's *aguardiente*, washed down with varied wines of Spain, France and Italy, without some effect.

Talk went to and fro, largely concerned with the day's *batalla*. The so-brave Captain Moreno's soul had gone away on the accursed bullet of a so-condemned federal. Other minor *jefecitos* were missing. But rich loot, actual *duros*, hard money, lay in the corner. Noises of the sacking of the town came through the windows and door. Barefooted *gauchas* cleared away the remnants of food, brought more wine and liquor, and placed candles on the table. Eufemio laughingly displayed a ring, set with a diamond of four or five carats, given him by his *tonta*—or "common girl," as compared with *correcta*, a "proper girl"—after she had taken it from some jewel shop.

Emiliano clapped his hands.

"Bring on the girls!" he shouted.

Azcona had slipped out. I rose to go, supposing that this would be merely another of the customary dances with the mestizas of the night. But d'Asunsulo met me and held out his hand, insisting we had met before. As we drew closer together, he said, in perfect English:

"Better stay. This may be different."

I sat down between Juan and the modern Longbeard. At least, d'Asunsulo was clean, much better company than the foul-smelling officers of the Horde. A door opened at the back of the room. Two pistoled *soldaderas* entered, dragging between them a girl wrapped in a *zarape*. They tore the covering from her. She was young, white, nude and pitifully frightened. One by one, nineteen more were brought in, each forced along by a pair of the terrible camp-followers. D'Asunsulo said:

"Part of the loot. Daughters of the best families!"

A dark and elderly colonel arose.

"This is very bad, Emiliano," he said. "I go."

And he went, without even the ceremony of a salute. Zapata and

his officers laughed. A dice-cup was brought out. The staff gathered closer around the table. The terrified girls piled themselves on each other in the corner, like a lot of very young white kittens, trying to keep warm. Eufemio Zapata won the first dice game. The girls were herded in front of the table. He selected a golden-haired, brown-eyed *huerita*, whose ancestors must have come, not so long ago, from northern Spain.

The *soldaderas* dragged her, screaming, to her captor. He put one dirty hand on her white shoulder, shoving her down to squat on the floor beside his chair. She sank her teeth into his paw. Eufemio swore, shoved her against d'Asunsulo.

"Here," he said, "take this she-devil of your own kind. I will get one less wild."

D'Asunsulo spoke to the girl, slowly and in a low voice. She dropped down beside his chair and he threw his *zarape* around her. The dice went round again. One of the younger officers won. He seized his girl by one hand and started for the door. She held back, struggling and screaming. Two of the *soldaderas* picked her up. Carrying her, they followed the officer outside.

"He is in a hurry," bellowed Emiliano, "but he need not rush. The girls will wait!" The staff roared with laughter. Then Zapata noticed me, tossed the cup in my direction.

"Throw them, *blanco*, throw them!" he shouted. "There are many more girls."

I recoiled from the cup. D'Asunsulo clipped me on the back with his open hand.

"It is an order! It is an order!" he roared in Spanish.

"*Orden! Orden!*" yelled the Zapatistas.

In the midst of the noise, d'Asunsulo bent toward me.

"Save one! Save one!" he whispered in English.

I picked up the cup and threw. A colonel won, took his selection of the little *correctas* and left the game. I shook again and won. I selected a girl who was praying in English, shoved her down beside my chair and whispered in the same language, "Silence! You're safe." She stared into my face.

"American?" she sobbed.

"Yes, sister; sit tight." I smiled.

No one noticed us, each being occupied with trying to win next choice of the girls. I threw my *zarape* around the little body at my knee. She settled down. Gradually her sobbing ceased. Her head fell forward on my leg. She was asleep. The dicing went on until each Zapatista had a girl, yet three remained.

"What about my man?" I asked Eufemio.

"*Seguro, Miguel!*" he yelped. "A little white one for the Yaqui!"

One of the girls was dragged forward, but the Rugged One drew back.

"The Bronco grows timid," laughed one of the bandits.

Juan looked at him. For an instant I thought the Yaqui would go for his knife. Just then, the *soldaderas* threw the little white body into his lap. Possibly spurred by the insult from the Zapatista, Juan threw his arm around her and his *zarape* over her, all at one motion. The staff laughed, this time at their companion, rather than at the Yaqui.

"What shall I do?" Juan asked me. "It is not good for an Indian to mix with a white woman."

"Quiet her. I will take her later," I replied.

John-of-God looked at me, something of astonishment, more of shame, in his face. Was he getting a new master? One he never knew before? If I did not understand d'Asunsulo, much less did Juan understand me. The gang shook dice for the remaining two girls, and fell into a quarrel over them. I motioned to Juan, lifted my girl from the floor, wrapped my *zarape* and my arm around her, and led her out. Juan much worried, helped his prize to follow. D'Asunsulo came out. The blond girl was thrown over his shoulder, like a sack of wool.

"She's asleep," he said in English. "Exhausted. Where do we go?"

"I had thought of the church," I answered.

"Might do. Might be out of the pot into the fire," he replied.

"But let's try it."

The velvet-blue night of tropical Mexico lay over the looting of Yau-tepec. The great stars seemed within rifle-shot. A meteor showered fiery cinders on a curved path. The girls started to cry again. We reassured them, took them to the church and roused one of the padres. He did not want to come out, refused to admit

us, and balked at receiving the three girls. D'Asunsulo shoved a pistol in the priest's overfat belly and walked him back through a corridor to a house. There we routed out a bishop or some other dignitary and deposited the little *correctas* with him. This fellow knew the young women and their families. As we left, d'Asunsulo spoke to him, quietly:

"If you do not keep these girls safe until this rabble leaves, and then return them to their families, my Chontales and I will come here and remove, slowly, every bone from your body. It is an order. Do you understand?"

The churchman said that he understood, perfectly.

The priest opened the door enough for us to slip out. Juan paused.

"Furthermore"—he looked the padre directly in the eyes—"these little ones have nothing to confess. Remember!"

Somewhere in John-of-God ran the blood of chieftains who had kept the gorges of the Rio Yaqui free from women-hunting Aztecs, Spaniards and Mexicans.

T. E. LAWRENCE

Colonel T. E. Lawrence was one of the most fabled and mysterious characters of our day—a characterization that he did nothing to combat and that he has often been accused of fostering. A mystic who could follow the flame of a great idea as enthusiastically as any of the Arabs whom he led—and helped, and bought with British gold—a tortured soul who tormented himself constantly with thoughts of his own anomalous position and of the ultimate futility of his great work, a prophet for a people who were not his own, he will provide material for historians, romantics, psychoanalysts and literary critics for decades to come.

It is certain that in his use of the English language, he was a master craftsman who wrote some of the best English prose of his generation. Only now, however, is he beginning to emerge as a master craftsman in the art of guerilla warfare as well, whose influence is felt in many parts of the world today.

I talked recently to F. G. Hardenbrook, who saw the Chinese communist army in action in 1935. Hardenbrook informed me that Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert* was then, and is now, an indispensable handbook used by China's guerilla warriors for constant guidance in the art of harassing the enemy, and particularly of blowing up his railroad trains.

It is a rather appealing picture: men of the Eighth Route Army, operating near some Japanese-controlled railroad, in territory very similar to that encountered by Lawrence in Arabia, and pulling out their Chinese translations of *Revolt in the Desert* in order

to determine how best to blow the Japanese trains to Kingdom Come with the minimum of danger, fuss, and expense. The following passage from *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which appears almost verbatim in *Revolt in the Desert*, may well be giving many a Japanese general sleepless nights in these turbulent days.

GUERILLAS IN THE DESERT

By T. E. LAWRENCE

AT DAWN on the sixteenth of September 1917 we rode out from Rumm. Aid, the blind Sherif, insisted on coming, despite his lost sight; saying he could ride, if he could not shoot, and that if God prospered us he would take leave from Feisal in the flush of the success, and go home, not too sorry, to the blank life which would be left. Zaal led his twenty-five Nowasera, a clan of Auda's Arabs who called themselves my men, and were famous the desert over for their saddle-camels. My hard riding tempted them to my company.

Old Motlog el Awar, owner of el Jedha, the finest she-camel in North Arabia, rode her in our van. We looked at her with proud or greedy eyes, according to our relationship with him. My Ghazala was taller and more grand, with a faster trot, but too old to be galloped. However she was the only other animal in the party, or, indeed, in this desert, to be matched with the Jedha, and my honour was increased by her dignity.

The rest of our party strayed like a broken necklace. No one group would ride or speak with another, and I passed back and forth all day like a shuttle, talking first to one lowering sheikh,

From *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence. Copyright, 1926, 1935, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

and then to another, striving to draw them together, so that before a cry to action came there might be solidarity. As yet they agreed only in not hearing any word from Zaal as to the order of our march; though he was admitted the most intelligent warrior, and the most experienced. For my private part he was the only one to be trusted farther than eyesight. Of the others, it seemed to me that neither their words nor their counsels, perhaps not their rifles, were sure.

We put our mid-day halt in a fertile place, where the late spring rain, falling on a sandy talus, had brought up a thick tufting of silvery grass which our camels loved. The weather was mild, perfect as an August in England, and we lingered in great content, recovered at last from the bickering appetites of the days before the start, and from that slight rending of nerve inevitable when leaving even a temporary settlement. Man, in our circumstances, took root so soon.

Late in the day we rode again, winding downhill in a narrow valley between moderate sandstone walls: till before sunset we were out on another flat of laid yellow mud, like that which had been so wonderful a prelude to Rumm's glory. By its edge we camped. My care had borne fruit, for we settled in only three parties, by bright fires of crackling, flaring tamarisk. At one supped my men; at the second Zaal; at the third the other Howeitat; and late at night, when all the chiefs had been well adjusted with gazelle meat and hot bread, it became possible to bring them to my neutral fire, and discuss sensibly our course for the morrow.

It seemed that about sunset we should water at Mudowwara well, two or three miles this side of the station, in a covered valley. Then, in the early night, we might go forward to examine the station and see if, in our weakness, we might yet attempt some stroke against it. I held strongly to this (against the common taste) for it was by so much the most critical point of the line. The Arabs could not see it, since their minds did not hold a picture of the long, linked Turkish front with its necessitous demands. However, we had reached internal harmony, and scattered confidently to sleep.

In the morning we delayed to eat again, having only six hours of march before us; and then pushed across the mud-flat to a plain of firm limestone rag, carpeted with brown, weather-blunted flint. This was succeeded by low hills, with occasional soft beds of sand, under the steeper slopes where eddying winds had dropped their dust. Through these we rode up shallow valleys to a crest; and then by like valleys down the far side, whence we issued abruptly, from dark, tossed stone-heaps into the sun-steeped wideness of a plain. Across it an occasional low dune stretched a drifting line.

We had made our noon halt at the first entering of the broken country; and, rightly, in the late afternoon came to the well. It was an open pool, a few yards square, in a hollow valley of large stone-slabs and flint and sand. The stagnant water looked uninviting. Over its face lay a thick mantle of green slime, from which swelled curious bladder-islands of floating fatty pink. The Arabs explained that the Turks had thrown dead camels into the pool to make the water foul; but that time had passed and the effect was grown faint. It would have been fainter had the criterion of their effort been my taste.

Yet it was all the drink we should get up here unless we took Mudowwara, so we set to and filled our waterskins. One of the Howeitat, while helping in this, slipped off the wet edge into the water. Its green carpet closed oilily over his head and hid him for an instant: then he came up, gasping vigorously, and scrambled out amid our laughter, leaving behind him a black hole in the scum from which a stench of old meat rose like a visible pillar, and hung about us and him and the valley, disconcertingly.

At dusk, Zaal and I, with the sergeants and others, crept forward quietly. In half an hour we were at the last crest, in a place where the Turks had dug trenches, and stoned up an elaborate outpost of engrailed sangars, which on this black new-moon night of our raid were empty. In front and below lay the station, its doors, and windows sharply marked by the yellow cooking fires and lights of the garrison. It seemed close under our observation; but the Stokes gun would carry only three hundred yards. Accordingly we went nearer, hearing the enemy noises, and attentively afraid lest their

barking dogs uncover us. Sergeant Stokes made casts out to left and right, in search of gun-positions, but found nothing that was satisfactory.

Meanwhile, Zaal and I crawled across the last flat, till we could count the unlighted tents and hear the men talking. One came out a few steps in our direction, then hesitated. He struck a match to light a cigarette, and the bold light flooded his face, so that we saw him plainly, a young, hollow-faced sickly officer. He squatted, busy for a moment, and returned to his men, who hushed as he passed.

We moved back to our hill and consulted in whispers. The station was very long, of stone buildings, so solid that they might be proof against our time-fused shell. The garrison seemed about two hundred. We were one hundred and sixteen rifles and not a happy family. Surprise was the only benefit we could be sure of.

So, in the end, I voted that we leave it, unalarmed, for a future occasion, which might be soon. But, actually, one accident after another saved Mudowwara; and it was not until August, 1918, that Buxton's Camel Corps at last measured to it the fate so long overdue.

Quietly we regained our camels and slept. Next morning we returned on our tracks to let a fold of the plain hide us from the railway, and then marched south across the sandy flat; seeing tracks of gazelle, oryx and ostrich; with, in one spot, stale pad-marks of leopard. We were making for the low hills bounding the far side, intending to blow up a train; for Zaal said that where these touched the railway was such a curve as we needed for minelaying, and that the spurs commanding it would give us ambush and a field of fire for our machine-guns.

So we turned east in the southern ridges till within half a mile of the line. There the party halted in a thirty-foot valley, while a few of us walked down to the line, which bent a little eastward to avoid the point of higher ground under our feet. The point ended in a flat table fifty feet above the track, facing north across the valley.

The metals crossed the hollow on a high bank, pierced by a two-arched bridge for the passage of rain-water. This seemed an ideal spot to lay the charge. It was our first try at electric mining and we

had no idea what would happen; but it stood to our reason that the job would be more sure with an arch under the explosive because, whatever the effect on the locomotive, the bridge would go, and the succeeding coaches be inevitably derailed.

Back with our camels, we dumped the loads, and sent the animals to safe pasture near some undercut rocks from which the Arabs scraped salt. The freedmen carried down the Stokes gun with its shells; the Lewis guns; and the gelatine with its insulated wire, magneto and tools to the chosen place. The sergeants set up their toys on a terrace, while we went down to the bridge to dig a bed between the ends of two steel sleepers, wherein to hide my fifty pounds of gelatine. We had stripped off the paper wrapping of the individual explosive plugs and kneaded them together by help of the sun heat into a shaking jelly in a sandbag.

The burying of it was not easy. The embankment was steep, and in the sheltered pocket between it and the hill-side was a wind-laid bank of sand. No one crossed this but myself, stepping carefully; yet I left unavoidable great prints over its smoothness. The ballast dug out from the track I had to gather in my cloak for carriage in repeated journeys to the culvert, whence it could be tipped naturally over the shingle bed of the watercourse.

It took me nearly two hours to dig in and cover the charge: then came the difficult job of unrolling the heavy wires from the detonator to the hills whence we would fire the mine. The top sand was crusted and had to be broken through in burying the wires. They were stiff wires, which scarred the wind-rippled surface with long lines like the belly marks of preposterously narrow and heavy snakes. When pressed down in one place they rose into the air in another. At last they had to be weighted down with rocks which, in turn, had to be buried at the cost of great disturbance of the ground.

Afterwards it was necessary, with a sandbag, to stipple the marks into a wavy surface; and, finally, with a bellows and long fanning sweeps of my cloak, to simulate the smooth laying of the wind. The whole job took five hours to finish; but then it was well finished: neither myself nor any of us could see where the charge lay, or that double wires led out underground from it to the firing-

point two hundred yards off, behind the ridge marked for our rifle-men.

The wires were just long enough to cross from this ridge into a depression. There we brought up the two ends and connected them with the electric exploder. It was an ideal place both for it and for the men who fired it, except that the bridge was not visible thence.

However, this only meant that some one would have to press the handle at a signal from a point fifty yards ahead, commanding the bridge and the ends of the wires alike. Salem, Feisal's best slave, asked for this task of honour, and was yielded it by acclamation. The end of the afternoon was spent in showing him (on the disconnected exploder) what to do, till he was act-perfect and banged down the ratchet precisely as I raised my hand with an imaginary engine on the bridge.

We walked back to camp, leaving one man on watch by the line. Our baggage was deserted, and we stared about in a puzzle for the rest, till we saw them suddenly sitting against the golden light of sunset along a high ridge. We yelled to them to lie down or come down, but they persisted up there on their perch like a school of hooded crows, in full view of north and south.

At last we ran up and threw them off the skyline, too late. The Turks in a little hillpost by Hallat Ammar, four miles south of us, had seen them, and opened fire in their alarm upon the long shadows which the declining sun was pushing gradually up the slopes towards the post. Beduin were past-masters in the art of using country, but in their abiding contempt for the stupidity of the Turks they would take no care to fight them. This ridge was visible at once from Mudowwara and Hallat Ammar, and they had frightened both places by their sudden ominous expectant watch.

However, the dark closed on us, and we knew we must sleep away the night patiently in hope of the morrow. Perhaps the Turks would reckon us gone if our place looked desert in the morning. So we lit fires in a deep hollow, baked bread and were comfortable. The common tasks had made us one party, and the hill-top folly shamed every one into agreement that Zaal should be our leader.

Day broke quietly, and for hours we watched the empty railway with its peaceful camps. The constant care of Zaal and of his lame cousin, Howeimil, kept us hidden, though with difficulty, because of the insatiate restlessness of the Beduin, who would never sit down for ten minutes, but must fidget and do or say something. This defect made them very inferior to the stolid English for the long, tedious strain of a waiting war. Also it partly accounted for their uncertain stomachs in defence. To-day they made us very angry.

Perhaps, after all, the Turks saw us, for at nine o'clock some forty men came out of the tents on the hill-top by Hallat Ammar to the south and advanced in open order. If we left them alone, they would turn us off our mine in an hour; if we opposed them with our superior strength and drove them back, the railway would take notice, and traffic be held up. It was a quandary, which eventually we tried to solve by sending thirty men to check the enemy patrol gradually; and, if possible, to draw them lightly aside into the broken hills. This might hide our main position and reassure them as to our insignificant strength and purpose.

For some hours it worked as we had hoped; the firing grew desultory and distant. A patrol came confidently up from the south and walked past our hill, over our mine and on towards Mudowwara without noticing us. There were eight soldiers and a stout corporal, who mopped his brow against the heat, for it was now after eleven o'clock and really warm. When he had passed us by a mile or two the fatigue of the tramp became too much for him. He marched his party into the shade of a long culvert, under whose arches a cool draught from the east was gently flowing, and there in comfort they lay on the soft sand, drank water from their bottles, smoked, and at last slept. We presumed that this was the noon-day rest which every solid Turk in the hot summer of Arabia took as a matter of principle, and that their allowing themselves the pause showed that we were disproved or ignored. However, we were in error.

Noon brought a fresh care. Through my powerful glasses we saw a hundred Turkish soldiers issue from Mudowwara Station and make straight across the sandy plain towards our place. They were coming very slowly, and no doubt unwillingly, for sorrow at

losing their beloved midday sleep: but at their very worst marching and temper they could hardly take more than two hours before they reached us.

We began to pack up, preparatory to moving off, having decided to leave the mine and its leads in place on chance that the Turks might not find them, and we be able to return and take advantage of all the careful work. We sent a messenger to our covering party on the south, that they should meet us farther up, near those scarred rocks which served as screen for our pasturing camels.

Just as he had gone, the watchman cried out that smoke in clouds was rising from Hallat Ammar. Zaal and I rushed uphill and saw by its shape and volume that indeed there must be a train waiting in that station. As we were trying to see it over the hill, suddenly it moved out in our direction. We yelled to the Arabs to get into position as quick as possible, and there came a wild scramble over sand and rock. Stokes and Lewis, being booted, could not win the race; but they came well up, their pains and dysentery forgotten.

The men with rifles posted themselves in a long line behind the spur running from the guns past the exploder to the mouth of the valley. From it they would fire directly into the derailed carriages at less than one hundred and fifty yards, whereas the ranges for the Stokes and Lewis guns were about three hundred yards. An Arab stood up on high behind the guns and shouted to us what the train was doing—a necessary precaution, for if it carried troops and detrained them behind our ridge we should have to face about like a flash and retire fighting up the valley for our lives. Fortunately it held on at all the speed the two locomotives could make on wood fuel.

It drew near where we had been reported, and opened random fire into the desert. I could hear the racket coming, as I sat on my hillock by the bridge to give the signal to Salem, who danced round the exploder on his knees, crying with excitement, and calling urgently on God to make him fruitful. The Turkish fire sounded heavy, and I wondered with how many men we were going to have affair, and if the mine would be advantage enough

for our eighty fellows to equal them. It would have been better if the first electrical experiment had been simpler.

However, at that moment the engines, looking very big, rocked with screaming whistles into view around the bend. Behind them followed ten box-wagons, crowded with rifle-muzzles at the windows and doors; and in little sandbag nests on the roofs Turks precariously held on, to shoot at us. I had not thought of two engines, and on the moment decided to fire the charge under the second, so that however little the mine's effect, the uninjured engine should not be able to uncouple and drag the carriages away.

Accordingly, when the front "driver" of the second engine was on the bridge, I raised my hand to Salem. There followed a terrific roar, and the line vanished from sight behind a spouting column of black dust and smoke a hundred feet high and wide. Out of the darkness came shattering crashes and long, loud metallic clangings of ripped steel, with many lumps of iron and plate; while one entire wheel of a locomotive whirled up suddenly black out of the cloud against the sky, and sailed musically over our heads to fall slowly and heavily into the desert behind. Except for the flight of these, there succeeded a deathly silence, with no cry of men or rifle-shot, as the now-grey mist of the explosion drifted from the line towards us, and over our ridge until it was lost in the hills.

In the lull, I ran southward to join the sergeants. Salem picked up his rifle and charged out into the murk. Before I had climbed to the guns the hollow was alive with shots, and with the brown figures of the Beduin leaping forward to grips with the enemy. I looked round to see what was happening so quickly, and saw the train stationary and dismembered along the track, with its wagon sides jumping under the bullets which riddled them, while Turks were falling out from the far doors to gain the shelter of the railway embankment.

As I watched, our machine-guns chattered out over my head, and the long rows of Turks on the carriage roofs rolled over, and were swept off the top like bales of cotton before the furious shower of bullets which stormed along the roofs and splashed clouds of yellow chips from the planking. The dominant position of the guns had been an advantage to us so far.

When I reached Stokes and Lewis the engagement had taken another turn. The remaining Turks had got behind the bank, here about eleven feet high, and from cover of the wheels were firing point-blank at the Beduin twenty yards away across the sand-filled dip. The enemy in the crescent of the curving line were secure from the machine-guns; but Stokes slipped in his first shell, and after a few seconds there came a crash as it burst beyond the train in the desert.

He touched the elevating screw, and his second shot fell just by the trucks in the deep hollow below the bridge where the Turks were taking refuge. It made a shambles of the place. The survivors of the group broke out in a panic across the desert, throwing away their rifles and equipment as they ran. This was the opportunity of the Lewis gunners. The sergeant grimly traversed with drum after drum, till the open sand was littered with bodies. Mushagraf, the Sherari boy behind the second gun, saw the battle over, threw aside his weapon with a yell, and dashed down at speed with his rifle to join the others who were beginning, like wild beasts, to tear open the carriages and fall to plunder. It had taken nearly ten minutes.

I ran down to the ruins to see what the mine had done. The bridge was gone; and into its gap was fallen the front wagon, which had been filled with sick. The smash had killed all but three or four and had rolled dead and dying into a bleeding heap against the splintered end. One of those yet alive deliriously cried out the word typhus. So I wedged shut the door, and left them there, alone.

Succeeding wagons were derailed and smashed: some had frames irreparably buckled. The second engine was a blanched pile of smoking iron. Its driving wheels had been blown upward, taking away the side of the fire-box. Cab and tender were twisted into strips, among the piled stones of the bridge abutment. It would never run again. The front engine had got off better: though heavily derailed and lying half-over, with the cab burst, yet its steam was at pressure, and driving-gear intact.

The valley was a weird sight. The Arabs, gone raving mad, were rushing about at top speed bareheaded and half-naked, screaming,

shooting into the air, clawing one another nail and fist, while they burst open trucks and staggered back and forward with immense bales, which they ripped by the rail-side, and tossed through, smashing what they did not want.

There were scores of carpets spread about; dozens of mattresses and flowered quilts; blankets in heaps; clothes for men and women in full variety; clocks, cooking-pots, food, ornaments and weapons. To one side stood thirty or forty hysterical women, unveiled, tearing their clothes and hair; shrieking themselves distracted. The Arabs without regard to them went on wrecking the household goods; looting their absolute fill. Camels had become common property. Each man frantically loaded the nearest with what it could carry and shooed it westward into the void, while he turned to his next fancy.

Seeing me tolerably unemployed, the women rushed, and caught at me with howls for mercy. I assured them that all was going well: but they would not get away till some husbands delivered me. These knocked their wives off and seized my feet in a very agony of terror of instant death. A Turk so broken down was a nasty spectacle: I kicked them off as well as I could with bare feet, and finally broke free.

Lewis and Stokes had come down to help me. I was a little anxious about them; for the Arabs, having lost their wits, were as ready to assault friend as foe. Three times I had had to defend myself when they pretended not to know me and snatched at my things. However, the sergeants' war-stained khaki presented few attractions. Lewis went out east of the railway to count the thirty men he had slain; and, incidentally, to find Turkish gold and trophies in their haversacks. Stokes strolled through the wrecked bridge, saw there the bodies of twenty Turks torn to pieces by his second shell, and retired hurriedly.

Ahmed came up to me with his arms full of booty and shouted (no Arab could speak normally in the thrill of victory) that an old woman in the last wagon but one wished to see me. I sent him at once, empty handed, for my camel and some baggage camels to remove the guns; for the enemy's fire was now plainly audible, and the Arabs, sated with spoils, were escaping one by one towards the

hills, driving tottering camels before them into safety. It was bad tactics to leave the guns until the end: but the confusion of a first, overwhelmingly successful, experiment had dulled our judgment.

Ahmed never brought the camels. My men, possessed by greed, had dispersed over the land with the Beduins. The sergeants and I were alone by the wreck, which had a strange silence now. We began to fear that we must abandon the guns and run for it, but just then saw two camels dashing back. Zaal and Howeimil had missed me and had returned in search.

We were rolling up the insulated cable, our only piece. Zaal dropped from his camel and would have me mount and ride; but, instead, we loaded it with the wire and the exploder. Zaal found time to laugh at our quaint booty, after all the gold and silver in the train. Howeimil was dead lame from an old wound in the knee and could not walk, but we made him couch his camel, and hoisted the Lewis guns, tied butt to butt like scissors, behind his saddle. There remained the trench mortars; but Stokes reappeared, unskilfully leading by the nose a baggage camel he had found straying. We packed the mortars in haste; put Stokes (who was still weak with his dysentery) on Zaal's saddle, with the Lewis guns, and sent off the three camels in charge of Howeimil, at their best pace.

Meanwhile, Lewis and Zaal, in a sheltered and invisible hollow behind the old gun-position, made a fire of cartridge boxes, petrol and waste, banked round it the Lewis drums and the spare small-arms ammunition; and, gingerly, on the top, laid some loose Stokes' shells. Then we ran. As the flames reached the cordite and ammonal there was a colossal and continuing noise. The thousands of cartridges exploded in series like massed machine-guns, and the shells roared off in thick columns of dust and smoke. The out-flanking Turks, impressed by the tremendous defence, felt that we were in strength and strongly posted. They halted their rush, took cover, and began carefully to surround our position and reconnoitre it according to rule, while we sped panting into concealment among the ridges.

It seemed a happy ending to the affair, and we were glad to get

off with no more loss than my camels and baggage; though this included the sergeants' cherished kits. However, there was food at Rumm, and Zaal thought perhaps we should find our property with the others, who were waiting ahead. We did. My men were loaded with booty, and had with them all our camels, whose saddles were being suddenly delivered of spoils to look ready for our mounting.

We asked if any one were hurt, and a voice said that the Shimt's boy—a very dashing fellow—had been killed in the first rush forward at the train. This rush was a mistake, made without instructions, as the Lewis and Stokes guns were sure to end the business if the mine worked properly. So I felt that his loss was not directly my reproach.

Three men had been slightly wounded. Then one of Feisal's slaves vouchsafed that Salem was missing. We called every one together and questioned them. At last an Arab said that he had seen him lying hit, just beyond the engine. This reminded Lewis, who, ignorant that he was one of us, had seen a negro on the ground there, badly hurt. I had not been told and was angry, for half the Howeitat must have known of it, and that Salem was in my charge. By their default now, for the second time, I had left a friend behind.

I asked for volunteers to come back and find him. After a little Zaal agreed, and then twelve of the Nowasera. We trotted fast across the plain towards the line. As we topped the last ridge but one we saw the train-wreck with Turks swarming over it. There must have been one hundred and fifty of them, and our attempt was hopeless. Salem would have been dead, for the Turks did not take Arab prisoners. Indeed, they used to kill them horribly; so, in mercy, we were finishing those of our badly wounded who would have to be left helpless on abandoned ground.

We gave up Salem: and prepared, heavily, to march away. Of our ninety prisoners, ten were friendly Medina women electing to go to Mecca by way of Feisal. There had been twenty-two riderless camels. The women had climbed on to five pack saddles, and the wounded were in pairs on the residue. It was late in the afternoon.

We were exhausted, the prisoners had drunk all our water. We must refill from the old well at Mudowwara that night to sustain ourselves so far as Rumm.

As the well was close to the station, it was highly desirable that we get to it and away, lest the Turks divine our course and find us there defenceless. We broke up into little parties and struggled north. Victory always undid an Arab force, so we were no longer a raiding party, but a stumbling baggage caravan, loaded to breaking-point with enough household goods to make rich an Arab tribe for years.

My sergeants asked me for a sword each, as souvenir of their first private battle. As I went down the column to look out something, suddenly I met Feisal's freedmen; and to my astonishment on the crupper behind one of them, strapped to him, soaked with blood, unconscious, was the missing Salem.

I trotted up to Ferhan and asked wherever he had found him. He told me that when the Stokes gun fired its first shell, Salem rushed past the locomotive, and one of the Turks shot him in the back. The bullet had come out near his spine, without, in their judgment, hurting him mortally. After the train was taken, the Howeitats had stripped him of cloak, dagger, rifle and headgear. Mijbil, one of the freedmen, had found him, lifted him straight to his camel, and trekked off homeward without telling us. Ferhan, overtaking him on the road, had relieved him of Salem; who, when he recovered as later he did, perfectly, bore me always a little grudge for having left him behind, when he was of my company and wounded. I had failed in staunchness. My habit of hiding behind a Sherif was to avoid measuring myself against the pitiless Arab standard, with its no-mercy for foreigners who wore its clothes, and aped its manners. Not often was I caught with so poor a shield as blind Sherif Aid.

We reached the well in three hours and watered without mishap. Afterwards we moved off another ten miles or so, beyond fear of pursuit. There we lay down and slept, and in the morning found ourselves happily tired. Stokes had had his dysentery heavy upon him the night before, but sleep and the ending of anxiety made him well. He and I and Lewis, the only unburdened ones, went

on in front across one huge mud flat after another till just before sunset we were at the bottom of Wadi Rumm.

This new route was important for our armoured cars, because its twenty miles of hard mud might enable them to reach Mudowwara easily. If so, we should be able to hold up the circulation of trains when we pleased. Thinking of this, we wheeled into the avenue of Rumm, still gorgeous in sunset colour; the cliffs as red as the clouds in the west, like them in scale and in the level bar they raised against the sky. Again we felt how Rumm inhibited excitement by its serene beauty. Such whelming greatness dwarfed us, stripped off the cloak of laughter in which we had ridden over the jocund flats.

Two days later we were at Akaba; entering in glory, laden with precious things, and boasting that the trains were at our mercy. From Akaba the two sergeants took hurried ship to Egypt. Cairo had remembered them and gone peevish because of their non-return. However, they could pay the penalty of this cheerfully. They had won a battle single handed; had had dysentery; lived on camel-milk; and learned to ride a camel fifty miles a day without pain. Also Allenby gave them a medal each.

FRANCIS C. CHICHESTER

The day of long, risky, and individual pioneer flights seems now to be over. Lindbergh and Captain Kingsford-Smith have given way to commercial airlines across the seven seas, backed by great organizations which have substituted comfort and safety for something that was in its day very stirring and very romantic.

Francis Chichester deserves a high place in the records of that bygone age of the individual, if only because he was one of the most articulate of its fliers. He was a romantic, too. He wanted to fly a light little mosquito of a Moth plane around the world, for no other reason than that there was challenge in the idea.

The following selection is taken from his account of that adventurous voyage; whence he took off on this particular jaunt, and where he landed, are of minor importance. To the average reader the spots are in any event mere meaningless points on a map. Whether this journey was a contribution to aviation, I am not qualified to judge; as a contribution to contemporary writing the account is one of the best examples available of a literary version of what a man thinks and feels and does when flying alone in an inadequate ship over a wide and meteorologically dirty stretch of water.

ALONE OVER THE TASMAN SEA

By FRANCIS C. CHICHESTER

I SWOOPED down, flew along the lagoon and saluted the crowd. Then headed west.

I noticed great lag in the compass; the needle would not travel when the plane was in a turn and I had to straighten out where I guessed the course to lie, allow the needle to swing free and then turn again until I found I was on the right course.¹ It was 10.50 (22.50) Greenwich Mean Time, or 10.02 hours local time.

A mile out the plane flew from under the grey overcast sky above the island into sunlight unmarred by a single cloud. The blue stretched clear to the horizon, except in the south, where at immense distance, it lost colour and faded into white. The sun was behind my right shoulder, and the aluminium-painted lower wing was dazzling bright with strong sunshine except where a strut shadow lay across it like the arm of a pendulum and travelled to and fro a little as the plane swung about its course. During the time of the flight I could expect the sun's path to take it from behind the right wing, over the wing-tip and down in front of it.

From *Seaplane Solo*, by Francis C. Chichester. Copyright 1934, Harcourt Brace & Co.

¹ Because the compass was built for the northern hemisphere, where the magnetic dip was less.

At the time I hoped to be near Lord Howe Island it should be in front, nearly dead ahead. The navigation was, therefore, fly to the right of the island. I altered course 10° to the right. This should take me to a point 109 miles to the N.N.E. of the island. When sextant observations showed the plane had reached a line drawn through that point and Lord Howe Island, I must then turn left. It increased the length of the flight to 600 miles but was the only scheme of navigation that could find me the island.

I looked back for a last sight of Norfolk Island, but was surprised to find it already hidden in a faint purple haze; yet a mental calculation showed it was only 15 miles away. It seemed as if its guardian, disgusted at my escape, had covered it up and put it away, determined at any rate that I should never return. Well, I *had* escaped, and was flying towards Lord Howe Island; so what did I care if I could not return—knowing I would have paid any price and sacrificed everything rather than give up the flight at Norfolk Island.

But by Jupiter! how the plane was vibrating. I could scarcely form figures in the logbook as I worked with slide-rule and my sheet of nautical almanac to calculate the sun's position for the time I hoped to reach the turn-off point.

I made three observations for drift, and forty minutes out from Norfolk Island slipped the wireless key under a band round my leg for the first hourly message I had promised to send to the cable officer. But when I looked at the battery current meter, I found the pointer dancing about the zero mark, starting away from it as if in fright; yet the current was not even switched on. The infernal vibration must have short-circuited it somewhere. The set was useless. . . .

But perhaps he would hear enough to know I was transmitting. I had undertaken to, so I would carry on just as if the set were in order.

I sent the message, made another set of drift observations, and by the time they were plotted, the second half-hour had run out. I found the vibrations interfered with my work and slowed it up. The wind had backed from E.S.E. to E. by N. I was elated to find it had added $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the hour's run. Thank God! it looked

as if I were going to have an easy, unadventurous run across. The plane had been blown 9 miles off course to the right.

1 hour 10 minutes out.

107 miles flown.

I wished I did not feel so drowsy; my head seemed heavy as if all the blood had been pressed into it. It must be the sea air; or was it through sitting without movement in the strong sunlight and the blast of air? Or just the weariness I seemed unable to shake off? I must overcome it somehow—there was intense and hard work ahead.

I must have everything prepared to swing the compass by a sun observation immediately it was abeam. A task of vital importance with the compass not swung on this course. It might deviate any angle up to 10° , and 10° meant throwing the plane 100 miles off its course in 500. I made a guess the sun would be dead abeam when 3 hours 20 minutes out. I worked out its position for that time; but found it would then be too far west, so tried again for 15 minutes earlier. Again, at this time, it would be too far west. However, it would have to do—any earlier would bring the sun too close to its meridian for the observation.

It was very difficult to work. The plane had never before been so hard to control. It totally refused to trim on an even keel. However carefully I adjusted throttle and tail-trimming gear, it pushed its nose into a steep dive or climb immediately I left the controls alone for a second.

And apart from the inconvenience of having to nag continuously at the controls, it meant something was wrong with the rigging. It was hard to say what that might be unless a float had been knocked out of trim during the plane's terrible battering. If one float pointed downwards, even with the plane otherwise level, its top surface might catch the air-flow and drag it into a dive. And the speed-indicator which still worked—the one on the strut—showed the plane's speed had dropped from 77 to 72 m.p.h. By Jupiter! a few months ago, I wouldn't have flown such a plane over the safest route in the world. But now, with *Elijah* a seaplane, one's humble aspirations seemed to rise no higher than to get her off the water, even if she were to fall to pieces when once up.

With a stray glance to the south, I noticed a billowy black cloud rising out of the horizon like the genie of Aladdin's lamp. But even as I watched, it changed shape, one billow rolling and folding on another. Cloud! that was no cloud. It must be smoke! It must be the *Makambo*, the monthly steamer, nearing Norfolk Island! I wagged the plane's wings in salute, as excited as if I had seen a vessel after clinging to a spar in mid-ocean for three days. I seized the wireless key and tapped out an exuberant message that I could see her, that her bearing from me was 170° true. As I finished, she belched out a prodigious smoke which warmed my heart as a signal that they had heard me on board or seen the plane. I myself could not see the ship. I was still looking at the smoke when a whale, like the side of a vast grey-black egg, broke surface just below me and spouted. I could see the wind catch its spouting and scatter it briefly into a white feather. Instantly, I had the plane steeply banked to swoop down close to it, but with a slight shock, I realized I was in the middle of the Tasman and must not do that sort of thing; I banked steeply the other way and swung the plane back-on to its course.

When making observations for drift it occurred to me that the slow old *Makambo* would certainly be steaming direct course from island to island. I looked at the chart. That steamer must have been 30 miles away when I joyously wagged my wings in salute. I might as well have been in the South Atlantic for all they could have seen of me! Curious how plain the smoke was when the island had been lost to sight at only half the distance.

While recording the drift observations, I had taken the logbook off my knee and was holding it in my hand with my little finger crooked round the control-stick. My right elbow, touching the fuselage woodwork, made it impossible for me to write figures. All of a sudden, the fact was driven home to me that the vibration was not only extremely severe, it was also decidedly dangerous. I felt the throttle-rod and the woodwork in other places. The whole fuselage was shaking with a quick, short period. And the rigging-wires, which should be taut, were vibrating heavily with a slow period. I could imagine how they must be strumming. What was the cause? Not the motor—the exhausts were firing with staccato

bark, the general roar was steady and even. It must be the propeller, damaged by smacking through water and wave crests. The strain on the machine must be terrific. If any weaknesses had developed in it! . . . What a fool I had been to leave without the rubber boat! Thank heaven for a following wind and perfect weather! If the plane struck any bumpy air in such a state, God help it!

But the sun still shone untouched by any clouds—just behind the top wing—and some of its rays found their way into the cockpit, lighting up the far side of the instrument-board and a patch round the throttle-lever. At half-past the hour, I transmitted as agreed. Somehow, I felt I was getting the better of the set by ignoring the possibility of its being useless:

“CQde KK AAA Position by DR at 1200 hours GMT 29° 23' South 166° 03' East AAA Fine weather wind 19 mph from 85 degrees true AAA AR.”

I turned at once from that to drift readings and the plotting of all six observations. But I found myself in difficulties. The three drift lines of the first half-hour should meet in a point; so should those of the second half. Neither set did. An error somewhere—but where? I racked my brains. Some simple trivial mistake, no doubt. Yet I could not perceive it. The exasperating thing was that I repeatedly felt just about to do so, when it slipped from the clutch of my thought and eluded me. To see more clearly, I marked the first three lines (1), and the second three (2). It would be some ridiculous little error that a child on land could detect; but it was not among the stock ideas of the routine associative thinking I had trained myself to; a new idea must be conceived in the brain to trace it, and the brain utterly refused to conceive that idea. Whether the vibration kept it in a state of oscillation so that no new thought could form, whether the hurricane of wind playing on my head dulled it, or the roar of the motor, or my weariness, or the salt air, I did not know. At last a glance at the clock drove me on, the delay was crowding me for time. I used my own judgment as to the wind, basing it on previous observations.

I decided the plane had covered 83 miles in the hour, for 11 of which the wind was responsible.

2 hours 10 minutes out.

190 miles flown.

Glancing down, it was as if a pailful of icy-cold water had been thrown suddenly over my head—I received such a shock. The whole compass was loose in its bed and had turned from the lubber-line until the plane was now on a course that would have taken it some three hundred miles to the north of Lord Howe Island. The vibration had rattled the screws out. I twisted it back to the lubber-line and rammed wads of paper down the side to keep it in place. Held tight by these, it was now subjected to the full force of the vibration and the needle shivered violently on its pivot. That, too, would presently break. I felt with anxious fingers for the pocket-compass in my belt. Thank heaven I had not left that behind! Then the idea of finding Lord Howe Island with a loose miniature pocket-compass in hand made me smile; but the smile only made me feel that my lips were without “give”. That scare had jolted me—the plane was beginning to break up.

But presently I rose to the surface of my fear again, spitting it out, as it were, and throwing it off. And was left feeling hungry. Well, let us eat, drink and be merry. . . .

I worked a fat tin of pineapple from the front cockpit through the hole cut in the back of the seat and scarcely large enough to let the tin through. My mouth watered as the top curled away from the opener. I drank the juice with unparalleled zest, laughing aloud after it. Nectar for the gods! I cut the round slices across and across with my big sheath-knife, eating the chunks with a pair of dividers. By heavens! it was good! I threw the tin overboard and watched its smooth, backward, curved drop, turning and twinkling, down, down, down. . . .

I found myself even more pressed for time. I had to hurry with the drift observations to be in time for transmitting at half-past the hour and I hurried with the wireless to finish with the compass-swinging sextant work. But I could see it was impossible to catch up with my tasks: I decided to abandon the hour's second set of drift observations and calculate wind-speed from those of the first

set only. Even so. I only just finished estimating the hour's run—making it 74 miles, and the total 264 miles—in time for the sextant shot. Looking at the dashboard altimeter preparatory to reading it at the time of observation, I found its pointer travelling round the dial in endless jerks like a full-sized second hand on a clock face. It turned evenly and steadily clockwise. The propeller revolved anti-clockwise. It looked as if that was the source of the vibration which had broken it loose. I was thrown into an abyss of depression. Wireless broken, speed-indicator broken, compass broken, both altimeters broken. How long could the machine stand this strain? It was breaking up . . . breaking . . . breaking up . . . But as for that pig of an altimeter, it had always tried to fix me. And now I must have the altitude for sextant work. Well, it shouldn't get the better of me. I'd judge the height for myself. It had waited too long before breaking—my eye had become practised in telling the height above water.

I secured three sights with the sun just behind the starboard wing-tip; I took them without changing course, the horizon was clear and hard—I felt they were good ones, and obtained clear satisfaction at the thought of my work being good. The plane might be breaking up—I could not prevent that; but if I could carry out my own work efficiently, I felt I could bear the thought more hardily; I felt that somehow I might still be the winner in spite of it.

The mean of the heights I judged to be 450 feet; the mean of the times, 22½ seconds past the time calculated for, but I made an adjustment to bring that back. I had the maths. completed by 3 hours 20 minutes "out", so decided to make another observation. It would be a check in view of having to guess the height. I made three more shots and completed the working independently of the first. The results showed the plane to be 25 miles south of where I thought. In the distance flown of 264 miles, this represented a compass deviation of about 5°. I altered course 5° to the right in consequence and then a further 10° to make good the 25 miles of leeway. The plane was actually headed 20° to the right of Lord Howe Island.

I only just finished these calculations in time to send a wireless

at half-past, so was again forced to cut out the drift observations. I ignored the probability of the wireless being out of action, and gave position by sextant as well as position by dead-reckoning. From transmitting, I turned to drift observation in haste, and then to plotting the hour's flight. I slowed the motor a few revolutions; it eased the vibration—at least, so I imagined. The wind had backed with sudden rapidity: it was now almost from the north, and the hour's flight totalled only 73 miles.

4 hours 10 minutes out.

337 miles flown.

The wind had already backed enough to throw the plane 10° off course the other way, *to the left*. If it backed any further, it would mean beating into a head wind. And with the plane's speed cut down, and with only $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours' petrol left, beating into a head wind meant. . . .

At least, the weather was still good. The sun, in front of the right wing-tip, still shone in a cloudless sky, casting the top wing's shadow on to half the lower wing surface. And the sea, with purple tint hinting at its profound depth, was yet all of flashing facets to the limit of sight, an unceasing sparkle, ever changing, always the same.

Yet the sunlight looked somehow weaker.

I wrote in my logbook, "Expect propeller or structure break up any moment." Also, the vibration was making it hard for me to think, increased the difficulty of grasping the significance of events, and caused every operation to take longer. I was feeling rushed and that was a danger to the efficiency of my own work. With a brain so slow to take in new ideas, I must have enough time to perceive mistakes. It was no use working out drift to a mile if I left the compass pointing 30° away from the course at the end of the observation. I must sweep all detail work from my brain and give it a chance to perceive any such error. Time! time! time! I must have time! I rushed through the drift observation, plotted the results, worked out the whole hour's flight, all in the first half-hour of it; and dashed off the wireless at my fastest speed:

"CQde KK AAA Position by sextant and DR at 0300 hours

GMT 30° 10' South 162° 21' East AAA Wind from direction 5 degrees true force 12 mph AAA AR."

I had now twenty minutes of the hour remaining. I took several deep breaths and relaxed, letting my thoughts dawdle.

"Compass—was it set right? Let's see—direct bearing of Lord Howe Island from Norfolk Island 251½°; add the 10° aimed to the right for sextant navigation purposes; add another 10° drift correction; another 4° for compass deviation; subtract 111½° for magnetic variation—net result 264°. Compass all right—until it breaks finally. This vibration . . . devilish hard to think . . . if the propeller breaks . . . h'm . . . if only I had the rubber boat . . . what's the time? Nearly 5 hours out—ought to reach turn-off point 6 hours out. Must get position-line from the sun at end of this hour. Too much work—brain feels ready to sweat blood."

In the distance ahead, I could see a line of gathered clouds—long, low and white, like scrolls of parchment suspended in the sky. That did not disquiet me at the time; it was exceptional to fly as far as I had without any cloud. And the wind had veered again to N.E. by N., which was good. Yet the sea had a checked appearance, like a restive horse only letting itself be held back while making up its mind which way to break. The S.E. swell was now nearly countered, its surface all broken up, leaping to toss crests to white foam, subsiding to leave patches of white water.

I spurred myself away from contemplation of it to concentrate on a position-line sight.

5 hours 10 minutes out.

417 miles flown.

I secured three observations. Leaning well back, I worked with the sun across and above the right wing, the horizon below it in the wing bay. I proceeded immediately with the mathematics. I had to read the telescoping slide-rule sideways, as, pulled right out, there was not otherwise room for it in the cockpit.

The result showed the plane to be 26 miles short of where I had estimated. Suddenly there was brought home to me the possibility of mistakes and their consequences. Possibility—no, probability rather—the dim spectres of every mistake I had ever made paraded

through my brain—I always had made mistakes, copying figures down wrong, or subtracting wrong, or adding wrong.

I remembered the strut speed-indicator; it overregistered four or five miles an hour. How stupid of me to forget it! So now, I had only flown 391 miles instead of 417. But had I forgotten it? I thought I had allowed for the error in the speed-indicator each time I read it—I had meant to anyway. Was the sextant wrong? Certainly an error somewhere. Dead-reckoning made it 74 miles from the turn-off point, sextant made it 100. Which was wrong? I could not tell until the end of the hour. I could only wait till then. But I must make an absolute certainty of the shot when the time came. It must be decisive and precise. I must force the working to be without mistake. I went over again the work already done for it. Further, there must on no account be any delay.

The plane had flown under a scattering of voluminous white clouds, with edges turned in like rolls of parchment. Well . . . but looking ahead, I found pieces of the horizon cut out by dark grey rain clouds; they squatted on the sea surface like shapeless fungus on top of a log. Bad weather! My God! that was too much. I suddenly felt emptied of all courage; I touched the utter depth of cowardliness. I was so terribly helpless, totally unable to lift a finger to keep off the death I could see inexorably closing in on me. Wireless gone, compass, instruments breaking one by one, navigation 26 miles out somewhere—perhaps double as much, plane gradually breaking up, propeller so strained by its out-of-true wobbling that it was bound to collapse sooner or later—it was only a case of time, and now, my God! bad weather.

I turned to the wireless transmitting; useless it might be, but as a routine act to which I was accustomed, it seemed the only thing I could lean on; it gave me support like an old friend.

Before the end of the message, the plane struck rain; its stinging cold chilled the outside of me—but not as much as it froze me inside.

Emerging from it, I found the sky with an aspect of oppressive weight, and though the sun still shone through the cloud gaps, the water had lost its sparkle, only glistening in patches on an other-

wise dulled surface. Streaking the space between clouds and ocean were now many slanting columns of rainfall from leaden cloud bellies to grey blotches of sea. I hurried through my drift observations and plotted in the hour's flight. Halfway through the work, I noticed the slanting pillars of rainfall were now squat and many, whilst those of sunlight were only slender and few. I made sure there were still one or two sun-shafts ahead—otherwise I must use the sextant at once—and continued the drift plotting. I found the wind had backed right round to west of north. So now the plane must begin to beat into a head wind. I glanced up at the petrol-tank—3½ hours' left. At the end of the hour the position should be: 6 hours 10 minutes out.

Miles flown 491 or 464, I could not tell which till the next shot.

Looking up, I found that the sunlight, which I had made sure of being ahead only a few minutes ago, and which I depended on for the sight, had all disappeared. I peered round—there was none to be seen. Only a low cloud ceiling with rain squalls bulging from it, and threatening to form a solid mass to fill the whole sky. I looked behind. There was none there, even. The cloud openings had everywhere shut against me. I could not get the sight. I could not tell where I was. "Steady!" I said aloud, "take it quietly! Don't get excited!" At this moment, the plane flew against a rain squall. The heavy drops struck my forehead, stinging like hail. I was chilled to the bone, desperately helpless: to be flown into heavy rain, and cut off as by a grey curtain, hanging intangible yet impenetrable, from sight of sun, of the island, even of empty space. But the squall only covered perhaps a mile, and breaking through the far side, I found a patch of wintry sunlight lying away to the right. It scarcely seemed real; indeed, in that rain squall I seemed to have flown out of touch with ordinary existence. Both sky and sea had now a scurrying air as if fleeting in a dream. I swung the plane away from its course and set off in chase through spits of rain, the plane now labouring dead into wind. The sunlight, which had appeared close enough at the start, seemed to keep its distance. Fearful that it, too, would disappear before I could reach it, I increased speed and sat tense all over—even ear-drums stretched

tight by some jaw movement—waiting for the explosion of propeller flying to bits and the runaway roar of the motor. Gradually, I relaxed as nothing happened.

The plane seemed scarcely to draw any nearer to the sunlit edge. Suddenly, I perceived the reason—the patch of sunlight was moving away as fast as the plane approached. Impossible! How could it move against the wind? I must be suffering from a delusion. I could soon test that. I looked down, fixed my eye on a wave touched by the edge of the sunlight, and watched it. Jupiter! there was no mistake: the sunlight was gliding away into wind and at racing speed. The plane was now on the edge—but there it stayed. Cloud must be forming above at a furious rate. Amazed and agitated, I found the plane was not now gaining at all, could only just hold its position, flying beside a ghostly cliff where the beginning of sunlight lighted the end of rainfall.

I must have that sunlight! Thought of the rickety old plane and of everything else was blotted out; I thrust open the throttle wide, leaping for it madly as a stranded fish leaps for its life-giving water. Several times I had a glimpse at the cloud edge. At last I thought the plane in position and turned sharply to secure the sight broad-side on. But as I lifted the sextant, the shadow raced over the plane and on again. Angrily, I turned about and renewed the chase at full speed. Nothing else in the world counted. I adjusted the sextant to a rough guess of the angle between the sun and horizon, then held it ready. I inclined the plane seawards, the speed rising steadily till the wind made a shrill note in the rigging. How it was standing the strain, heaven only knew. I turned with a vertical bank, and had a single shot while still in the turn, pulling the plane out of a crashing dive just above the surface. The next instant it was in dullness and rain; I flew on westwards. The observation was $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes late but I corrected it for time from the altitude-latitude-azimuth table. I quickly made allowance for estimated height above the sea, sextant index error, for sun's semi-diameter, and compared the result with the calculations done in readiness. It said the plane was 21 miles short of the line down which it must turn.

Now the sea was dark, and the grey of rain-sodden clouds was

subtly changing to the blue-black of impending storm. The wind was rising fast and the S.E. swell below overrun by a stronger from the opposite quarter of the compass. The waves leaped up angrily and lashed sheets of spray southwards.

I flew on: helpless, hopeless—in the first sextant work at least one error, perhaps several. And what trust could I put in that last miserable observation, only one sketchy shot with the plane midway between vertical bank and crashing dive, worked with brain dulled from hours of shaking rattle, clogged with fatigue? And I could do no more to find my position—there was no more sun. The very sky seemed to be lowering on me to force me down. Fifteen minutes had passed since the last sight. I turned S.S.W. There was nothing else I could do.

The clouds were becoming darker, heavier, lowering. The plane was scudding over the rising, roughening seas at great pace, with the wind nearly behind. The drift of 15° showed the alarming, rapid increase in force. The very fact that clouds spilling rain were now fewer seemed an added threat. They were massing above and presently the storm would burst to complete my desolation, so that if I passed within a stone's throw of the island, I should catch no sight of it through the downpour. What a hopeless task, flying over mid-ocean between two specks of land; as hopeless as if I were flying through space from planet to tiny planet, lost control of direction and were shot away into nothingness.

Dully, I stared at every sullen low-flying cloud on the horizon, each a possible concealment of the island: and slowly traversed the stormy ceiling in vain search for a glimpse of the sun.

At last I gave up all hope.

Almost at once a break appeared in the clouds dead ahead and sunrays shone down. I opened the throttle and raced for it, leaning slightly forward, too intent to feel grateful. I secured three sights while crossing the lake of sunlight. Deafened by the incessant roar, nerves burning with slow fire under my skin through the endless shaking vibration or because of the strain of it, brain doped with fatigue, I laboured heavily with figure after figure, not using any of the data employed in the previous sight, but working the whole entirely afresh. The result gave the island dead ahead. And when

I comprehended it, I was exalted with confidence. Of course the island was dead ahead, of course my navigation would take me to it—hadn't I schemed and planned and plotted for months to make sure there was no flaw in my system—hadn't I tabulated every error in every observation and altered the system time after time to make it infallible? I had done my work; it was good; the island was there ahead. I closed up the sextant and stowed away all the instruments.

Looking over the side at the tumult of waters, crests torn off in showers of spray, I found the drift had increased to 20°. A 40-mile wind! But it was the rapid change in the force which caused the greatest anxiety. And the whole sky menacing. What did it mean? What had I struck?

As though hunting a ship with a searchlight, I unceasingly swept the sea to and fro, to and fro. Where low cloud cut off the horizon from sight, it was difficult to tell the visibility. 6 hours 35 minutes out. Where was the island? Minute after minute dragged itself by. 6 hours 40 minutes. Had I miscalculated? An error in my chart or in the reading of it? A mistake recurring in the sextant work? A defective compass? My God! I had always made mistakes; 100 miles—140 miles of error. I had none of the feelings of a hunter, only of the hunted, twisting my head from side to side as though in search of escape. Escape from this helplessness. I glanced at the petrol-tank—2¾ hours' petrol left. What a terrible weight the atmosphere seemed, or was it the silence of a bad dream in all this desolation of space between grey sea and dark ceiling? Here and there, heavier blue-black clouds were dropping on to the water surface; squalls with their hearts thinly concealed in purple haze, were massing all round the horizon to hem me in. I looked over and found the drift had increased again, was now nearly 25°. A gale! What had I struck? 6 hours 50 minutes. I had missed it! My blood turned to water and ceased to flow. I was bitterly excluded from life, without help, without hope. I had not even a boat. I never realized before what safety it seemed to offer. The plane would not last five minutes in that sea. 2¾ hours' petrol left. It was the utter inability to help myself that bred terror. My brain was numb, and refused to work. What could I do? I must decide

on a course of action. I must force my brain to work. If I once let myself get into a panic, I was done. 2¾ hours . . . 2¾ hours . . . very well, on for half an hour, then west for half an hour, then north till the end. . . . That last splutter of the motor, the final glide with empty beat of propeller.

I felt a rush of heat through me. Away to port—a long island in purple haze? Hope fired up while I stared. No, curse it! It changed shape! A black, lowering cloud. The flame of hope died out and I sank back again into the depths of depression. Still 6 hours 50 minutes. The clock had broken now! Supposing my watch had been two minutes out all the time, making an error of 30 miles—the discrepancy between sextant and dead-reckoning! 30 miles' distance from the island in this storm . . . as well be 300. The hand had passed 6 hours 50 minutes; the clock could not be broken after all.

With another hot surge of hope through me, I looked to port and found a long line of black cliff, land behind, rising—the top hidden in cloud. . . . It lost its outline. Oh hell! a distant squall. It was as though first hot and then freezing water were dashed over me. 6 hours 53 minutes. How incredibly weary I felt. Why could I not just fly on and on for hours and hours with nothing to do but fly? Well, I was tired of worrying. What was the good of it? If I'd failed, I'd failed. And as for that, did it really matter one way or the other? How intolerably stupid to worry about the future—about something one could not control! I would eat something, I thought; at least that could give some sort of tangible pleasure in the present.

I was stretching out my hand to feel what there was, when distinct clean-cut land showed ahead, a few degrees to the right. It stabbed the air like a broad, primeval dagger of grey stone thrust through the surface. Land! My God! Land! A hot flood of triumph and excitement swept irresistibly through me. I drew in breath till my lungs were tight stretched as if to hold out against the rush of excitement and to prevent myself from smashing things. But what a triumph! Ha! ha! this was no debatable verdict on a work of art or judgment—it was decisive success of co-ordinated brain work and science. There it stood—the sign of my

scheme's success—unquestionable—small, that blade of land in this vast space of desolation—but pointing to an incontestable triumph. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I never had had any doubt about finding it if the plane held together. Jupiter! how easy. I knew all along that the island's position must be wrong before mine could be. Ha! ha! ha! Roll out, ye wireless waves, and tell the skies.

"CQde KK AAA Land-O right ahead AAA Not the least like my concm . . . (erase) . . . concp . . . (erase) . . . concepts . . . (erase) . . . c o n c e p t i o n of Lord Howe Island but no other land within 400 miles so must be it AAA Right in great storm AAA Last Signal AAA AR."

That this was literally the last signal the wireless set would ever make, I did not know.

I subsided in the cockpit in a torpor of weariness.

Great Scott! what's that? A vast side of black like some distorted whale in a nightmare showed vaguely broadside on, under dense shrouding cloud as though some foul vapour brooded over it. I stared, and felt that my eyes were starting from my head. That was land under the lifting cloud! Huge black bulk of it. Enormous. Australia! Steady, steady! No panic! How could it be? Australia is 500 miles away. . . . It looks a continent. Yes, but let me be reasonable—it's because I'm right alongside it. By Jupiter! Lord Howe Island! Good God! to think I had not seen it till right alongside. No wonder that grey land seemed so small—Ball's Pyramid, the solitary rock twelve miles beyond Lord Howe Island, and only a quarter-mile wide!

I swung round and headed for the middle of the island. I sat back in the cockpit, my brain again a blank except for a few idle reflections. I laughed to think how always I had planned to go and photograph the Pyramid before alighting at Lord Howe. As if I cared two straws for all the photographs in the world!

Looking up again, I found the plane was headed for the open sea past the south end of the island. By Jupiter! this was a storm to blow the plane off its course like that in a mere minute or two!

Again I stirred myself from my lethargy to concentrate on the

task in hand: the plane beat into the teeth of the wind, seeming to crawl at a snail's pace. I recalled the warning of the Admiralty sailing directions, that ships passing within a mile and a half of the island during a north-wester, ran the risk of being dismasted by the violent squalls of wind. I fastened the safety-belt; even that was a weariness to the flesh now.

The actual sight of the island close up gave me a great surprise. How many times had I visualized it, imagined, pictured it from constant study of the fascinating chart. But now I could see no resemblance to a Cupid's bow in its shape. It looked so huge, seen close to, compared to its littleness on the chart. Where I had pictured smooth, close-cropped pasture sloping up the sides of Lidgbird and Gower, and their tops a pleasant wood, I found myself flying at twin black trunks of mountains which rose straight from the sea floor; all but their very base thrust into a heavy roll of dark cloud—I could fancy it growling and muttering, angrily. For a few yards above the line of surf thundering at their base, solidly packed palm trees jostled each other for root-hold on the mountain side. Above these, the bare rock face rose almost sheer till lost to view in the vaporous cloud. To the right of the northernmost mountain, Lidgbird, I saw the flat of the island. This I had pictured a rolling pasture, a setting for a farmhouse or two, each with a ring of detached shepherd-huts. I was astonished to find solid, dark-green, tropical foliage and a sea of palm trees. Palms! they upset my whole idea of the island—sprinkling the land below like innumerable stars of gunshot on green glass. As for the close-cropped pastures where I had fancied stalking rabbits, nothing could be more foreign to such an idea than the few cleared patches of vivid, exotic dark green tightly squeezed against the packed trees. Only the lagoon lived up to its name, stretched below with tropical generosity of colour: vivid light blue or bright green, inlaid with patches of sand on the bottom, startling in whiteness where unmarred by coral or marine growth.

I decided to cruise around and pick the best place for alighting. But at that instant, with a whizz of air, the plane was suddenly hurled vertically downwards at the lagoon. Camera, sextant, protractors, pencils and chart flurried round my head like a whirl of

autumn leaves. Only the safety-belt held me in the plane, though I clutched frantically at control-stick with one hand, and instrument-board with the other. At the bottom of several hundred feet, the plane fetched up with a bump that jarred me back into the cockpit seat. "Whew!" I thought, passing my hand over my forehead, "how the plane survived that without the wings being torn off, passes my comprehension! Cruise round the lagoon? Not likely!" Right there and now, I was going to alight. I dived straight down, only taking one glimpse at the water ahead for obstructions. The distance between crest and trough of the waves showed me there was depth enough; yet, at the last moment I thought I must have made a mistake and that not an inch covered the vividly shown lagoon bottom. I jibbed, but the thought of another bump brought me to my senses in a fraction of a second and the trottle was shut again almost at the same instant. *Elijah* plopped down on the surface like a duck and at once began drifting backwards at a great pace. I jumped up, freed the anchor from the tangle of gear in the front cockpit, and heaved it overboard. As soon as it "took", the line wrenched at my arms and nearly tugged me overboard. I clung to a float-strut with one hand while the line scoured through the other, until I could get a turn round the mooring-ring. Then the anchor ripped and jerked along the lagoon bed, only the two fathom of steel cable that I had fastened on saving the rope from being cut instantaneously by the coral snags.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

For a great many years polar exploration labored under a tremendous load of dogma and tradition that was often superfluous. Indeed, so stylized did the activity become at one time that it was described as a kind of modern miracle play, designed at least as much to dramatize the virtues of present-day industrialism as to discover and examine unknown parts of the world. The pattern is very familiar. Expeditions had to be extremely scientific, which meant that they had to carry with them all the products of our factories, from chocolate bars through special woolen clothing to airplanes.

There was nothing particularly wrong with this point of view except for the fact that the blind faith in science as opposed to common sense was often carried to fanatical lengths with fatal results. The loss of the entire Franklin expedition in the North, for instance, in a country where thousands of Eskimos had been living in perfect comfort for centuries, is a case in point. Another is the death of Scott in Antarctica, and the troubles that Scott had on his various expeditions.

Scott proceeded with the most meticulous planning and the full blessing of the rather stuffy gentlemen in London. He carried with him, among other things, the best anti-scorbutics that science could devise. Shackleton was with him on one of his expeditions and came down with scurvy in spite of science's planning, as did others. One of Shackleton's great contributions to polar exploration is that he thereafter made up his mind to let science go to the

devil wherever it conflicted with common sense. On his own expeditions, for instance, he bothered with no fancy preventives and cures for scurvy; he fed himself and his men the same fresh meat that has kept the Eskimos healthy for many centuries, and never had any difficulty whatever.

Shackleton is known as the lusty buccaneer in polar exploration who had the vision to see a job to be done and then went ahead and tackled it to the best of his ability, taking the full risks for the work on his own shoulders and those of his men, and improvising the equipment that he wanted when he didn't have the money to buy it. He was always hampered by lack of money, but to him work in the field was more important than money-raising campaigns at home. And so he barged ahead in spite of the disapproval of the more traditional Englishmen and did his job to the best of his ability. With that example he provided a tremendous release for British polar explorers. The experience of Courtauld on top of the Greenland ice cap, included in this volume, is one example of the almost miraculous work done by young Englishmen in the last few decades. For their startling departures from cumbersome traditional British methods they received their inspiration from Sir Ernest Shackleton on the one hand and from Vilhjalmur Stefansson on the other.

In 1914 Shackleton set sail for Antarctica with the ambitious plan of crossing the Antarctic continent from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea. His plans miscarried and that all-important crossing was not carried out until 1925, when Hollick-Kenyon flew Lincoln Ellsworth part way and walked him the rest.

Shackleton's ship, *Endurance*, was beset by ice and finally crushed. He and his men camped on the ice for many months, drifting northward, until they were finally able to make land at Elephant Island. But they couldn't go on from there, and in the ordinary course of events they could expect no help on the island—which is not visited by ships once in a decade. It was for this reason that Shackleton embarked on the journey described in the following pages, one of the most celebrated open-boat journeys ever made—800 miles to the Norwegian whaling station in South

Georgia, in early winter, across one of the world's coldest and stormiest seas.

It need only be added here that Shackleton managed to obtain help, to reach Elephant Island on his fourth attempt to get through the ice, and to rescue all his men in good health and good spirits. Not a man was lost on that epic expedition. That was reserved for the World War, in which they all enlisted immediately upon reaching England.

OPEN BOAT ACROSS ANTARCTIC SEAS

By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

THE weather was fine on April 23, and we hurried forward our preparations. It was on this day I decided finally that the crew for the *James Caird* should consist of Worsley, Crean, McNeish, McCarthy, Vincent, and myself. A storm came on about noon, with driving snow and heavy squalls. Occasionally the air would clear for a few minutes, and we could see a line of pack-ice, five miles out, driving across from west to east. This sight increased my anxiety to get away quickly. Winter was advancing, and soon the pack might close completely round the island and stay our departure for days or even for weeks. I did not think that ice would remain around Elephant Island continuously during the winter, since the strong winds and fast currents would keep it in motion. We had noticed ice and bergs going past at the rate of four or five knots. A certain amount of ice was held up about the end of our spit, but the sea was clear where the boat would have to be launched.

Worsley, Wild, and I climbed to the summit of the seaward rocks and examined the ice from a better vantage-point than the beach offered. The belt of pack outside appeared to be sufficiently broken for our purposes, and I decided that, unless the conditions

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forbade it, we would make a start in the *James Caird* on the following morning. Obviously the pack might close at any time. This decision made, I spent the rest of the day looking over the boat, gear, and stores, and discussing plans with Worsley and Wild.

Our last night on the solid ground of Elephant Island was cold and uncomfortable. We turned out at dawn and had breakfast. Then we launched the *Stancomb Wills* and loaded her with stores, gear, and ballast, which would be transferred to the *James Caird* when the heavier boat had been launched. The ballast consisted of bags made from blankets and filled with sand, making a total weight of about 1000 lbs. In addition we had gathered a number of boulders and about 250 lbs. of ice, which would supplement our two casks of water.

The stores taken in the *James Caird*, which would last six men for one month, were as follows:

- 30 boxes of matches.
- 61½ gallons paraffin.
- 1 tin methylated spirit.
- 10 boxes of flamers.
- 1 box of blue lights.
- 2 Primus stoves with spare parts and prickers.
- 1 Nansen aluminum cooker.
- 6 sleeping bags.
- A few spare socks.
- Few candles and some blubber-oil in an oil bag.

Food:

- 3 cases sledging rations.
- 2 cases nut food.
- 2 cases biscuits.
- 1 case lump sugar.
- 30 packets of Trumilk.
- 1 tin of Bovril cubes.
- 1 tin of Cerebos salt.
- 36 gallons of water.
- 250 lbs. of ice.

Instruments:

Sextant.	Sea-anchor.
Binoculars.	Charts.
Prismatic compass.	Aneroid.

The swell was slight when the *Stancomb Wills* was launched and the boat got under way without any difficulty; but half an hour later, when we were pulling down the *James Caird*, the swell increased suddenly. Apparently the movement of the ice outside had made an opening and allowed the sea to run in without being blanketed by the line of pack. The swell made things difficult. Many of us got wet to the waist while dragging the boat out—a serious matter in that climate. When the *James Caird* was afloat in the surf she nearly capsized among the rocks before we could get her clear, and Vincent and the carpenter, who were on the deck, were thrown into the water. This was really bad luck, for the two men would have small chance of drying their clothes after we had got under way. Hurley, who had the eye of the professional photographer for “incidents,” secured a picture of the upset, and I firmly believe that he would have liked the two unfortunate men to remain in the water until he could get a “snap” at close quarters; but we hauled them out immediately, regardless of his feelings.

The *James Caird* was soon clear of the breakers. We used all the available ropes as a long painter to prevent her drifting away to the north-east, and then the *Stancomb Wills* came alongside, transferred her load, and went back to the shore for more. As she was being beached this time the sea took her stern and half filled her with water. She had to be turned over and emptied before the return journey could be made. Every member of the crew of the *Stancomb Wills* was wet to the skin. The watercasks were towed behind the *Stancomb Wills* on this second journey, and the swell, which was increasing rapidly, drove the boat on to the rocks, where one of the casks was slightly stove in. This accident proved later to be a serious one, since some sea-water had entered the cask and the contents were now brackish.

By midday the *James Caird* was ready for the voyage. Vincent

and the carpenter had secured some dry clothes by exchange with members of the shore party (I heard afterwards that it was a full fortnight before the soaked garments were finally dried), and the boat's crew was standing by waiting for the order to cast off. A moderate westerly breeze was blowing. I went ashore in the *Stancomb Wills* and had a last word with Wild, who was remaining in full command, with directions as to his course of action in the event of our failure to bring relief, but I practically left the whole situation and scope of action and decision to his own judgment, secure in the knowledge that he would act wisely. I told him that I trusted the party to him and said good-bye to the men. Then we pushed off for the last time, and within a few minutes I was aboard the *James Caird*. The crew of the *Stancomb Wills* shook hands with us as the boats bumped together and offered us the last good wishes. Then, setting our jib, we cut the painter and moved away to the north-east. The men who were staying behind made a pathetic little group on the beach, with the grim heights of the island behind them and the sea seething at their feet, but they waved to us and gave three hearty cheers. There was hope in their hearts and they trusted us to bring the help that they needed.

I had all sails set, and the *James Caird* quickly dipped the beach and its line of dark figures. The westerly wind took us rapidly to the line of pack, and as we entered it I stood up with my arm round the mast, directing the steering, so as to avoid the great lumps of ice that were flung about in the heave of the sea. The pack thickened and we were forced to turn almost due east, running before the wind towards a gap I had seen in the morning from the high ground. I could not see the gap now, but we had come out on its bearing and I was prepared to find that it had been influenced by the easterly drift. At four o'clock in the afternoon we found the channel, much narrower than it had seemed in the morning but still navigable. Dropping sail, we rowed through without touching the ice anywhere, and by 5:30 P.M. we were clear of the pack with open water before us. We passed one more piece of ice in the darkness an hour later, but the pack lay behind, and with a fair wind swelling the sails we steered our little craft through the night, our hopes centred on our distant goal. The

swell was very heavy now, and when the time came for our first evening meal we found great difficulty in keeping the Primus lamp alight and preventing the hoosh splashing out of the pot. Three men were needed to attend to the cooking, one man holding the lamp and two men guarding the aluminum cooking-pot, which had to be lifted clear of the Primus whenever the movement of the boat threatened to cause a disaster. Then the lamp had to be protected from water, for sprays were coming over the bows and our flimsy decking was by no means water-tight. All these operations were conducted in the confined space under the decking, where the men lay or knelt and adjusted themselves as best they could to the angles of our cases and ballast. It was uncomfortable, but we found consolation in the reflection that without the decking we could not have used the cooker at all.

The tale of the next sixteen days is one of supreme strife amid heaving waters. The sub-Antarctic Ocean lived up to its evil winter reputation. I decided to run north for at least two days while the wind held and so get into warmer weather before turning to the east and laying a course for South Georgia. We took two-hourly spells at the tiller. The men who were not on watch crawled into the sodden sleeping-bags and tried to forget their troubles for a period; but there was no comfort in the boat. The bags and cases seemed to be alive in the unfailing knack of presenting their most uncomfortable angles to our rest-seeking bodies. A man might imagine for a moment that he had found a position of ease, but always discovered quickly that some unyielding point was impinging on muscle or bone. The first night aboard the boat was one of acute discomfort for us all, and we were heartily glad when the dawn came and we could set about the preparation of a hot breakfast.

This record of the voyage to South Georgia is based upon scanty notes made day by day. The notes dealt usually with the bare facts of distances, positions, and weather, but our memories retained the incidents of the passing days in a period never to be forgotten. By running north for the first two days I hoped to get warmer weather and also to avoid lines of pack that might be extending beyond the main body. We needed all the advantage that we

could obtain from the higher latitude for sailing on the great circle, but we had to be cautious regarding possible ice-streams. Cramped in our narrow quarters and continually wet by the spray, we suffered severely from cold throughout the journey. We fought the seas and the winds and at the same time had a daily struggle to keep ourselves alive. At times we were in dire peril. Generally we were upheld by the knowledge that we were making progress towards the land where we would be, but there were days and nights when we lay hove to, drifting across the storm-whitened seas and watching with eyes interested rather than apprehensive the uprearing masses of water, flung to and fro by Nature in the pride of her strength. Deep seemed the valleys when we lay between the reeling seas. High were the hills when we perched momentarily on the tops of giant combers. Nearly always there were gales. So small was our boat and so great were the seas that often our sail flapped idly in the calm between the crests of two waves. Then we would climb the next slope and catch the full fury of the gale where the wool-like whiteness of the breaking water surged around us. We had our moments of laughter—rare, it is true, but hearty enough. Even when cracked lips and swollen mouths checked the outward and visible signs of amusement we could see a joke of the primitive kind. Man's sense of humour is always most easily stirred by the petty misfortunes of his neighbours, and I shall never forget Worsley's efforts on one occasion to place the hot aluminum stand on top of the Primus stove after it had fallen off in an extra heavy roll. With his frost-bitten fingers he picked it up, dropped it, picked it up again, and toyed with it gingerly as though it were some fragile article of lady's wear. We laughed, or rather gurgled with laughter.

The wind came up strong and worked into a gale from the northwest on the third day out. We stood away to the east. The increasing seas discovered the weaknesses of our decking. The continuous blows shifted the box-lids and sledge-runners so that the canvas sagged down and accumulated water. Then icy trickles, distinct from the driving sprays, poured fore and aft into the boat. The nails that the carpenter had extracted from cases at Elephant Island and used to fasten down the battens were too short to make

firm the decking. We did what we could to secure it, but our means were very limited, and the water continued to enter the boat at a dozen points. Much baling was necessary, and nothing that we could do prevented our gear from becoming sodden. The searching runnels from the canvas were really more unpleasant than the sudden definite douches of the sprays. Lying under the thwarts during watches below, we tried vainly to avoid them. There were no dry places in the boat, and at last we simply covered our heads with our Burberrys and endured the all-pervading water. The baling was work for the watch. Real rest we had none. The perpetual motion of the boat made repose impossible; we were cold, sore, and anxious. We moved on hands and knees in the semi-darkness of the day under the decking. The darkness was complete by 6 P.M., and not until 7 A.M. of the following day could we see one another under the thwarts. We had a few scraps of candle, and they were preserved carefully in order that we might have light at meal-times. There was one fairly dry spot in the boat, under the solid original decking at the bows, and we managed to protect some of our biscuits from the salt water; but I do not think any of us got the taste of salt out of our mouths during the voyage.

The difficulty of movement in the boat would have had its humorous side if it had not involved us in so many aches and pains. We had to crawl under the thwarts in order to move along the boat, and our knees suffered considerably. When a watch turned out it was necessary for me to direct each man by name when and where to move, since if all hands had crawled about at the same time the result would have been dire confusion and many bruises. Then there was the trim of the boat to be considered. The order of the watch was four hours on and four hours off, three men to the watch. One man had the tiller-ropes, the second man attended to the sail, and the third baled for all he was worth. Sometimes when the water in the boat had been reduced to reasonable proportions, our pump could be used. This pump, which Hurley had made from the Flinder's bar case of our ship's standard compass, was quite effective, though its capacity was not large. The man who was attending the sail could pump into the big outer cooker,

which was lifted and emptied overboard when filled. We had a device by which the water could go direct from the pump into the sea through a hole in the gunwale, but this hole had to be blocked at an early stage of the voyage, since we found that it admitted water when the boat rolled.

While a new watch was shivering in the wind and spray, the men who had been relieved groped hurriedly among the soaked sleeping-bags and tried to steal a little of the warmth created by the last occupants; but it was not always possible for us to find even this comfort when we went off watch. The boulders that we had taken aboard for ballast had to be shifted continually in order to trim the boat and give access to the pump, which became choked with hairs from the moulting sleeping-bags and finneskoe. The four reindeer-skin sleeping-bags shed their hair freely owing to the continuous wetting, and soon became quite bald in appearance. The moving of the boulders was weary and painful work. We came to know every one of the stones by sight and touch, and I have vivid memories of their angular peculiarities even to-day. They might have been of considerable interest as geological specimens to a scientific man under happier conditions. As ballast they were useful. As weights to be moved about in cramped quarters they were simply appalling. They spared no portion of our poor bodies. Another of our troubles, worth mention here, was the chafing of our legs by our wet clothes, which had not been changed now for seven months. The insides of our thighs were rubbed raw, and the one tube of Hazeline cream in our medicine-chest did not go far in alleviating our pain, which was increased by the bite of the salt water. We thought at the time that we never slept. The fact was that we would dose off uncomfortably, to be aroused quickly by some new ache or another call to effort. My own share of the general unpleasantness was accentuated by a finely developed bout of sciatica. I had become possessor of this originally on the floe several months earlier.

Our meals were regular in spite of the gales. Attention to this point was essential, since the conditions of the voyage made increasing calls upon our vitality. Breakfast, at 8 A.M., consisted of a pannikin of hot hoosh made from Bovril sledging ration, two

biscuits, and some lumps of sugar. Lunch came at 1 P.M., and comprised Bovril sledging ration, eaten raw, and a pannikin of hot milk for each man. Tea, at 5 P.M., had the same menu. Then during the night we had a hot drink, generally of milk. The meals were the bright beacons in those cold and stormy days. The glow of warmth and comfort produced by the food and drink made optimists of us all. We had two tins of Virol, which we were keeping for an emergency; but, finding ourselves in need of an oil-lamp to eke out our supply of candles, we emptied one of the tins in the manner that most appealed to us, and fitted it with a wick made by shredding a bit of canvas. When this lamp was filled with oil it gave a certain amount of light, though it was easily blown out, and was of great assistance to us at night. We were fairly well off as regarded fuel, since we had 6½ gallons of petroleum.

A severe south-westerly gale on the fourth day out forced us to heave to. I would have liked to have run before the wind, but the sea was very high and the *James Caird* was in danger of broaching to and swamping. The delay was vexatious, since up to that time we had been making sixty or seventy miles a day, good going with our limited sail area. We hove to under double-reefed mainsail and our little jigger, and waited for the gale to blow itself out. During that afternoon we saw bits of wreckage, the remains probably of some unfortunate vessel that had failed to weather the strong gales south of Cape Horn. The weather conditions did not improve, and on the fifth day out the gale was so fierce that we were compelled to take in the double-reefed mainsail and hoist our small jib instead. We put out a sea-anchor to keep the *James Caird's* head up to the sea. This anchor consisted of a triangular canvas bag fastened to the end of the painter and allowed to stream out from the bows. The boat was high enough to catch the wind, and, as she drifted to leeward, the drag of the anchor kept her head to windward. Thus our boat took most of the seas more or less end on. Even then the crests of the waves often would curl right over us and we shipped a great deal of water, which necessitated unceasing baling and pumping. Looking out abeam, we would see a hollow like a tunnel formed as the crest of a big wave toppled over on to the swelling body of water. A thousand

times it appeared as though the *James Caird* must be engulfed; but the boat lived. The south-westerly gale had its birthplace above the Antarctic Continent, and its freezing breath lowered the temperature far toward zero. The sprays froze upon the boat and gave bows, sides, and decking a heavy coat of mail. This accumulation of ice reduced the buoyancy of the boat, and to that extent was an added peril; but it possessed a notable advantage from one point of view. The water ceased to drop and trickle from the canvas, and the spray came in solely at the well in the after part of the boat. We could not allow the load of ice to grow beyond a certain point, and in turns we crawled about the decking forward, chipping and picking at it with the available tools.

When daylight came on the morning of the sixth day out we saw and felt that the *James Caird* had lost her resiliency. She was not rising to the oncoming seas. The weight of the ice that had formed in her and upon her during the night was having its effect, and she was becoming more like a log than a boat. The situation called for immediate action. We first broke away the spare oars, which were encased in ice and frozen to the sides of the boat, and threw them overboard. We retained two oars for use when we got inshore. Two of the fur sleeping-bags went over the side; they were thoroughly wet, weighing probably 40 lbs. each, and they had frozen stiff during the night. Three men constituted the watch below, and when a man went down it was better to turn into the wet bag just vacated by another man than to thaw out a frozen bag with the heat of his unfortunate body. We now had four bags, three in use and one for emergency use in case a member of the party should break down permanently. The reduction of weight relieved the boat to some extent, and vigorous chipping and scraping did more. We had to be very careful not to put axe or knife through the frozen canvas of the decking as we crawled over it, but gradually we got rid of a lot of ice. The *James Caird* lifted to the endless waves as though she lived again.

About 11 A.M. the boat suddenly fell off into the trough of the sea. The painter had parted and the sea-anchor had gone. This was serious. The *James Caird* went away to leeward, and we had no chance at all of recovering the anchor and our valuable rope,

which had been our only means of keeping the boat's head up to the seas without the risk of hoisting sail in a gale. Now we had to set the sail and trust to its holding. While the *James Caird* rolled heavily in the trough, we beat the frozen canvas until the bulk of the ice had cracked off it and then hoisted it. The frozen gear worked protestingly, but after a struggle our little craft came up to the wind again, and we breathed more freely. Skin frost-bites were troubling us, and we had developed large blisters on our fingers and hands. I shall always carry the scar of one of these frost-bites on my left hand, which became badly inflamed after the skin had burst and the cold had bitten deeply.

We held the boat up to the gale during that day, enduring as best we could discomforts that amounted to pain. The boat tossed interminably on the big waves under grey, threatening skies. Our thoughts did not embrace much more than the necessities of the hour. Every surge of the sea was an enemy to be watched and circumvented. We ate our scanty meals, treated our frost-bites, and hoped for the improved conditions that the morrow might bring. Night fell early, and in the lagging hours of darkness we were cheered by a change for the better in the weather. The wind dropped, the snow-squalls became less frequent, and the sea moderated. When the morning of the seventh day dawned there was not much wind. We shook the reef out of the sail and laid our course once more for South Georgia. The sun came out bright and clear, and presently Worsley got a snap for longitude. We hoped that the sky would remain clear until noon, so that we could get the latitude. We had been six days out without an observation, and our dead reckoning naturally was uncertain. The boat must have presented a strange appearance that morning. All hands basked in the sun. We hung our sleeping-bags to the mast and spread our socks and other gear all over the deck. Some of the ice had melted off the *James Caird* in the early morning after the gale began to slacken, and dry patches were appearing in the decking. Porpoises came blowing round the boat, and Cape pigeons wheeled and swooped within a few feet of us. These little black-and-white birds have an air of friendliness that is not possessed by the great circling albatross. They had looked grey against the swaying sea

during the storm as they darted about over our heads and uttered their plaintive cries. The albatrosses, of the black or sooty variety, had watched with hard, bright eyes, and seemed to have a quite impersonal interest in our struggle to keep afloat amid the battering seas. In addition to the Cape pigeons an occasional stormy petrel flashed overhead. Then there was a small bird, unknown to me, that appeared always to be in a fussy, bustling state, quite out of keeping with the surroundings. It irritated me. It had practically no tail, and it flitted about vaguely as though in search of the lost member. I used to find myself wishing it would find its tail and have done with the silly fluttering.

We revelled in the warmth of the sun that day. Life was not so bad, after all. We felt we were well on our way. Our gear was drying, and we could have a hot meal in comparative comfort. The swell was still heavy, but it was not breaking and the boat rode easily. At noon Worsley balanced himself on the gunwale and clung with one hand to the stay of the mainmast while he got a snap of the sun. The result was more than encouraging. We had done over 380 miles and were getting on for half-way to South Georgia. It looked as though we were going to get through.

The wind freshened to a good stiff breeze during the afternoon, and the *James Caird* made satisfactory progress. I had not realized until the sunlight came how small our boat really was. There was some influence in the light and warmth, some hint of happier days, that made us revive memories of other voyages, when we had stout decks beneath our feet, unlimited food at our command, and pleasant cabins for our ease. Now we clung to a battered little boat, "alone, alone—all, all alone; alone on a wide, wide sea." So low in the water were we that each succeeding swell cut off our view of the sky-line. We were a tiny speck in the vast vista of the sea—the ocean that is open to all and merciful to none, that threatens even when it seems to yield, and that is pitiless always to weakness. For a moment the consciousness of the forces arrayed against us would be almost overwhelming. Then hope and confidence would rise again as our boat rose to a wave and tossed aside the crest in a sparkling shower like the play of prismatic colours at the foot of a waterfall. My double-barrelled gun and

some cartridges had been stowed aboard the boat as an emergency precaution against a shortage of food, but we were not disposed to destroy our little neighbours, the Cape pigeons, even for the sake of fresh meat. We might have shot an albatross, but the wandering king of the ocean aroused in us something of the feeling that inspired, too late, the Ancient Mariner. So the gun remained among the stores and sleeping-bags in the narrow quarters beneath our leaking deck, and the birds followed us unmolested.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth days of the voyage had few features worthy of special note. The wind blew hard during those days, and the strain of navigating the boat was unceasing; but always we made some advance towards our goal. No bergs showed on our horizon, and we knew that we were clear of the ice-fields. Each day brought its little round of troubles, but also compensation in the form of food and growing hope. We felt that we were going to succeed. The odds against us had been great, but we were winning through. We still suffered severely from the cold, for, though the temperature was rising, our vitality was declining owing to shortage of food, exposure, and the necessity of maintaining our cramped positions day and night. I found that it was now absolutely necessary to prepare hot milk for all hands during the night, in order to sustain life till dawn. This meant lighting the Primus lamp in the darkness and involved an increased drain on our small store of matches. It was the rule that one match must serve when the Primus was being lit. We had no lamp for the compass and during the early days of the voyage we would strike a match when the steersman wanted to see the course at night; but later the necessity for strict economy impressed itself upon us, and the practice of striking matches at night was stopped. We had one water-tight tin of matches. I had stowed away in a pocket, in readiness for a sunny day, a lens from one of the telescopes, but this was of no use during the voyage. The sun seldom shone upon us. The glass of the compass got broken one night, and we contrived to mend it with adhesive tape from the medicine-chest. One of the memories that comes to me from those days is of Crean singing at the tiller. He always sang while he was steering, and nobody ever discovered what the song was. It was devoid of tune and as

monotonous as the chanting of a Buddhist monk at his prayers; yet somehow it was cheerful. In moments of inspiration Crean would attempt "The Wearing of the Green."

On the tenth night Worsley could not straighten his body after his spell at the tiller. He was thoroughly cramped, and we had to drag him beneath the decking and massage him before he could unbend himself and get into a sleeping-bag. A hard north-westerly gale came up on the eleventh day (May 5) and shifted to the south-west in the late afternoon. The sky was overcast and occasional snow-squalls added to the discomfort produced by a tremendous cross-sea—the worst, I thought, that we had experienced. At midnight I was at the tiller and suddenly noticed a line of clear sky between the south and south-west. I called to the other men that the sky was clearing, and then a moment later I realized that what I had seen was not a rift in the clouds but the white crest of an enormous wave. During twenty-six years' experience of the ocean in all its moods I had not encountered a wave so gigantic. It was a mighty upheaval of the ocean, a thing quite apart from the big white-capped seas that had been our tireless enemies for many days. I shouted "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us." Then came a moment of suspense that seemed drawn out into hours. White surged the foam of the breaking sea around us. We felt our boat lifted and flung forward like a cork in breaking surf. We were in a seething chaos of tortured water; but somehow the boat lived through it, half full of water, sagging to the dead weight and shuddering under the blow. We baled with the energy of men fighting for life, flinging the water over the sides with every receptacle that came to our hands, and after ten minutes of uncertainty we felt the boat renew her life beneath us. She floated again and ceased to lurch drunkenly as though dazed by the attack of the sea. Earnestly we hoped that never again would we encounter such a wave.

The conditions in the boat, uncomfortable before, had been made worse by the deluge of water. All our gear was thoroughly wet again. Our cooking-stove had been floating about in the bottom of the boat, and portions of our last hoosh seemed to have permeated everything. Not until 3 A.M., when we were all chilled

almost to the limit of endurance, did we manage to get the stove alight and make ourselves hot drinks. The carpenter was suffering particularly, but he showed grit and spirit. Vincent had for the past week ceased to be an active member of the crew, and I could not easily account for his collapse. Physically he was one of the strongest men in the boat. He was a young man, he had served on North Sea trawlers, and he should have been able to bear hardships better than McCarthy, who, not so strong, was always happy.

The weather was better on the following day (May 6), and we got a glimpse of the sun. Worsley's observation showed that we were not more than a hundred miles from the north-west corner of South Georgia. Two more days with a favourable wind and we would sight the promised land. I hoped that there would be no delay, for our supply of water was running very low. The hot drink at night was essential, but I decided that the daily allowance of water must be cut down to half a pint per man. The lumps of ice we had taken aboard had gone long ago. We were dependent upon the water we had brought from Elephant Island, and our thirst was increased by the fact that we were now using the brackish water in the breaker that had been slightly stove in in the surf when the boat was being loaded. Some sea-water had entered at that time.

Thirst took possession of us. I dared not permit the allowance of water to be increased since an unfavourable wind might drive us away from the island and lengthen our voyage by many days. Lack of water is always the most severe privation that men can be condemned to endure, and we found, as during our earlier boat voyage, that the salt water in our clothing and the salt spray that lashed our faces made our thirst grow quickly to a burning pain. I had to be very firm in refusing to allow any one to anticipate the morrow's allowance, which I was sometimes begged to do. We did the necessary work dully and hoped for the land. I had altered the course to the east so as to make sure of our striking the island, which would have been impossible to regain if we had run past the northern end. The course was laid on our scrap of chart for a point some thirty miles down the coast. That day and the following day passed for us in a sort of nightmare. Our mouths were dry

and our tongues were swollen. The wind was still strong and the heavy sea forced us to navigate carefully, but any thought of our peril from the waves was buried beneath the consciousness of our raging thirst. The bright moments were those when we each received our one mug of hot milk during the long, bitter watches of the night. Things were bad for us in those days, but the end was coming. The morning of May 8 broke thick and stormy, with squalls from the north-west. We searched the waters ahead for a sign of land, and though we could see nothing more than had met our eyes for many days, we were cheered by a sense that the goal was near at hand. About ten o'clock that morning we passed a little bit of kelp, a glad signal of the proximity of land. An hour later we saw two shags sitting on a big mass of kelp, and knew then that we must be within ten or fifteen miles of the shore. These birds are as sure an indication of the proximity of land as a lighthouse is, for they never venture far to sea. We gazed ahead with increasing eagerness, and at 12.30 P.M., through a rift in the clouds, McCarthy caught a glimpse of the black cliffs of South Georgia, just fourteen days after our departure from Elephant Island. It was a glad moment. Thirst-ridden, chilled, and weak as we were, happiness irradiated us. The job was nearly done.

We stood in towards the shore to look for a landing-place, and presently we could see the green tussock-grass on the ledges above the surf-beaten rocks. Ahead of us and to the south, blind rollers showed the presence of uncharted reefs along the coast. Here and there the hungry rocks were close to the surface, and over them the great waves broke, swirling viciously and spouting thirty and forty feet into the air. The rocky coast appeared to descend sheer to the sea. Our need of water and rest was well-nigh desperate, but to have attempted a landing at that time would have been suicidal. Night was drawing near, and the weather indications were not favourable. There was nothing for it but to haul off till the following morning, so we stood away on the starboard tack until we had made what appeared to be a safe offing. Then we hove to in the high westerly swell. The hours passed slowly as we waited the dawn, which would herald, we fondly hoped, the last stage of our journey. Our thirst was a torment and we could scarcely touch

our food; the cold seemed to strike right through our weakened bodies. At 5 A.M. the wind shifted to the north-west and quickly increased to one of the worst hurricanes any of us had ever experienced. A great cross-sea was running, and the wind simply shrieked as it tore the tops off the waves and converted the whole seascape into a haze of driving spray. Down into valleys, up to tossing heights, straining until her seams opened, swung our little boat, brave still but labouring heavily. We knew that the wind and set of the sea was driving us ashore, but we could do nothing. The dawn showed us a storm-torn ocean, and the morning passed without bringing us a sight of the land; but at 1 P.M., through a rift in the flying mists, we got a glimpse of the huge crags of the island and realized that our position had become desperate. We were on a dead lee shore, and we could gauge our approach to the unseen cliffs by the roar of the breakers against the sheer walls of rock. I ordered the double-reefed mainsail to be set in the hope that we might claw off, and this attempt increased the strain upon the boat. The *Caird* was bumping heavily, and the water was pouring in everywhere. Our thirst was forgotten in the realization of our imminent danger, as we baled unceasingly, and adjusted our weights from time to time; occasional glimpses showed that the shore was nearer. I knew that Annewkow Island lay to the south of us, but our small and badly marked chart showed uncertain reefs in the passage between the island and the mainland, and I dared not trust it, though as a last resort we could try to lie under the lee of the island. The afternoon wore away as we edged down the coast, with the thunder of the breakers in our ears. The approach of evening found us still some distance from Annewkow Island, and, dimly in the twilight, we could see a snow-capped mountain looming above us. The chance of surviving the night, with the driving gale and the implacable sea forcing us on to the lee shore, seemed small. I think most of us had a feeling that the end was very near. Just after 6 P.M., in the dark, as the boat was in the yeasty backwash from the seas flung from this iron-bound coast, then, just when things looked their worst, they changed for the best. I have marvelled often at the thin line that divides success from failure and the sudden turn that leads from apparently

certain disaster to comparative safety. The wind suddenly shifted, and we were free once more to make an offing. Almost as soon as the gale eased, the pin that locked the mast to the thwart fell out. It must have been on the point of doing this throughout the hurricane, and if it had gone nothing could have saved us; the mast would have snapped like a carrot. Our backstays had carried away once before when iced up and were not too strongly fastened now. We were thankful indeed for the mercy that had held that pin in its place throughout the hurricane.

We stood off shore again, tired almost to the point of apathy. Our water had long been finished. The last was about a pint of hairy liquid, which we strained through a bit of gauze from the medicine-chest. The pangs of thirst attacked us with redoubled intensity, and I felt that we must make a landing on the following day at almost any hazard. The night wore on. We were very tired. We longed for day. When at last the dawn came on the morning of May 10 there was practically no wind, but a high cross-sea was running. We made slow progress towards the shore. About 8 A.M. the wind backed to the north-west and threatened another blow. We had sighted in the meantime a big indentation which I thought must be King Haakon Bay, and I decided that we must land there. We set the bows of the boat towards the bay and ran before the freshening gale. Soon we had angry reefs on either side. Great glaciers came down to the sea and offered no landing-place. The sea spouted on the reefs and thundered against the shore. About noon we sighted a line of jagged reef, like blackened teeth, that seemed to bar the entrance to the bay. Inside, comparatively smooth water stretched eight or nine miles to the head of the bay. A gap in the reef appeared, and we made for it. But the fates had another rebuff for us. The wind shifted and blew from the east right out of the bay. We could see the way through the reef, but we could not approach it directly. That afternoon we bore up, tacking five times in the strong wind. The last tack enabled us to get through, and at last we were in the wide mouth of the bay. Dusk was approaching. A small cove, with a boulder-strewn beach guarded by a reef, made a break in the cliffs on the south side of the bay, and we turned in that direction. I stood in the bows di-

recting the steering as we ran through the kelp and made the passage of the reef. The entrance was so narrow that we had to take in the oars, and the swell was piling itself right over the reef into the cove; but in a minute or two we were inside, and in the gathering darkness the *James Caird* ran in on a swell and touched the beach. I sprang ashore with the short painter and held on when the boat went out with the backward surge. When the *James Caird* came in again three of the men got ashore, and they held the painter while I climbed some rocks with another line. A slip on the wet rocks twenty feet up nearly closed my part of the story just at the moment when we were achieving safety. A jagged piece of rock held me and at the same time bruised me sorely. However, I made fast the line, and in a few minutes we were all safe on the beach, with the boat floating in the surging water just off the shore. We heard a gurgling sound that was sweet music in our ears, and, peering around, found a stream of fresh water almost at our feet. A moment later we were down on our knees drinking the pure ice-cold water in long draughts that put new life into us. It was a splendid moment.

WILLIAM N. MERRYMAN

William N. Merryman is that rare kind of person who goes after "high adventure," finds it, and comes out without taking himself too seriously. Usually I dislike that kind of thing intensely—the common stuff that is dished up to us in books of high adventure is high in the olfactory sense too. But there is a charm about Merryman, a kind of decent matter-of-factness, and a certain amount of humor, which not only takes the sting out of his writing a book about his experiences, but makes it a good book to boot.

Merryman was a West Coast boy of wealthy family, who went to Annapolis, didn't like the discipline, went to Europe to live on the bull-market and enjoy himself with the wastrels of the international set, lost all his money in the crash, and then went to South America for the fortune that he failed to find. He had a job for a while, made a stake, and went into business driving sheep across the Andes from Argentina to Chile. The business didn't pan out—the sheep died in a snowstorm and fell over cliffs. He went to Buenos Aires, where he promptly went broke. A fortuitous lottery prize saved him, as one commentator put it, from the very jaws of employment—or anyway his book says it did. Then he went looking for the famous Inca treasure in Ecuador, with the same negative results that all the constant expeditions have that look for that same treasure (it's one of South America's perennials).

So he went to Rio de Janeiro, where he heard about the notorious River of the Dead, where there was supposed to be lots of gold and also lots of savage Chavante Indians who didn't allow any

white man to go in and get the gold. So, naturally, he went, with the results that are depicted in the following pages.

A lot of reviewers who dealt with his book found it a trifle hard to believe this story of his being captured by Indians. Why, I don't know. It's a whole lot easier to believe than the one about the winning lottery ticket. For hundreds of years Indians captured white men and held them as honored prisoners here in North America. Up here they've only stopped because they are now permanently down in their luck and can't get away with that kind of thing any more. But in South America there are still thousands upon thousands of Indians who are not yet down in their luck, who are still monarchs of all they survey, and who still like to have an occasional white man live with them—even under duress—to amuse them and add social prestige to their villages.

Merryman went in among the Chavantes at the points of a lot of spears, and carrying his full load of the usual claptrap about his being regarded as some kind of a "white god." After a while he began to get his doubts about the white god business, and at the same time he began to develop a high liking and respect for his captors. Nobody but Merryman knows if the story is absolutely "true" as told here. It makes no difference; it is true to the character of the South American jungle Indians and that is something that nobody could possibly have invented.

Space limitations forbid printing the entire story of Merryman's captivity. I can give only a few of the best indications of what might easily happen to almost anybody who goes barging into the heart of Brazil's jungle-wilderness, where he has no real business.

PRISONERS IN THE JUNGLE

By WILLIAM N. MERRYMAN

AFTER a few days the dense forest along the river gave way to an open pampa, a fertile sea of waving grass, with clumps of forest only here and there, and with the blue haze of mountains in the distance.

Week after happy week there was no sign of Indians. We had twenty-four delightful days, rowing when we felt like it, loafing when we wanted, hunting our food. Deer, turkeys, grouse, all the fish we wanted to pull out of the river—it was a hunter's paradise. We came to an abandoned cabin where the Salesian fathers had once lived while trying unsuccessfully to lure the Chavantes into Christianity and civilization. Weeks later we came to the ruins of an old adobe house, with several brass buttons in them. Brass buttons? Had they belonged to Portuguese soldiers in colonial days? Near by were piles of gravel and other evidences of gold mining. Somebody had once been up here. Had he found anything?

We panned for gold and diamonds every day, but day by day our efforts grew more desultory. The bottom of the river was not paved with treasure, but we hardly cared. There were a few scant

From *Yankee Caballero*, by William N. Merryman. Copyright 1940, Robert M. McBride & Company.

returns—a little dust here and there—but gold had lost its meaning in that paradise of nature. Monkeys peered and chattered at us out of the occasional clumps of trees, there was a jaguar—asleep—his skin went along with us and served as cover for our load of supplies. Stalking deer through the tall grass was bothersome and perhaps dangerous—insects—snakes—who knows what we might run into. I dressed myself in a red sweater and went toward them—openly and brazenly. It annoyed them and they ran to chase me away—and be killed by my rifle. No animals were gun-shy—or man-shy. One reached out and had meat—all one wanted.

We ate venison fresh, and we roasted it when it was to be kept till the next day. We rowed, and loafed, and hunted, ate and told jokes, panned gold and kept quiet over any possible disappointment in not finding any. We lost our fear of the Indians. It was unthinkable that there should be anything hostile within miles of us.

Marcel and I squatted by the river, swirling our pans. He pulled his out and inspected it—nothing—a speck or two perhaps. He laughed:

“We’re not getting rich.”

“Not very fast.” I looked behind me, over the waving pampa, at the dancing blue line of the distant hills. “I wonder what’s over there?”

“I’ve been wondering myself. All that lovely country. Empty; unexplored. We’re as likely to find gold there as here on the river.”

“Those hills back there——”

“Look at those savannas. Grass up to your waist. Wealth; grass is riches, and often better than gold. If one could have cattle here.”

“Those hills over there. I’ve been thinking. If we could reach them. We might find gold and diamonds over there.”

“It would be nice to travel overland for a while. I’m tired of rowing. We could go in for a few days and see what’s there. What’s keeping us?”

“That’s right. What’s keeping us?”

Pablo wanted to do some washing. It kept us by the river for a

day, while the rest of us made up our packs. Hammocks, mosquito nets, rifles, ammunition, a little roasted meat, machetes, an Ever-ready flashlight with fresh cells—I'd been reading the ads—salt, matches, trinkets, pans for gold. We didn't need too much. We could be self-supporting in that game paradise.

Antonio came with a batch of Roman candles.

"What are they for?" asked Marcel.

"Just in case."

I laughed. "I had kind of a dream about those things. Just in case we're attacked. There come the Chavantes out of the tall grass, yelling war whoops. Light up the Roman candles. Pop! The chief's hit on the belly button. It's wonderful."

Marcel laughed. Antonio looked bewildered and a bit hurt. "Take them along," I said. "Take them along. We might get separated. They'll be useful as signals."

But the Roman candles, I am now convinced, were what saved our lives the following night. For it wasn't long before we blundered into an adventure more weird than any of us had dreamed possible, an adventure that was to hold us for months, literally, transplanted to another world, to another age—a primitive, remote age, in which man was little more than just another animal, a bit more curious perhaps, a bit more articulate, a trifle more savage, but otherwise just another predatory beast of the savannas and the jungles.

There was a faint trail, leading inland, and we plodded steadily over it all morning. We came to a large lake. We cut trees to make a raft for our supplies, and swam to the other side, pushing it. The trail was then resumed and began to widen. We dressed and walked on. Suddenly Marcel stopped, pointing to the ground.

"What's up, Marcel?"

He stared ahead. "Footprints. Indians. They're somewhere near us. They were here not long ago."

Footprints! It came as a shock and all four of us stood looking at them not knowing what to say. In spite of all the rumors we had heard about the Chavantes, our world had for over three weeks been a paradise of green that didn't belong to man. Seeing no signs of men, we had been lulled into a feeling of security.

This empire had been ours, and ours alone. Yet here it was—footprints. Suddenly all four of us remembered with a rush the tales we had heard about the Chavantes.

"What do we do now?" "Do we go on?" "They're near here someplace." "I'm for being careful." "Careful? Of course, we have to be careful." "I have an idea that they won't hurt us. If you treat Indians well—" "Yea-a-ah. But maybe they haven't heard that one. Maybe they won't give us a chance to treat them well."

Marcel looked at Pablo. "Nice fat lad—eh? If I were a cannibal—"

"I'm damned if I know what to do next. One footprint like that. It comes right up and smacks you in the face, no? We stay here awhile and eat lunch, and think it over. No use being hasty."

"Maybe they know something about all that gold on the Rio das Mortes."

"Lot of good that will do if they kill us," said Pablo apprehensively.

We ate, and decided to go on—carefully.

Nothing happened in the course of the afternoon. We made camp in a small forest that stood like an island in the sea of grass. We shot a fawn and roasted the meat for the morrow. There were no more signs of human life. The next day we pushed on, toward the line of hills on the horizon.

It was hot and our packs were heavy. Marcel grumbled. "I'd like to catch the dog who's moving those hills away from us."

"I don't like this," said Pablo.

"Pack too heavy?"

"No. Those footprints back there."

Marcel was leading, and suddenly he stopped.

"Quiet. We're there."

"What's up, Marcel?"

There was a clearing immediately ahead. Bananas, corn, peanuts and mandioca were planted in it!

We took off our packs and sat down, suddenly overwhelmed with the realization that we might be walking into something. Bananas, corn, peanuts, mandioca—and all our fine world of wilderness and peace came tumbling about our ears. Behind the

plantation was another spot of jungle, and suddenly it looked dark and ominous.

Pablo looked nervously about him. "I don't like it," he said again.

"Sh-h-h-h! Not so loud," from Marcel.

"We should turn back," whispered Antonio.

I made a decision. "Yes, pick up your packs."

But it was too late. A face peered at us out of the tall corn, and then another, and another, until it seemed that the stalks were growing copper-colored visages instead of ears of golden corn.

There was a moment of intense silence.

"What do we do now?" asked Pablo out of the corner of his mouth, never taking his eyes off the savages. Long black hair with square-cut bangs surrounded their faces, which were painted in weird, black patterns.

"Do nothing. Sit quietly. Don't make a move." It was too late to reach for guns. They probably had us covered.

An Indian, large and elderly, stepped out of the cornfield and approached us. One by one the others came out, until there were about thirty, most of them with bows and arrows. The old fellow walked straight toward us, neither friendliness nor menace on his face. No word was spoken. I made an effort to smile, but it was not returned. My gun was behind me, leaning against a tree.

The naked Indian stopped a few feet from me and began to speak in a harsh voice. A murmur of voices came from his companions behind him. I looked at Marcel.

"Keep looking at him," he said without taking his own eyes off the fellow. "Don't move your heads. Don't nod them or shake them. Do nothing that they'll interpret as an answer."

One of the younger Indians whispered something to his companions, and suddenly they all began to giggle. It broke the tension for an instant, but the old chief in front hushed them with a stern command. Then they were stony-faced again. I could feel my heart pounding.

Then, abruptly, the chief turned on his heels and started up the path, motioning to us to follow. The others closed in on us. We picked up our packs and went along.

Single file through the jungle—and perhaps it was our last walk. The jungle had lost its beauty. Stalking ahead, the chief never once looked back. He was only about five feet tall, but his regal bearing gave him a majestic look. His shoulders were broad and powerful, and muscles rippled over his sturdy frame as he walked.

Marcel fingered his rifle.

“Be careful,” I warned. It wasn’t the time to shoot. Evidently these Indians didn’t know what firearms were, or they would have taken them away from us.

The jungle opened onto a clearing, where the earth was packed hard and swept clean. Some forty large and well-built houses of poles and palm thatch opened onto a central plaza. A tremendous commotion went up as we entered. Babbling excitedly, men, women and children poured out of all the houses. Naked, some dark and some light, some ugly and some beautiful, some misshapen and some well proportioned, all of them talking at once, rapidly and in shrill voices, laughing and touching our faces and clothes, they crowded around us.

The chief waved them aside and stalked on, toward a large building that stood in the center of the plaza. We entered the palm-thatch structure, and our escort of Indians followed after us—the chattering population remaining outside to crowd around the entrance and stare into the dark interior.

I looked at my companions. Marcel had a slight smile as though he was enjoying the experience. Pablo and Antonio were as stony-faced as the savages. My mind was racing, groping wildly for some plan of action. The Indians formed a circle around us, and there we stood, the four of us, stared at by a hundred eyes. Prisoners.

There was a deep gloom inside the big hut. I could see objects hanging above us, but the ridgepole was hidden in darkness and I couldn’t make out what the objects were. From outside came the loud and excited chattering of the crowd, which seemed good-natured and not particularly dangerous. The chief and his men squatted on their haunches and stared unblinkingly at us.

Nobody said anything. After a long, tense moment, I heard a gun breech click metallically. It was followed by the rattle of two more breech bolts.

"Wait!" I said hoarsely, staring straight at the chief.

Several Indians stood up and drew back long spears. They poised them over their heads; aiming them at us for a second, and then bringing them to rest at their sides.

The chief got up and walked toward us. Without a word he began to examine us—carefully and minutely—as a scientist might examine some strange new specimen. He felt of our hair and our faces. He opened Marcel's mouth and looked in, as a man looks into the mouth of a horse. He felt of our clothes. He ran his hand over my cartridge belt and clutched the hilt of my knife. Deliberate, unhurried, while the others looked on and we stood immobile, frozen by the situation's tension.

The chief was tugging at the seam of Pablo's trousers, interested, as though he'd never seen clothing before. Marcel muttered to me:

"Is he going to undress us to see if we're made like other people?"

"Shut up, Marcel."

The chief was interested in the guns, but evidently he didn't know what they were. He hefted one, and my heart pounded lest he inadvertently pull the trigger and precipitate a tragedy. But he put it down again. It was Pablo's gun. I could see him breathing a sigh of relief.

Some women and children had crowded into the house. Suddenly the chief became aware of them and ordered them out. That served to break the tension. Each woman, as she reached the doorway, stopped to give us one last quizzical look.

Marcel grinned. "I tell you," he muttered, "they want the old boy to undress us to see if the white man reproduces his race just the same as the Indians do."

Pablo shifted uncomfortably.

"They're hungry," said Antonio.

Marcel looked at Pablo. "He's the one they're after. Nice fat lad. Makes even me hungry."

It was the humor of desperation. My heart pounded more loudly than ever.

Nobody interfered with our talking.

"Keep a straight face," I said. "Don't show fear. We might as well sit down."

We sat on our hammock rolls and nobody objected. The chief had found Marcel's piece of roast venison and was eating it with evident relish. Then he gave instructions to four young bucks, who left the house and ran out of the village in four different directions.

"Getting help, is he? Or packing his audience." In spite of the situation's obvious danger, I felt more than half like a freak in a side show.

The chief went outside, leaving a circle of men to guard us.

Suddenly I felt hungry—or perhaps merely at a loss for something to do. Act nonchalant! Do something! Anything! The thoughts kept pounding in my brain. I reached for farinha and a cake of brown sugar. Nobody objected and we started eating.

The squatting savages moved closer. One of them, a young buck, walked over to me, peered intently into my pannikin of food, and suddenly reached to snatch it away from me. Instinctively I pushed him away. It was the wrong thing to do, but my nerves were on edge. He jumped back, struggling to keep his balance. There was a stir in the squatting group, and several men leaped to their feet. For a moment it looked as though the final action had come. But they only stood and glared at us, muttering ominously, and doing nothing.

All afternoon we sat, an armed guard near us, another at the door, and the village population gawking from outside.

"Like monkeys in a cage," said Marcel. Self-consciously we made light conversation. Only Pablo was glum, looking around him nervously and apprehensively.

The swelling life of the village went on, in the spirit of a Roman holiday. Periodically the guard was changed; men who had been inside went out, and new men came in to take their places, squatting by their arms. The gloomy house was filled with the fetid odor of human perspiration.

Late in the afternoon, about six, there was a new note in the life outside. A tom-tom began to beat, rhythmically, sullenly,

ominously. We could see through the doorway that large numbers of men were arriving from elsewhere.

The chief came in, looked around, and gave a guttural order. The men who had been watching us got up and went out with him. We were alone in the house. Outside, beyond the doorway, stood half a dozen armed men to make sure we didn't escape.

The tom-tom boomed unceasingly.

"Something's up. Some kind of ceremony coming."

There was no occasion to talk. With nobody near to watch us, there was no need to make a pretense of bravery. Beads of sweat stood out on our foreheads. There was nothing to be said.

In a moment the chief returned with his escort of warriors. They had covered their faces and their bodies with new designs of black and white paint—weird, grotesque, inhuman.

"Something's up. If they start to tie us up, or make a move to torture us, make a break for the guns."

I saw Pablo twitching. His nerves were at the snapping point and I could see that he was on the verge of reaching for his rifle then and there.

"Careful," warned Marcel. "We don't know what they intend. They may mean us no harm."

The tom-tom boomed outside. Time went on. The chief and his men were simply in the hut, doing nothing, looking eerie and incredibly savage in their grotesque patterns of paint. Again we felt the tension easing. The chief went outside. We began to talk freely again, and to make ghoulish, desperate jokes. There was perhaps a note of hysteria in our laughter. The Indians stared curiously at us every time we raised our voices to laugh.

"That's the stuff," said Marcel. "Show the bastards that we aren't worried."

Three men entered the building, the chief and two newcomers. It was dark by now, and the house's only illumination came from the fires outside.

The three went over to Pablo and began to examine him again, systematically and minutely. They felt his arms, his legs, his chest, and his stomach. They repeated the performance on each of us, and then they stood aside to talk together.

"I told you, you're the fattest," Marcel said to Pablo.

I was tired, and suddenly I didn't give a damn what anybody said or did. Fumbling in the darkness, I pulled my hammock out of the duffel bag. With it came the flashlight.

"I'm going to hang up my hammock. I want to lie down."

The others stooped over to get out their own hammocks. The Indians did not object.

I turned on the flashlight to tie the hammock to one of the poles, and suddenly there was commotion in the house. Exclaiming gutturally, all the Indians jumped back in excitement.

For a moment I stood in surprise and indecision.

"Flash it at them," whispered Marcel urgently. "That gets them."

I turned off the light, turned around to aim it at the Indians, and suddenly snapped it on again. They blinked in the brilliant glare, backed up, and covered their faces with their hands.

"That does the trick," said Marcel. "That might save our lives. Don't let them get it away from you."

I turned the light off and could see the chief coming toward me. He reached out for the flashlight, and quickly I turned it on, full in his face. Startled, he jumped back.

I swept the light around the house, and each time it hit an Indian, he edged toward the door. They stared at us in fright, and covered their faces when the light hit them directly. I could see them glancing at the chief as though to take their cues from him. I turned the light full on the chief. He covered his own eyes, edged backward a few steps, and then, suddenly, turned his back on us and walked majestically out the door.

All the men followed. Again we were alone in the house.

There was a moment of deep silence.

"That got them," said Marcel. "That's got them on the run. We've got to follow up quick, now. We ought to make a break for it right now, before they have time—"

"No, no. No shooting. There's too many of them. More magic. More magic. That gets them."

I started to walk outside with the flashlight, the guards at the

door shifting nervously at my first move. Excitedly Antonio called to me:

"Senhor. Senhor. The fireworks. The Roman candles."

The Roman candles! My brain was racing. Do it now! Do it now! They're still confused outside. Follow up while the following is good.

I took the flashlight in one hand and a Roman candle in the other.

"Come along. You fellows follow me in single file. Don't stumble. Don't run. Don't show fear. Walk normally."

The guards outside blocked the doorway. I flashed the light at them and they fell away. In single file we marched resolutely into the plaza. It was filled with men, fingering their spears and their clubs. I kept the flashlight on, describing great arcs with the beam of light. The tom-tom died down. Savages blocked all means of escape from the village, but nobody made a move to molest us.

Gravely we walked down the plaza some fifty feet. Ostentatiously we stopped. There was a sea of faces all around us, men, women, children, painted and unpainted, some staring in silence, some chattering excitedly. They crowded in and I pushed them back with the light. They came in from another direction and I swung the light over there.

Caught by the eerie, dramatic moment, I felt no trace of fear, except that tension of stage fright that grips a lecturer at the moment of facing a large audience. Would the act go over? It was up to us.

"Take it easy," whispered Marcel. "You've got them. Don't be in a hurry."

Deliberately I lit a match and held it to the fuse. The talk died away as hundreds of eyes stared at us out of the night, illuminated only by the flickering campfires. I had turned out the flashlight. I held the Roman candle in my hand. The fuse sputtered.

Suddenly a great terror came over me. What if this thing was a dud? What if it didn't go off at all? My hand began to shake as the fuse sputtered on. It seemed to burn for an hour. I could see Marcel and Antonio and Pablo staring at it. That little sparkle

at the end of a powdered string became the center of my universe. Only dimly was I aware of the savage audience.

A murmur began to go around among the Indians as nothing happened. They were becoming uneasy, shifting nervously, grunting. And then, suddenly, things began to happen.

With a burst came the first explosion, and a radiant cascade of stars spouted upward and curved down again to earth. Out came a red ball, sailing gracefully over the crowd, a green one, a blue one, a yellow one, a red one again, in an endless procession, popping as they emerged, accompanied by the hissing stars.

There was one awe-struck moment. Then a roar came from the assembled Chavantes. They split the silence of the village with fear-stricken cries, the heavy gutturals of the men mingling with the sharp voices of the women. They pushed back in terror, knocking each other down in their hurry to reach the back shadows, trampling each other, yelling, as the coruscating stream of fire shed a blaze of varicolored light over the teeming plaza. The men stared as though they were witnessing some unearthly spectacle not meant for human eyes, and the women cringed in abject fear—the whole crowd pushing backward, the children at the outer edge running into the houses with loud screams.

Then the Roman candle died down with a hiss. Darkness descended on the plaza again, and with it silence.

For a moment we stood, irresolute. Then we turned toward our house and marched into it, steadily, looking neither to right nor to left.

We rolled into our hammocks. Eventually the chief appeared at the door, uncertainly. He stood there without entering. More men came to join him. They stood guard out there all night, but nobody came in.*

The village life settled down again to its normal routine, and time passed like a sluggish river—broad and deep, muddy and

* Merryman never did know whether the awful spectacle of the fireworks saved the lives of the four adventurers or whether it was just a part of the show to the Indians who may never have meant them any harm in the first place. At any rate, after that show the four white men were accepted by the village, given a house of their own, and treated well, even though they were watched constantly and not allowed to leave. E. P. H.

unclear. We could see neither beginning nor end—only that placid, unfathomable primitive existence flowing past our house with its minor eddies and whirlpools that reached down nobody knew how far, that came from nobody knew where, and were carried down to some unimaginably distant sea. We were still confined to the village. Nobody asked us to see the surrounding countryside, and we bided our time. The placid, even tenor of our lives was ruffled only occasionally, as our nerves gave way to the strain of uncertainty, or the strain of having a constant audience.

We gathered a pile of wood every evening, and made a fire in front of our house. It became a kind of community gathering place. Dozens of Indians came every day with their bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, and green corn, roasted their food in our fire, and ate it there, picnic fashion. Then, one night, the spirit moved them and they began to sing in a nasal monotone. Then Marcel struck up a Brazilian song, Antonio and Pablo joining him. The Indians were fascinated and asked for more. My three companions sang again, and the Indians sang again. And then it was indicated that it was my turn.

I know nothing about music, and my voice has frightening aspects, even to myself. But there was a magic in the evening that I couldn't resist. I could think of only one song, a piece of tripe that had once been popular. I plunged into it, trying to make up with enthusiasm for what was undoubtedly a horrible off-key rendition. The song was "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Baby Mine."

My three white companions looked startled, though, of course, they were polite enough to applaud. But the Chavantes—the Chavantes loved it. They wanted an encore, and they got the same song over again. They asked for it again the following night, and the night after that. Marcel and Pablo and Antonio looked pained, but the savages had to be pleased.

"Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Baby Mine." They heard it again and again, and after a while they picked up the tune, and then the words—or something as near the tune and the words as they could get.

"Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Baby Mine." I could begin to understand the satisfaction that unscrupulous frontiersmen get out

of teaching civilized vices to the savages. Here was a vice that I could teach with complete abandon. I coached them in it, and soon I had half a dozen men singing it. I could imagine some future ethnologist "discovering" those Indians as we had discovered them, being dragged into the ceremonial hut, guarded, frightened, being held prisoner, hearing the tom-toms beating outside, seeing the Indians in their war paint—fierce, savage, barbaric, seeing them dance around what he believes to be the torture fire, and hearing them sing—"Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Baby Mine."

Sometimes it was difficult to keep our minds on our business and on our self-imposed rules for virtue.* There were some beautiful young girls in the village, light in color, with deep, languorous eyes and lustrous black hair, well shaped, with firmly rounded breasts. And they crowded around the evening fire, and they watched us. Some watched us more freely and more openly than others—especially Marcel and Pablo. Marcel could take it in his stride, but Pablo rose to new heights of performance when he was aware of his female audiences, strutted like a pouter pigeon, and then at night, when we were alone in the house, became confused and bitter in his talk about the savages.

Only the chiefs and the subchiefs of the Chavantes married. Maharon was chief of our village and of three others within a radius of ten miles. Then there was a subchief for each house, ruling the seven or eight families that lived under the same roof with him. He saw that the house was provided with food by sending the men out to hunt and fish and to work in the plantations.

Ordinary men were permitted to have one woman each, but had no recourse if the woman wanted to leave for somebody else.

Our release from the constrictions of village life was accompanied by a new triumph that did much to enhance our standing.

Maharon had a small daughter, a pretty little thing, to whom he was deeply devoted. She was about four years old, and spent most of her time with her father, walking about with him or being

* They had decided that it was extremely dangerous to have anything to do with the Indian women. Probably they had decided wrong. Most South American Indians think there's something very queer about a man who gets along without women. E. P. H.

carried proudly on his shoulders. Maharon's usual stony and blank expression left his face when he was with her or talked about her. A tender light came into his eyes, and a half-smile curled about his lips.

Then, one day, the little girl fell ill. The medicine man came, and chanted, and blew smoke over all her body, but it did no good. She began to have convulsions daily, and nobody had any hope for her. Maharon had no expression on his face, but it was easy to see that he was deeply affected.

We discussed the girl in our house.

"I know what's the matter with her," I said to Marcel. "She's got worms. She's got them bad, and if they don't do something soon, she'll die."

Marcel looked alarmed. "You keep out of this. Don't you touch her."

"I know. But I can cure her. I can save her life."

"You keep your nose out of things. Supposing you don't cure her. Supposing she dies. It'll be our fault and they'll kill us."

"I know all that. But I'm certain I can cure her. I'm willing to take the risk."

"All right, damn it. Supposing you do. What then? You'll be a great man around here, but you've muscled in on the medicine man's racket. He's no fool. What's he going to say to that? Even Maharon can't protect you against a shot of poison from the witch doctor."

There was something to what Marcel said, and Pablo was vehement in agreeing with him. Nevertheless, I was unable to keep out. Those convulsions and that potbelly—it couldn't be anything but an aggravated case of worms. Finally, rashly, I indicated to the chief that I thought I could help the girl.

He turned glowing eyes on me, clutched my arm, and pushed me inside the hut. I shook my head. I got him to understand that I must have complete charge. Nobody must go near her, nobody must feed her, until I gave the word. Maharon looked uncertain for a moment; the witch doctor glared at me. But finally my terms were agreed to.

I went to our house for my medicine kit containing the worm

medicine. "You fool," said Pablo bitterly. But Marcel had removed his objections, as I knew he would, once the decision was definitely made.

"I'll go over there with you," he said, very simply. I was grateful to him. I felt that this was the most dangerous act of my life, and my heart was pounding wildly.

Marcel and I went to the chief's house, where we asked all the others except Maharon and the witch doctor to go outside. Toward the latter we were as friendly and as complimentary as possible. Courteously and with many gestures, I tried to explain to him that one people has one medicine, and another another, that one medicine works for one thing, and another for another. I showed him my medicine kit. We were professionals together. We should work together. We should trade secrets. If my cure worked, I would give him the secret, but I would expect him to give me one of his in return.

Marcel helped eagerly, practically fawning on the man with admiration. No use making an enemy out of a witch doctor. Not out of a witch doctor. That was always bad medicine. Little by little, as though in spite of himself, the old boy came around to the point where he was almost civil. We indicated that he might keep on blowing herb smoke over the girl, but he preferred to sit back and watch us work. He was no mean politician himself. If something went wrong he wanted to be able to put the whole blame on us.

We sat and watched all afternoon, doing precisely nothing, the girl moaning and occasionally writhing in horrible convulsions. Maharon sat stony-faced in the hut. What was he thinking? Who knew? Outside stood the eternal crowd, gaping into the hut's half-dark.

Near sundown a woman came with food for the girl. We motioned her away and she looked amazed and indignant. She turned a questioning glance on the chief. He merely grunted and told her to get out. There was still no telling what he thought. Perhaps he had faith in us, and perhaps not. He was willing to give us our chance unhindered. The strain began to tell on Marcel and me. Beads of sweat stood out on our foreheads. We made a

fire and brewed some coffee. The girl drank it eagerly. The worms made her hungry and she asked for more to eat. We shook our heads. She began to cry pitifully for more to eat. Her father told her to be quiet. There was a murmur in the crowd outside. In illness or health, the Chavantes thought that children should be given whatever they wanted. The medicine man squatted and watched, his face as expressionless as that of the chief.

Marcel and I took turns staying awake, watching all night that nobody should give her food. We would have welcomed it had the medicine man practiced his incantations. The nerve-racking thing, to us, to the people outside, to the chief, was this enforced inactivity—pretending to cure the girl by doing precisely nothing at all. Marcel and I discussed devising some kind of hocus-pocus, just to ease the tension with a show.

"No, no. That's bad. Who knows how these people think? Their own magic. Psychology. They hypnotize themselves with ritual into dying or getting well. The witch doctor has his ritual. If something goes wrong—no hocus-pocus. Doing nothing—that's our best ritual."

The sun came up after the long tense night, and the girl was no worse, only hungrier. Then, finally, I took the pills out of my kit, a combination vermifuge and purge. I gave them to her and let her wash them down with coffee.

Marcel and I were dead-tired. I indicated to the chief that we were returning to our house. He grunted and nodded his head, and kept on watching his daughter. The Indians made way for us outside the hut, staring at us, saying nothing. We crossed the plaza, fell into our hammocks, and slept.

Not for long, however. In an hour or so we were awakened by a great commotion outside. There stood the chief, trembling, and obviously laboring under a great emotion. Half the village stood with him, excited.

"It's happened," said Pablo, blanching.

Marcel and I looked at each other. "Looks like it," he said.

The chief stepped to the door, staring at me, and completely ignoring Pablo, Marcel, and Antonio. "Come," he beckoned.

I joined him and the crowd, and was led to the side of Maha-

ron's ahn-wirra. There he stopped and pointed to a small and nasty pile of offal, full of worms.

"She's well," he said simply.

The next day she was up and about, and apparently quite normal.*

We were free to do whatever we liked, as long as we didn't try to escape. Often, for weeks at a time, we never even mentioned the word *escape*, never thought of it. There was time enough when the time came. Often we told ourselves that these savages really knew how to live—

Our evening fire had become a communal institution, and Maharon himself had developed the habit of attending it. Little by little he loosened up and began to tell us things about the village's life and problems.

"Maharon, do your people have enemies? Other Indians? Men? Do you have wars?" So peaceful was the village life—that the idea of tribal wars seemed remote and almost unthinkable.

Maharon grunted. It took him time to answer, as though he were reluctant, and yet wanted to tell us about something.

"Yes," at last. "Others—many people." He ran his hand through his hair to indicate countless numbers. "They are very bad. Four days' journey from here. Fierce warriors and bad enemies."

"Why, Maharon? Why are they enemies?" I was on dangerous ground, I knew, but I was interested. His face clouded:

"Once they were friends and we exchanged women. That woman, and she, and she," he pointed to various women squatting in the circle, "they came from there. We traded women. We sent them ours and they sent us theirs. That is best. But they cheated us. They sent us some of their sick. Bad men. Bad enemies. We killed some of them and there was war. They still want our women. Sometimes they come and try to steal them—"

It was obvious from his manner that Maharon had a great respect for his enemies, a respect that approached fear. I pressed him

* After the cure, the four white men are of course in higher favor than ever in the village and with the chief. Now they are allowed to go hunting with the Chavantes, and impress the savages no end with the magic of their firearms. Little by little, too, the captives learned the Chavante language. E. P. H.

for details but he withdrew into his shell. They talked the Chavante language—that was all he would tell me. Where were they? He glowered angrily at me, as though he suspected that I would try to escape to the other tribe. I asked other questions, but he merely sat by the fire, wrapping his silence around him like a blanket.

We went on to other things, and suddenly Maharon spoke up again—apparently apropos of nothing.

“They have two white men.”

“Who has?”

“The others. The other village; our enemies. Two white men have lived with them for many years. One is old. He has long white hair and a white beard.”

I sat up, electrified. Two white men? Who were they? Where did they come from? Perhaps they were Colonel Fawcett and his son Jack, who had disappeared somewhere in this country in 1925.

“Tell me about the white men. Have you seen them? What are they like?”

No, Maharon hadn’t seen them. Nobody in his village had seen them. But they were well-known throughout the countryside. Everybody knew about those two. He wouldn’t tell me more, and seemed to resent my questions.

We discussed the matter that night, after we were alone.

“Why do you think he told us those things?” I wondered.

“He’s up to something,” said Antonio. He was right, but we did not discover for several weeks what that something was.

“I can understand it better now,” said Marcel, “why he’s keeping us. He has enemies; we have guns. We can help him against his enemies.”

“Maybe so. There’s that, and there is the matter of social prestige. His enemies have only two white men; he has four. It’s a thing that goes on in the big cities too. In New York—one social set captures a duke and another a count or a crown-prince or somebody. That’s a kind of war, too.”

Pablo spoke up: “I’m damned if I want to go on the warpath with them.”

That thought had suddenly become uppermost in the minds of

all of us. But we decided that there was little chance of our being taken on the warpath. We weren't quite trusted yet, and the chances of escaping to the other side were too good—the chances of our joining those two other white men in the enemy-camp.*

We were sitting around our fire. Marcel and Antonio had just sung a song. Some of the Indians had reciprocated with the Chavante version of "Cuddle Up a Little Closer—" There was laughter everywhere, and old Maharon himself seemed in an expansive mood. I was vaguely disturbed, however. I couldn't get the thought of those white men out of my head—the two in the enemy village. Fawcett? † Gold-hunters? Some adventurers? Missionaries? Who knew? But white men, and the more I thought about them the more excited I became—if only because of a growing desire to see new members of my own race again.

"Maharon—those white men who stay with your enemies——"

He looked at me, suspiciously.

"How long have they been there?"

Maharon didn't know for sure. Ten years perhaps—he indicated it uncertainly on the fingers of his two hands.

Ten years! About ten years. Perhaps one or two more or less. That might well be Fawcett and his son. If I could only contrive to reach him in some way.

"Maharon, you say those Indians are fierce and dangerous?"

He grunted.

"Perhaps I can do something. Let me go to see them. Let me talk to the white men. All four of us. We have our guns and we are not afraid. Perhaps we can make peace for you."

Immediately my three companions fell in with my request. They, too, had begun to develop vague longings to escape, with news of white prisoners in the next village. Perhaps this would offer a chance.

* In the weeks that followed there were hunting-adventures, more shaking-down to a placid life and good terms with the Indians. Then, suddenly, came the climax of the captivity. E. P. H.

† Col. Fawcett was a British explorer who went into that same general country in 1925 with his son, and was never heard of again. Lots of explorers have searched for him and lots of rumors have him living as a captive "White God" with the Indians. The latter may well be true except for the "White God" part. E. P. H.

But I could see from the chief's face that I had made a mistake. His eyes clouded; he glowered at me, anger visibly mounting within him.

"No, no, no!" he almost shouted it. "Not under any circumstances. You are not to go near that village. We watch you day and night. I say No! I have had trouble enough with those people——"

He was working himself up into a high pitch of angry excitement. Suddenly, however, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, stood up stiffly, and stalked to his house. The evening was ruined. One or two Indians glared at us, the rest looked embarrassed and got up to go, one by one.

The four of us were in dismay. So that was that—and again we had displeased the old boy. All day we wondered what would happen and if there would be an aftermath. It had after all been the first time that we had openly suggested going away, and the vehemence with which the suggestion had been received was not encouraging.

The upshot, however, was a staggering surprise. The one thing that now seemed absolutely impossible; the one thing that we would never once have suspected.

Maharon came over the next evening, more cordial than ever. *Tik-an-toe, Tik-an-toe.** We were the best friends he had ever had. We were fine fellows, good companions, good hunters; we were a tribute to his tribe.

"What do you think he's driving at?" Antonio asked.

"I don't know. He's got something on his mind. He's up to something."

We were a tribute to his village, great hunters, valiant men.

I kept as blank a face as possible, acknowledging the compliments with a grave courtesy that I had learned from old Maharon himself. If he was bargaining for something I wasn't going to show any enthusiasm until I knew what the proposition was.

And then it came. The chief liked us so much, he felt so close to us, he had so high a respect for us, that he, who had the responsi-

* "Good Friend."

bility for all these people, he—Maharon, the chief—*was going to initiate me into the tribe as a sub-chief.*

For a moment I looked at him in stunned surprise, as did my companions and all the others about the fire. Then a babel of voices arose. Indians were grinning and talking excitedly, obviously they were pleased with their chief's decision. They expressed their pleasure to me, and to each other, and to Maharon. There was no chance for me to say anything except to thank the chief for the signal honor.

The next morning the whole village was in a fever of excited preparation. Great piles of fish, wild boar, yams, and sweet potatoes were being roasted. Men were in the ceremonial hall, painting themselves, getting ready for something really stupendous.

And then something happened that took the wind right out of my sails.

Maharon came and informed me that he had selected my wife—one of his daughters!

A wife! I didn't want a wife!

Maharon was unmoved. Every chief had to have a wife. A chief without a wife was nobody. Not for a moment, he implicated by his behavior, would he tolerate such goings-on in *his* village.

But damn it all, I didn't *want* a wife.

The old chief didn't even get angry this time. There was a note of complete and unescapable finality in his voice. His own daughter. I would be married to her at the same time that I was initiated.

"Go on," Marcel said later, laughing. "What are you hesitating about? She's the nicest girl in the village. We poor fellows have to leave the women alone. But you— Go ahead. I'll take her if you don't want her."

I wasn't quite sure that Marcel *had* left the women alone. But there was something to what he said. I'd noticed the girl often; about eighteen, small, olive-complexioned rather than dark, with wavy, silken hair and fine white teeth, and with regular, almost classic features. Her hands and feet were small, she carried herself well, her figure was excellent, she was clean and dainty, her manner was demure—

"Go on, what are you waiting for?"

There wasn't any waiting to be done. I'd been drawn into it and there was no way of getting out.

Some men came to take me to the ceremonial hut. I was completely in their charge and didn't have a word to say. They stripped off my clothes and painted me grotesquely from head to foot. My whole body was covered with a grease made scarlet with the juice of the *urukii* berry. Grotesque figures were painted on my face, chest, and back. Bracelets were painted around my ankles and wrists with a blue-black concoction made from genipapo fruit. Even a breech-clout was denied me. A Chavante chief, I was given to understand, did not bother with such useless things.

"Painted like a billboard," snickered Marcel when I finally emerged, feeling foolish and miserable, exposed to the sun, bitten and stung by countless gnats, *piums*, flies, and mosquitoes.

But as the ceremony got under way, I forgot my own discomfort. The drums began to roll, the men began to dance, and something in the splendid savagery of that celebration got under my skin.

Four young males, in headdresses and bracelets made of the most brilliant feathers of jungle birds, began to dance to the rhythmic thudding of the drums. It wasn't so much the quality of their dance that set the nerves on edge; it was its endlessness. Hour after hour they hopped and turned—thump, thump, thump thump—hour after hour, accompanied by the same endless, monotonous rhythm, hopping, turning, gyrating, shaking their arms, letting out whoops, easing the pace and building it up again, speeding up to a furious climax, slowing down, building up again to the same climax, hour after hour, until we, in the audience, were ready to cry out from sheer nervous exhaustion, "Stop, stop, enough, enough!"

Two minutes of that dance, five minutes, fifteen minutes of it, would have seemed crude and childlike to any sophisticated person. One hour, two hours, four hours, could get under the most sophisticated hide with a superb artistry, guaranteed to tear to pieces the soul of any man not accustomed to that kind of thing.

Thump, thumpity thump. The spectacle's sheer, savage monotony was enough to make anyone want to stand up and yell. I

glanced at Pablo. He was sick—physically ill, green in the face. He wanted to go and vomit and yet he didn't dare. Or he couldn't. He was more fascinated than anybody else. I could see it working in him. I could see him, at times, itch to get up and get into things, to tear his own clothes off, to join those men out there. And then I could see him suddenly realizing what it was that he wanted to do, and turning sick with revulsion against himself at the mere idea. But they gave him no rest, no peace. *Thump, thump, thump*—on and on as though he didn't exist, as though nobody else existed either, as though they were doing it only as a test of themselves, to see how long they could last.

If it was an ordeal for the dancers, it was a greater ordeal for the spectators. There were times when I felt it working into me too. But I was in a favored position. I felt suddenly identified with this thing. I was a chief; I had a professional interest in the show, as an actor might who steps on the stage and moves a vast audience to tears with his artistry. Marcel and Pablo and Antonio were in a different position. I had a job of my own to do at that ceremony, and it sustained me. I felt sorry for the others, responsible for them at times, ashamed of them at other times, and gradually I began to feel myself completely dissociated from them.

Don't ask me how that happened. That savage demonstration there in the plaza was *right*. It was dead right; the way it ought to have been. There wasn't a single discordant note in it. It was designed to stir a man's emotions, to make him feel identified with the thing that was going on, to make him take his chieftainship seriously—not to rationalize it or talk about it, but to *take* it, *accept* it, as part of his life, part of his being—all the way through. It succeeded for the time being, and that is why it was a great artistic success.

Five minutes of it, ten minutes, half an hour, would have been an ethnological curiosity, which any scientist would have been delighted to see, to record, to study, describe, dissect, tear to pieces, analyze, and compare with the folkways of other people. But these hours of it, *thump, thump thump*, this barbaric repetition getting under your skin, was a sirens' song that would make any ethnologist forget his notes, his science, his Ph.D., his museum—would

have hypnotized him, exactly the way it did Pablo and Marcel and Antonio, into sitting there with sweat pouring down his face, straining to let out a yell and get into the thick of things.

Finally one of the dancers dropped out and fell to the ground, almost unconscious from sheer exhaustion; then another, then another, until only the leader was left dancing on, defiant of muscles and nerves and fatigue—dancing on, apparently into eternity.

Then came great wooden trays of food, and gourds of fermented honey—a powerful beverage—and exhaustion, at first, among the spectators, and then much stuffing and cramming, and a little laughter here and there, and some jokes, and more food in a veritable orgy. With the release of the tension came a bit of singing here and there. Then, suddenly, all the villagers cut loose in a happy babel. Talking and laughing and singing all at once, almost hysterically.

Singing. It rose above the general din from the throats of four of my particular friends, as nearly as they could repeat the words, the meaning of which they didn't suspect: "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Baby Mine."

And it was that song, suddenly, that was barbaric. That song and all it stood for. "Cuddle up a Little Closer, Baby Mine." I had brought it from a fantastic, far-off world. It was discordant, savage. It didn't belong. It jarred me for a moment. With a start I realized how Pablo felt. Where were all the doubts and fears, and shame, that I had felt only four hours before? I was to be a chief, I was to be married. Where was all this talk that I had had with myself about the degradation of being a squaw-man?

"Cuddle Up a Little—" Sharply I gave the order. Stop it! Stop that song! The men stopped and looked at me with surprise. I was surprised myself. I was a chief already. I was giving orders. Maharon looked at me with a pleased expression on his face. The celebration went on. Antonio tried to talk to me. I paid no attention. I wasn't fooling, nor putting on an act. I was a Chavante, a chief, with other things to tend to. It was all that real.

The ceremony went on for several days, and every day the dancing was repeated, and every day it got into me the same way.

Several days of dancing and eating, of gorging and drinking fermented honey, of capturing a man's whole emotional make-up, and then letting it flow out again into the directed channels of fellowship with these Indians.

They crowned me with a coronet made of feathers from the red and green macaw, and from the orange flamingo. Now I was a chief in fact, and now came my wedding.

Sahn, the Indian whom Marcel and I had brought back, wounded, from the hunt, demonstrated his artistic ability with a new coat of paint and new designs. I was to go out that way, naked, penetrate the jungle, and return with game for my bride. She was to enter the house with me, hang her hammock, and prepare the game for our dinner.

I exercised my chiefly prerogative and insisted on wearing boots for the ordeal. Sahn was horrified, but I didn't stop to argue. Streaked with paint, naked except for field-boots, I plunged into the jungle with my Mannlicher rifle in one hand and a large machete in the other.

I came to a fresh *Paca* hole not far from the village. The *paca* is a large short-eared rabbit, weighting about twenty pounds. It is the finest game in the Matto Grosso. I dug with my machete, the animal emerged; I shot it and started back to the village.

Bwana, my bride, was waiting for me outside of our house. She looked splendid, in a feathered head-dress, anklets and bracelets of feathers, and a short skirt made of macaw's tail-feathers. Her eyes were bright, eager with life, and full of understanding. There was a faint flush on her cheeks. She lowered her eyes as I came, and silently followed me into the house.*

* They escaped shortly after the nuptials. They asked permission to go out to the white man's world—under guard—to get more supplies and to obtain rifles for all of Maharon's warriors. Eventually the permission was granted. They went with their guards to their boat, beat the guards over the head, tied them up, and paddled off. And no sooner had they left than they were full of regrets. Behind them they had left a peaceful and tranquil world where they had real standing; ahead of them lay the turbulent world of civilization, where they had no standing whatever and where life was beset by savage difficulties.

"The green jungle slid past us," writes Merryman, "on both sides of the dreaded black River of the Dead.

"For us it had been a River of Peace." E. P. H.

RENÉ BELBENOIT

The Dreyfus case first made the world conscious of the Devil's Island penal colony in French Guiana, and Blair Niles called it vividly to the attention of Americans with her two books, *Escape* and *Free*. I remember asking her, soon after the first of those books had been published, how she had managed to get her material, and hearing from her the account of the remarkable prisoner whom a combination of good fortune and a liberal governor had thrown her way on her visit there.

And here the prisoner is again, in the United States at the present writing, after surviving the hair-raising series of adventures that he described so graphically in his book.

These adventures, and the descriptions of the penal colony that are contained in the book, point up the present unprecedented and previously undreamed-of importance that the Devil's Island colony now has for the world in general, and for South America in particular. It seems that with the recent breakdown of France, the Guiana prisons are left more or less stranded; guards are unpaid; supplies are scarce; discipline is vanishing. And that, leading perhaps to an almost inevitable mass-break (unless drastic measures are taken from Europe soon), is causing deep apprehension in neighboring countries. The escape of one intelligent prisoner makes a thrilling story; the possible mass-escape of hundreds of desperate men of all kinds is enough to give nightmares to many an official in near-by Dutch and British Guiana and Venezuela.

The chances are that we haven't heard the last of Devil's Island, and that the Belbenoit account, hair-raising as it is, is a mere prelude to greater horrors to come.

ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND

By RENÉ BELBENOIT

I LIMPED down the hot road-way along the outskirts of Saint Laurent, the village of the condemned, thinking that I would have to do something quickly to get funds to finance an escape before I went crazy. To escape through the jungle, I had learned by three terrible experiences, was impossible. To escape by sea required the assistance of seamen partners. I would have to obtain a boat. I would have to seek companions who, like myself, preferred death at sea to life in Cayenne—men whom I could trust not to whisper my plan to any Corsican guard. To escape by sea required, in addition to a good boat and good companions, a substantial amount of food and supplies. It would require at least ten days of favorable weather and wind before we could reach a safe landing place. These three requirements seemed impossible to satisfy.

A man in freshly washed and ironed linens and a white sun helmet, which marked him immediately as being some sort of a tourist, stopping for a moment or passing through the penal colony, crossed the sunbaked roadway and beckoned to me.

"Where can I find a prisoner who speaks English?" he asked in schoolboy French.

From *Dry Guillotine*, by René Belbenoit, published and copyrighted 1938 by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

"I speak a little English," I said. Perhaps this stranger would give me a tip for some chore.

"I want to find a prisoner named Belbenoit," he said in English. "The man about whom Blair Niles wrote her book, *Condemned*. I want to talk to him. Guide me to him, or bring him to me and I will give you five dollars!"

I looked around hastily. No guard was in sight. "Give me the money," I said. He peeled a bill from a fat bundle of big notes and handed it to me. "Which way?" he asked.

"Right here!" I said laughing for the first time in years. "I am Belbenoit!"

"You!" he asked looking down at me disparagingly. "Are you the prisoner who has escaped four times?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

He seemed a little taken back, but finally announced that he was an executive of an American motion picture company. His company, he explained, was going to make a motion picture based on Blair Niles' book—a film story about Devil's Island—one that would feature a dramatic escape. He had flown down to French Guiana to study the convict colony at first hand. He wanted the picture to be accurate, he said, a true-to-life portrayal of a man's sufferings in the worst prison in the world. Would I be interested in giving him information, supplying him with additional factual material which could be used in his forthcoming picture? If a prisoner tried to escape, how would he do it?

"He'd escape by the sea—in a sailing boat," I said, voicing the thought which had been racing through my head for many long days. "He'd . . ."

"No," he interrupted me. "This must be an escape through the jungles . . . combat with fierce animals, snakes, swamps. . ."

"Nobody has ever escaped through the jungles!" I insisted. "I tried it three times, I ought to know!"

"Maybe so!" he said. "But it makes a better picture. In our picture the hero has to escape through the jungle. I've heard that you've had more dramatic escapes than any other convict," he added. "If you answer all my questions I'll make it worth your while!"

Well, Fate for the first time in my life was offering me a helping hand. It was not for me to quibble over a motion picture hero's ability to escape through the jungle! I spent the whole night sitting at a table answering his questions, making rough drawings of prison cells, punishment racks, describing in detail my three attempts to escape through the jungle, giving him details of horrible backgrounds, answering every question while he took a bookful of notes. By dawn he said that he had enough. He peeled some bills from his money roll and handed them to me. The aeroplane in which he had arrived soon was but a speck in the Caribbean sky. I would have given my soul to have been so free as he—privileged to soar through the heavens to pleasant lands. A lump was in my throat as I realized how casually this man had landed, asked questions, and flown away—as though he hadn't a moment's thought to waste on me as a brother man. To him I was but an information bureau, something he could pump dry, transmit profitably into continuity and impersonal celluloid.

But in my hands he had left two hundred dollars! With so much money—I knew a Chinaman who would get me a boat and package together food—and with such an outfit I knew I could find other penniless *libérés* who would join me. I made up my mind that this time I must not fail. There was to be no recapture. I must make my way first to temporary freedom, some West Indian island that would give us temporary sanctuary, and then to the United States. Thousands of miles lay between French Guiana and New York, but with each mile gained I felt that I should escape that much farther from inhuman, atrocious existence and should gain that much toward civilization—and Liberty. The people of the United States, I'd heard, would not deport a *libéré* who had gained its shores—from Devil's Island.

"This time I'll make it!" I whispered over and over again to myself as I set about organizing my expedition.

I searched through the penal colony like a hawk—for men whose plight was most terrible, for companions I thought would be of greatest physical aid for my escape. At last I selected four convicts: Dadar, a young *libéré* whom I had known for a year, who had served a five-year sentence for a first offense robbery; Casquette,

who had served fifteen years for killing his mistress; Bérbert, who had struck a cruel Corsican guard in the face and nearly had his head blown off by a blast from the guard's gun—after release from the hospital he had served an additional four years of solitary confinement; and "Panama," a convict whose name none of us knew, but who had once escaped and lived happily for twelve years in Colombia only to be apprehended at last by a new French consul and returned for Devil's Island punishment. Four men who promised me that they preferred freedom or death.

But none of us had any knowledge of navigation. None of us were seamen. So I looked farther and finally selected Chiffot, who had been sentenced to five years at hard labor for killing, in self-defense, the son of a powerful negro chief of a Congo protectorate tribe, who, subjected to the influences of modern civilization, had become a procurer of white women in Montmartre. Chiffot had been a sailor. If I furnished the boat and food, all he'd need, he promised, was the sun and the stars to guide us to safety over the horizon of the Caribbean Sea.

"We are going to Trinidad first," I said. The people of that British island I knew loathed the existence of the French Hell, and would allow escaped men a safe resting place.

At six o'clock on the night of May 2, 1935, we six men met stealthily at a Chinaman's shop in the penal colony village of Saint Laurent. The night grew black. Noiselessly we glided into the forest and made our way to Serpent Creek. The boat which the Chinaman had promised to hide for us proved to be only half the size of the craft bargained for—a dugout canoe barely three feet wide. In disgust I examined the packages of provisions, found them to be less than half of the things agreed upon before I had passed my cash to him. I had a terrible sinking feeling as though my escape had failed before it had begun. My companions talked about postponing the attempt. Even a little shark, they said, could overturn such a craft—we would all die at sea.

But something told me not to let myself turn back. I got into the canoe, urged them to take their places—and soon we were out of the creek and paddling noiselessly down the center of the night-shrouded Maroni River. The tide was with us, and we moved

swiftly. Now and then we passed a canoe manned by wild blacks or Indians. They called to us but we did not answer. The Chinaman had supplied us with a water keg, but to make sure the water hadn't been poisoned we stopped at a fresh water creek and filled it with water that I knew would be safe.

At the mouth of the Maroni we hoisted our patchwork sail. Chiffot took the home-made tiller. The long slender canoe began to dance upon the water, like an eighteen-foot cigar. Chiffot pointed out a star which he said would guide us due north. Waves began coming over the side of the canoe. Two men sat close to Chiffot, to keep him company at the tiller—and to make sure he didn't fall asleep. Others began bailing.

Men in their right senses would never have gone out on the merciless Caribbean Sea in such a craft—but we were driven by a quite insane desire to put Devil's Island and the Penal Colony behind us—to seek freedom at any price. The night passed all too quickly as we looked over our shoulders constantly to make sure that a power boat was not coming out into the night after us. When the dawn came we were far out at sea, and there was nothing save a querulous gull to spy on us.

We complimented Chiffot, and Casquette took his place at the tiller. I volunteered to be the expedition's cook. Charcoal was lighted in a kerosene tin, and strong tea soon revived us. The Chinaman had cheated me thoroughly on the food supply—I would have to stretch it out very thin during the coming days. But no one, during the first day, grumbled. We all talked with nervous gaiety—we were, at last, free of French Guiana! The fiery red of the setting sun made us work carefully to tie down all our supplies. Chiffot warned us that following such a sunset we could expect rough weather.

At eight o'clock the wind began to blow, helping us forward as it came from the continent behind us. The stars disappeared. I crept to the stern and sat beside Chiffot, with a little compass in my hand. The canoe went faster and faster over the waves. I judged that we must be racing over the sea at about 15 miles an hour. The other men became frightened as waves wet us—but to me every mile we gained ahead of the growing storm took us that much

nearer freedom. Casquette was supposed to relieve Chiffot at the tiller, but to do this would have been too dangerous. We were precariously riding foaming waves—the least false move with the tiller would have caused us to capsize. Chiffot sang songs all night, his voice rising louder and louder in competition with wind. Then, shortly before dawn the wind miraculously died down, the brassy sun rose over the horizon—and we set about removing our clothes and hanging them up on paddles to dry.

We had to repair the sail. A mattress cover and several old shirts had been used to make it. The cloth was so old that many of the patches had been torn apart. Not a sign of a ship was seen all day. The sun and glare of the sea burnt our flesh. The wounds on our legs, inflicted first by the iron bands that were welded about our bare ankles during our early prison days, and aggravated by constant rubbing of our shackles, began to open and run—and burn under the intermittent soaking of salt spray.

The third night found us not such good friends. Each of the six men, cramped for fifty long hours against his neighbor, had first talked himself out of joviality—and then everyone began to find fault with something or someone. Chiffot's hands were so blistered with holding on to the tiller that Casquette had to relieve him. Clinging desperately to the tiller in the darkness, and on a sea more turbulent than it had been the previous night, Casquette had all he could do to keep us from being swamped in the deep sea troughs. We did not attempt to keep a course. The sea washed the compass from my hands in one mighty wave, and not a single star was to be seen.

When dawn came at last we were drenched, stiff, hungry, thirsty, and sick at heart. I dipped some water out of the water keg—and discovered that the sea water had got in and turned it salty. I mixed it with condensed milk and passed it around to my companions, they said it tasted terrible.

"We'd better turn and try to reach the mainland!" said Berbert. "We'll get fresh drinking water and put out again."

"We are probably off Demarara," Dadar guessed. "That's less than half way to Trinidad. I'd rather take a chance on the jungle—there's at least plenty of water to drink!"

"We've only been gone three days!" I said, "and you speak already of turning in toward the coast. I told you when we started that I would not turn back. If we reach Trinidad we are safe. If we land anywhere on the mainland coast we will be turned over to a French consul. I know! I've tried it!" Thus we quarrelled all day long.

The fourth night was increasingly cruel. The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth nights were nightmares, we became like six beasts. Eight more days we lived—how I do not know. Many times I thought the canoe would be buried in a black wave but, as though some kind power lent it at the last moment a charm, the frail craft magically came up over the foaming crests, quivered for a moment and then plunged into another wave.

"Trinidad! Bah!" Dadar growled. "We'll never make it! And if we do—what surety have you, Belbenoit, that we won't be arrested? There's a French Consul in Trinidad, isn't there?"

"Yes, but the British people, I believe, won't turn us over to him," I insisted. "They'll allow us to rest a few days, replenish our food; those Britishers—they're sportsmen. They'll grant us a few days' refuge! Stop worrying and I'll show you!" I was at the tiller, and kept the bow pointed steadily northwest.

"Bah!" Berbert in the bow of the canoe snarled. "Change the course! I've had enough of this. I'm going to land on the coast and take my chance—with my feet on the ground!"

"Stop!" I yelled at Dadar who began crawling toward the sheet of the sail. I reached into my shirt and drew out a small pistol which I carried next to my skin, wrapped in oil cloth. I aimed the pistol at Berbert and then at Dadar. I am a very little man. I should have been no match for any of my companions in physical strength. But I had made up my mind to turn neither to the right nor left—but keep heading toward the British island of real security. The five big men glowered at me but even a mouse can become brave when his freedom is at stake.

"Rush me if you like," I said, looking over the muzzle at my companions. "Here are six bullets—and I will kill each one of you if you insist!"

I did not want to kill my five companions. As I looked at them over the barrel of my stubby pistol I realized that, like myself, they had swallowed much salt water from the angry sea; that they were hungry, and scared of the shark-infested water. Their insistence on my shifting the tiller, altering our course, and heading in for land was born of desperation and not of personal animosity.

"You are mad!" I said to them. "The coast is Venezuelan territory. You will surely be arrested and returned to Devil's Island. We cannot be far from Trinidad. There we'll be safe. I promise you, in Trinidad we will be safe to rest, eat good food, revive our strength, before taking to the sea again."

"Put the sail over!" Berbert shouted to Chiffot. I aimed my pistol at Chiffot, but at the same instant Dadar jumped up, tried to spring past him and snatch my gun. Before I could fire Dadar had slipped and fallen against Chiffot, and both of them tumbled against the half-submerged gunwale.

"Beasts!" yelled Casquette. "You're going to capsize us all!" He seized Dadar by the ankle, hit him behind the ear with his bony fist.

"Better tie him up!" Panama cautioned, throwing Casquette some wet cord. The unconscious man was securely tied, hands and feet together so he couldn't move. Then Casquette put his hand to his forehead and looked over the horizon.

"Look over there!" he yelled. "It's land!"

The others stood up and looked, but I, thinking it was a trick to get me away from the tiller and off my guard, didn't budge.

"It's Trinidad!" shouted Chiffot. "Come, Belbenoit, and see for yourself!" The sail obscured my vision of the horizon to which they pointed. Cautiously I tried to get a clear view without risking a sudden onslaught. I turned the tiller sharply to swing the bow over a big wave, and as we crested the foaming whitecap I saw that they were not trying to outwit me. There, against the horizon, were high, green mountains outlined against the blue sky.

The sight of those mountains wiped out all animosity, all evil talk, all quarrelling, from our minds and voices. We all shouted joyously, smiles replaced anger-drawn scowls. I pulled the tiller back and set the course again. The wind grew stronger behind us.

We had been at sea fourteen days in a canoe that needed constant bailing, but now each of my companions except Dadar bailed happily as the sail bulged under the pressure of the breeze.

A few hours later we were riding the swells off shore. A thatched house set in a grove of coconut palms seemed deserted. I turned the tiller and steered the bow through the waves until the canoe, like a surf board, was shot up on the glistening white beach. My companions tried to leap ashore eagerly, but they were so weak that they stumbled and fell sprawled out on the dry sand like men suddenly robbed of all strength.

"Now do as you please!" I said. And I cast my pistol far out into the sea.

Some Negroes, fishing along the beach with nets, passed us, circling us warily; but I called to them, begged them to climb the trees and get us some water coconuts to drink and eat. They put down their nets, climbed the trees, and secured the nuts. But they would not approach nearer than fifty feet. They rolled the nuts down the beach to us and then went off hurriedly.

I hacked off the tops of five nuts, passed one to each of my companions. I cut the cords that bound Dadar and lifted him out of the slimy canoe, held the cool sweet liquid to his mouth as he drank. We drank the water of two nuts apiece, ate the white meat, then started to wobble across the sand like drunken scarecrows. The earth seemed to dance under my feet—to ebb and flow as the sea for such long terrible nights and days had done. In the hut there was a big black kettle full of rice and salt fish. We dug our hands into it and ate like wolves until, stuffed and drugged with relief, we rolled over on the floor of the hut and fell into a drunken sleep.

When we awoke I suggested that we go immediately to the nearest town and announce our arrival. At first my companions didn't like the idea at all. They insisted that we'd probably be arrested. It would be better, they said, to spend a few days here, eating coconuts and foraging for other food and supplies without the authorities knowing about us. But I insisted that this would not be as good for us as going to the authorities immediately—before they had heard indirectly of our arrival.

"I'm going to report myself!" I said, starting into the coconut grove—"You can stay here if you like." But they fell in behind me and soon we were walking over a narrow road. We saw no one but Negroes—very black and big Negroes speaking English in broad accents, who looked suspiciously at us with big eyes, and gave us most of the road when they passed. After two hours we reached the little hamlet of Moruga, which, I learned, was the administrative center for the southeast coast of Trinidad.

I went directly to the police station. The constable of Moruga sat behind an old table. He was a tremendous Negro with the face and neck of an ape. He was dressed in a military uniform spotlessly clean. We stood before him while he summoned two policemen who towered over us like ebony giants.

"Where do you come from?"

"From French Guiana," I said.

"Where are you going?"

"To the United States."

"For what reason have you landed in Trinidad?" he asked as soon as he had laboriously penciled the previous information on his blotter.

"Because we have been at sea in a canoe for fourteen days. We were half-drowned. We had no fresh water. No food."

The constable stood up, went to the telephone nailed on the wall above our heads, turned the handle. "Six French fugitives landed here last night," he said. He listened to instructions from some superior, then hung up the earpiece.

"Get eighteen loaves of bread," he said to his policeman. "Get six pounds of rice, six pounds of sugar, six pounds of coffee, six pounds of codfish, twelve packages of cigarettes." He made out an order of some kind and signed it with a rubber stamp. "Give this to the storekeeper," he ordered, and when the two policemen had left he turned to us and began reading from a notebook.

"Hear ye the law of Trinidad and be guided accordingly!" he said. "No French convict escaping from Devil's Island and reaching the shore of Trinidad will be arrested by any authority—unless after landing on Trinidad he breaks a law, regulation, or disturbs the peace. If the fugitive arrives by a boat which is still seaworthy

he will be given food and allowed to embark again. If the boat is not seaworthy he will be given transportation to Port of Spain, accompanied by a police officer who will escort him directly to the Controller of the Port. Is your boat seaworthy?" he asked.

"No!" I almost shouted.

"I will have to inspect it and make sure," the Constable said. When the food had arrived he took us down the road in an old car, then we walked down the path to the sea. He looked at the canoe.

"Would you like to go to sea in a thing like that?" I asked. "Look, the hull is already splitting open!"

The giant Negro scratched his head, looked for a few moments out over the wave-chopped sea and then shook his head. "I'll take you to Port of Spain!" he said.

Back at the police station he gave us each a bottle of beer. A Negro woman prepared a meal for us—rice and baked plantains, fresh fish, steaming coffee, preserved mangoes, salt beef. She would accept no payment.

We drove during the afternoon through the island, passing a constant stream of Negroes and donkeys, until we reached Port of Spain. Here we were taken to the military prison. Our things were searched, our names taken, and we were locked up in one of the guard rooms.

"This is to notify you," said the sergeant in charge, "that you are not under arrest. But you must stay here—where the French Consul can't get you—until the Controller looks into your case." A large meal was served to us in the guard room and after eating it we fell asleep, and slept soundly until nine o'clock next morning.

Shortly after ten o'clock a man in civilian clothes was admitted to the guard room.

I nicknamed this man, after a short while, "My Friend."

"Where are you going, my friend. . . . What can we do for you, my friend. . . . I will see what I can do for you, my friend," he said, asking endless questions all of which I answered frankly.

"Follow me, my friend," he said at last, knocking on the door. It was opened immediately. He led us out of the military prison, walked with us down the street until we came to a place where a

sign with "Salvation Army" painted on it hung over the sidewalk. We apparently had been expected, because a dining-room table had been set with six plates. A Captain Heap and his wife introduced themselves to us. Mrs. Heap, in spite of our insistence that she should not do so, began waiting on us, serving us with better food than we had tasted in many cruel years. Neither Casquette nor Bérbert had eaten at a table for fifteen years, and all of us, accustomed to being treated like beasts, had tears in our eyes.

"This is where you will stay, my friend," said the plain clothes officer. "I will return to talk with you tomorrow, my friend," he added as he took his departure. Captain Heap told us that he was an intelligence officer assigned to the special supervision of administering to the needs and fate of fugitives from Devil's Island. Before 1931, he said, fugitives were not allowed freedom on Trinidad. Up to that time Venezuela welcomed escaped prisoners, and let them live in freedom. But now Venezuela had passed a law ordering the arrest and imprisonment—at hard labor—of all French Guiana fugitives, and Trinidad and its people, who had continually criticized the existence of the French penal colony and the methods used there, had passed a law under which French Guiana fugitives would be given a twenty-four day permission to reside, and a means of continuing their flight to some other country.

We lived in the Salvation Army's depot, now, without a care in the world for our present safety, free to come and go as we pleased, to visit the cinemas or any other place which we desired. Several people visited the depot and left food, cigarettes, and clothing for us. But after the first day of excitedly sampling our freedom, we went to work writing letters to friends and acquaintances—seeking funds for buying passages on a friendly steamer to another port. Panama wrote to a friend in Colombia; Dadar, Bérbert and Casquette hadn't any friends and expected nothing.

Chiffot, I discovered, had 4,000 francs in a suppository! He said he would buy a passage on a German ship and go to Europe to see his mother before she died. But to do that he needed a passport. We went to the Spanish quarter to see if we could get one. As usual in such matters, it proved to be simply a matter of price. A Venezuelan barber gave us the address of a former Venezuelan

General, now in exile from his own country, but apparently still having some friends across the Gulf. The General had his headquarters over a drug store. He told us to come back in three days.

In three days Chiffot had a Venezuelan passport with all the necessary visas; he was now a Venezuelan citizen named Chiffara!

"My mother will be glad to see me—no matter what name I arrive under!" he said. "Better a live Venezuelan than a dead Frenchman!"

A week after our arrival he boarded a ship for Hamburg. I saw him off at the pier, hoping that I too would receive some money—from my cables and airmailed letters—and be able to embark like a human being and not a slinking beast.

I went to the bank every day. "Nothing, sorry!" said the teller each time. My companions begged me to stay with them and with them seek a better boat in which to continue our flight. I waited until June 6th and then went to the office of the Inspector General of Police. "My Friend," to whom I had talked, made the appointment and accompanied me.

The Inspector General, an elderly British Army Officer, who spoke beautiful French, talked with me for half an hour.

"Two things about the French I cannot understand—or stomach!" he said with a twist of his mustache. "One is their French Foreign Legion—and the other is Devil's Island!"

Then he asked me to wait in an antechamber while he talked with "My Friend." When he came out I stood stiffly at attention.

"We are going to give you a boat. Go through the harbor and see if you can find a boat, such as you will need, for sale." Then turning to "My Friend" he said: "There ought to be some fisherman's boat that would serve admirably."

At eleven o'clock the next day we had a boat. Casquette had spied it a few feet off the dock where several police launches were tied. It was a life-boat, rigged with a mast and sail. "With such a boat," Casquette laughed happily, "we can go to China!"

A naval officer inspected the boat with us. He authorized its purchase by the government from its owner, then ordered a government carpenter to be put at our disposal.

"Tell the carpenter what you want done with the boat and he

will do it," he said. Then he asked me to make a list of materials and supplies which would be needed for the trip. A policeman would buy them for us from the wharf-front stores.

On a dining-room table at the Salvation Army depot I spread out a marine chart which a man had given us.

"We must not let ourselves be swept on a beach in either Venezuela or Colombia," I said. "We can reach the United States by skirting the West Indies, putting in now and then on a British island for rest and supplies, and continuing through the Caribbean until we reach Miami."

I picked out the islands on the chart—Tobago, 100 miles north of Trinidad, then Grenada, seventy-five miles farther, then Saint Vincent, then Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts. The Salvation Army Captain said that he would write the depots in these islands to be on the lookout for us—to help us.

"We'll have to keep clear of Martinique and Guadeloupe!" Casquette warned. "If we land in the French Islands we'll get a quick ticket back to Devil's Island."

"Puerto Rico is American!" I said. "Nothing to fear there. Haiti will be safe. Cuba we'd better skirt until, off Havana, we head north for Key West. All the journey," I said, "will be in frequent sight of land. When we lose sight of one island another will appear ahead of us! It's not too bad a road to freedom!"

In two days the boat was ready for sea. The bow had been decked over, the gunwales raised on both sides. Captain Heap had brought provisions. Compass, cookstove, charcoal, pots, hurricane lamp, had been donated by other well-wishers. We asked the Inspector General for a document stating that the boat and equipment had been given us, that it was ours and that we had not stolen it. The Inspector replied that he couldn't issue such a document.

"Many of you fugitives whom we help end up in Venezuela and we have received so many notes from Venezuela and Colombia, accusing us of aiding illegal entry into their countries, that we have to stop issuing papers of any kind. But the boat is yours—and good luck!"

On June 10th, a British navy launch towed us out to sea.

"Don't be afraid to steer for the east," the pilot said. "There are very strong currents. Pass to the east of the Antillas!"

He towed us for more than an hour, got us safely through the turbulent water of the Dragon's Mouth, took us ten miles off shore and then let go the tow line. The sea was rough, but we had a good boat. We hoisted the new sail.

"Due east!" I said to Casquette.

He looked at his compass. "But if I steer east I'm going to throw the boat ashore!" he said.

"Make it slightly north of east then," I suggested, "until we pass Trinidad."

"North of east steering, in these currents, will land us in Colombia," growled Bérbert.

Casquette hesitated at the steering wheel. I looked at my four companions. Was the same thing going to happen, the same old controversy, anger, quarrelling going to descend upon us again? Hadn't we quarrelled enough during the terrible voyage from Devil's Island to Trinidad? I felt suddenly very angry.

"Steer as I tell you to—or put me ashore and leave me behind!" I said.

* * *

The British people of Trinidad Island had been very kind to us. For the first time in fifteen terrible years I was treated as a man—an unfortunate man, perhaps—but not an animal. The sturdy lifeboat with a stout mast and strong sail rode the Caribbean waves easily. We were well stocked with food. Now there were only five of us—Chiffot was on his way to Germany. Casquette, Panama, Dadar, Bérbert and I looked over our shoulders at the island that had given us sanctuary.

Ahead of us lay Grenada, Saint Vincent, Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts and the other islands of the British West Indies—stepping-stones to freedom as we headed northward for Miami. I'd have to watch only the winds and currents—and steer clear of Martinique and Guadeloupe, the French Islands.

The breeze from Trinidad and the Venezuelan coast blew us northward, the miles between Trinidad and Tobago passing uneventfully. We had finally agreed among ourselves that I was to

steer for Grenada and pass by Tobago. At Grenada we would secure new supplies from the Salvation Army.

As the sun set we were at ease in the boat. Bérbert and Casquette relieved me at the tiller. Under the stars I curled up on a wad of canvas and went to sleep. "Steer due northwest," I told them. "It's only seventy-five miles before you'll see Grenada's light."

I slept the sleep of exhaustion. When I awoke, suddenly, four hours later the stars had disappeared, the sea around us was as black as ink. Here and there streaks of phosphorescent light cut the water and splashed green sparks over the sides of our boat. Two giant sharks were encircling us.

The sail hung listless, spasmodically flapped impotently this way and that as changing winds played with us. I hastened to the tiller, but we lay on the sea aimlessly in spite of all my exertions. When the day dawned at last, we could see no island, no land anywhere. At dawn a wind began blowing over us; the sail puffed out. I consulted the compass and the map. I steered in the direction I thought Grenada would be. But at the end of that day we still had not seen land.

The second night was windy, with a choppy sea. I did not sleep at all. At dawn there was still no sign of Grenada.

"We've surely passed that island!" said Casquette. "We passed it during the night."

That might have happened, I agreed, but Saint Vincent should have loomed up on the horizon. All day long we searched for it but saw no land. Another night passed, then another day. We seemed to be making good headway, before favoring winds, but mile after mile we searched the horizon and saw no island at all. Six days finally passed before we admitted we were lost upon a mystifying sea.

"I'll keep her going due north anyway!" I said. "That's where Puerto Rico, Haiti and Cuba lie." But my companions complained. They thought we were too far east of the British islands, that if we continued north we'd run into the French islands and be captured. They insisted on my heading west. I did not know whethery they or I were right. I shifted the tiller, reset the sail. A gale started to blow, but in the boat which the British authorities

had given us I feared nothing. Six more days passed. Twelve days had come and gone, since leaving Trinidad, without sight of land.

Then at dawn Casquette suddenly cried, "A ship! There! a ship!" On the horizon smoke rose above the waves. Little by little a steamer was revealed. It was a tanker. I went to the bow and waved my pants. The ship changed her course and approached us. At her stern waved the German flag. A Jacob's ladder was lowered and we drew alongside. I climbed to the deck and faced the captain.

"Fugitives from Devil's Island, eh?" he said, rubbing his bearded chin. He took me to his chart room and showed me where we were—200 miles directly north of the Dutch Island of Curaçao!

"You'll never get to Miami from here!" the captain told me. Our boat, without an engine, would never be able to navigate the Gulf Stream's current. He offered to take us on board, for Curaçao, but I refused. My companions thought the Dutch on that island, like the Dutch in the colony next to French Guiana, would turn us over to a French consul for deportation.

Back in the sailboat again—with an armful of food and many packages of tobacco—my companions decided to head west for Panama. If we could reach the American zone, they said, we'd be safe. Panama took the tiller; we were fighting strong currents, but the wind held all night and all the next day. Sixteen days after leaving Trinidad we saw land. The sea calmed and we approached the coast, a long barren stretch of sand, slowly, at first, and then with greater speed. Hastily we dropped the sail, but we were already being sucked into the rollers that were breaking over the shore. Before we could get our oars and try to pull away we were being carried with express-train speed through the surf. Five minutes later we lay bruised and water-soaked on the beach with our boat smashed and water-swamped fifteen yards from shore. We had worked furiously not only to save ourselves, but to rescue our remaining food and our knapsacks of personal effects.

We built a fire on the beach and prepared dinner. Before we had time to eat it we saw that Indians were looking at us—wild-looking natives, naked and with big spears. They stuck their heads up over surrounding sand dunes. I called to them in Spanish, but

they ducked back and disappeared. Half an hour later they returned with a savage assortment of spears, bows and arrows, and approached our camp fire. When only a few feet away they stopped and began talking to us. But none of us could understand a thing they said, and none of them could understand Spanish.

Then they began inspecting our kits and the rescued supplies. We tried to stop them, but they became so menacing that I cautioned my companions to go easy. One of the savages got hold of an oilcloth package containing my Devil's Island journals, my papers which I had written during fifteen years of imprisonment. I grabbed the package from him and opened it hastily to show him that it contained only papers; nothing which would be of any use to him. An Indian at his side gave me a painful jab with a spear that caused blood to spurt from my thigh, but the other Indian handed me back the package of papers with a humorous grimace. I suppose to him it was a joke that a white man should lug around such useless stuff.

These savages took our blankets, lamp, all personal effects, the cans of food that remained and all our clothing. They were, I found out later, the Cactus Eaters, wild savages of the La Guajira coastal desert of Colombia—we had been wrecked on Gallinas Point. They giggled among themselves as they suddenly turned and marched up the beach, soon disappearing behind the dunes.

"A fine lot of brave men we are!" I said as soon as they were out of sight.

"The devils!" Bérbert exclaimed as soon as he caught his breath, from holding it so long in sheer fright, "I'll slit their throats!"

"With *what*?" I asked him. "They took your knife away from you."

Casquette suddenly turned and ran into the surf, ploughed through the rollers and waves to the place where the ruined hull of our boat lay upside down. He began diving under the water, disappearing for a long time. Then with one hand he swam ashore—and held up a machete.

"I remembered that I stuck it in the boat ribs," he said gleefully.

So we five naked white men, with only a machete to protect us

from whatever dangers we might walk into, started hurriedly over the hot sand. We discovered that the sand was a stretch of *playa* made by the currents, and now exposed by the Caribbean low tide. In two hours we had reached the narrower beach that skirted a desolate shore. At night we made a fire, after working for more than an hour rubbing two dried sticks. Any boy scout could have done it in a few seconds, but somehow we couldn't get the thing to work until all of us had blistered hands and aching arms and backs.

We had nothing to eat all night, but at dawn Casquette threw his machete at a big lizard and cut its head off. He shared it with us—two mouthfuls for each. For a day and a half we had no water, crossed no rivers. We hunted for fresh water and at last found a stream and bathed in it to relieve the pain of many insect bites. Then the desert of sand dunes changed into jungle.

"What'll we do if we do reach a town?" Dadar said. "We can't go into even an Indian village like this!"

For four days we saw no human being, as we kept skirting the jungle shore. We caught some fish by spearing them with sharply pointed sticks. We ate frogs which we killed with pointed bamboo spears. In a large sea shell we carried coals along with us from which, whenever we wanted, we easily started a new fire. We were all covered with festering insect bites. Our feet, softened by being so long at sea, were cut and very sore. But happily we had not, as I feared, started to quarrel among ourselves. Naked, we kept together out of pure fright and anxiety.

At sunset of the third day we came to a lone grass hut, in front of which some very old nets, much patched, were drying. The fisherman was away, but we saw a large sea turtle and immediately began hacking it open with an ax which leaned against a corner of the hut. We cooked and ate chunks of fat meat and then climbed up into the rafters where we had seen a big tin canister. We opened the canister, eagerly hoping to find pants or shirts.

"Curses!" Panama exclaimed as he pulled some gaudy cloth out of the box. "There's only dresses—for women!" We pulled the garments out—seven old Mother Hubbards made of cheap printed calico. There was not a single pair of pants, or a shirt.

"Well! a dress is better than nothing!" Bérbert said as he began to twist into one. Soon we all wore petticoats. With our bearded faces we were an astounding sight. But, clothed at last, we found that the insects didn't bother us so much.

Ten miles farther up the beach we came to a small hamlet. We hid in the jungle until it was dark and then went through the village at night, stopping frequently to hide until barking dogs quieted down, pausing often to look for clothing which some native, we hoped, might have left out all night. But we were not so lucky. We hastened on, once we passed through the town, and did not stop until dawn came. Then we curled up to sleep in what seemed to be a fisherman's deserted house.

"Why are you wearing women's clothes?"

Those were the words, spoken in angry Spanish, which I heard as I awoke. A man in the uniform of a soldier of some sort was speaking to Panama. Three other men, holding the reins of four nervous horses, outside the hut door, looked at us skeptically, but could not quite suppress their smiles.

I stood up. The soldiers outside the door burst out laughing. "We must take them to show the General!" one of them said. "Nothing so funny has happened for a long time."

We were told to come out and march ahead of the armed men. Their horses seemed also to think we were fantastic for they began prancing and shying, and balked at approaching too near our backs and flapping skirts.

In an hour we reached a little town—the Colombian coast town of Santa Marta. We were taken directly to the barracks which served both as police and army station. A great crowd of children, laughing women and joking men, to say nothing of several score barking dogs, followed us through the streets. The General didn't have his tunic on when we entered the barrack-room but an orderly hastily brought it, and soon, wearing epaulets, he gazed at us from across his wide mahogany desk. He asked for our passports. We had none.

"*Profugos de Cayenne!*" he said to the soldiers gathered about. "Fugitives from French Guiana!"

Casquette began shivering, not with fear, but with a sudden spasm of fever. His face was flushed. The General dug into his pocket, produced a wallet, took several one-peso bills from it. He gave them to an orderly. Soon a doctor arrived. We were all given quinine. Another orderly brought us some old uniforms and we got out of our dresses as quickly as possible. Food was brought to us by native women. The General picked up the telephone and asked to be put through to Barranquilla.

"*Cinco profugos de Cayenne!*" he said when the connection was completed. "You will notify the French Consul!"

Panama, Casquette, Dadar, Bérbert and I looked at each other in disgust and sadness. At last, after two fearful experiences with the sea, we are going to be at the mercy of a far more dangerous foe—a French Consul!

"It is no pleasure for me," the General said. "But it is the law, and I must obey it. You will be sent to Barranquilla. There you will have a chance to talk your way out of deportation, if you can."

The next day we were behind the bars of the "Carcel Naçional," the high-walled military and civil prison of eastern Colombia. The Warden, on receiving us, said that we were lucky. If we had arrived two days earlier we would have been put on board the French Mail steamer which had just sailed; there wouldn't be another French vessel for a month.

"But don't try to escape, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the rifle-armed guards who patrolled the wall of the *carcel*. "My men are crack shots—and the rifles are not the old blunderbusses they use in *Cayenne!* You wouldn't have a chance!"

But as I looked later in the afternoon out of the thick bars of my cell and saw the dense green jungle which was like a sea stretching to the north in mountainous waves, I told myself that indeed I would try to escape. In the month's wait for a French boat *I'd try every day to escape!* It would be better to be shot in Colombia than to return alive to Cayenne.

* * *

Looking out from behind the heavy steel bars of the National prison at Barranquilla I could see twenty miles of jungle stretch-

ing into the north Colombian horizon. My fugitive companions sat in the damp cell and refused to look through the bars. They were worn out and pessimistic. They cursed their fate. In another month, they swore, we'd all be on board a French steamer en route to French Guiana—and to the dark-cell punishment which is the fate of all who attempt to escape.

But I knew something they didn't. The Colombians hate the French penal system and individually are often ready to help run-aways. The day after our capture and imprisonment, under orders of the French Minister, a long article appeared in *La Prensa*, the Colombian paper, about our adventure—and misadventure. The editor himself came to the prison; if I would write a series of articles for him on the French penal colony, he said, he would pay me generously. He talked with Governor Blanco of the prison and things were immediately made more comfortable for us. He interceded with the French Minister in Bogotá, but the Minister was adamant. We were to be placed, he insisted, on the first French steamer. Two policemen from the Paris Sûreté, he advised, were catching the ship in order to take us into custody.

My four companions were very gloomy and quarrelsome, each finding some fault with the others, blaming the predicament on first one, then the other. They began swearing at me, and soon we were embroiled in a bloody fight. At first I thought I would surely succumb in that cell to their blows, but then Dadar took my part and with his strength we soon had the other three cowering in a far corner. He had broken a leg off the table and threatened to mash in the skull of any man who stepped from the shadows.

The noise of our combat brought guards. In a manner at first mysterious I was picked out, taken from the large cell and then locked up in a solitary cell. Then, and this is hard to believe unless you know the South Americans, the prison Adjutant came to my cell with some paper and pencils and said: "Belbenoit, we are going to let you escape. Your friends are a different type of fugitive; they were convicted of far more serious crimes. We've checked up on you. Spend the day writing articles for *La Prensa*. The editor will pay you for them tomorrow afternoon. Tomorrow night you

will find your cell door open. *Bon Voyage!*" He turned and left me before I had a chance to say a word.

All day long I wrote—seven articles altogether about different phases of the French penal administration. In the late afternoon, don Paez Reyna, the editor, came into my cell. He read the articles and handed me a roll of bills. Excitedly I ate the generous supper that was brought in to me. The key turned in the lock of my cell. I sat close to the bars of the window watching the moon come up from the eastern horizon. One hour, two hours, three hours, four hours I sat so and then I heard a key grating against the lock. I heard the lock snap. I heard the key being removed. Then nothing but silence. I stood up, went to the door and cautiously turned the door knob, pushed slightly—and the door opened. Not a soul was to be seen in the corridor. At the end of the building I saw that an outside gate was ajar—a door that would allow me to step right out into the open behind the prison's walled fortress.

Two minutes later I was in the side streets of Barranquilla. I twisted through the streets to the northern section of the town and then struck off hastily into the open country road that led to the sea coast. I knew that I was in danger as long as I stayed in Colombia, not from the Colombians but because of the hard-boiled French Minister at Bogotá, so I decided that I would try to reach the Panama Canal Zone as soon as possible. The Americans I knew would not deport me to French Guiana. Between Barranquilla and Panama, however, lay many tribes of very wild Indians, but I would take my chances with them—no matter what they did they would not turn me over to any French Consul!

The long night was fully moonlit. I stopped once at a shadowy little cross-road shop and bought a small machete, some food, some cigarettes and matches. I did not know one road or path from another, and there were no signposts. But I judged my direction by the stars and kept going until I reached the Caribbean shore. At dawn a small automobile came along the road behind me, a jitney bus, bound for Cartagena. Four hours later I was in Cartagena. I had heard that there were many smugglers working out of the Colombian city, and I went to the waterfront to find some of

them. But after two hours investigation I found that each one wanted forty *pesos* (\$20.00) to take me to the islands of San Andres and Providencia, belonging to Colombia but lying only a short swimming distance off the coast of the Republic of Panama. I had only forty-three pesos in my pocket—so I decided to hurry on out of the Colombian town and try to make the journey on foot. Between Cartagena and Panamanian frontier I knew that there was another fugitive from French Guiana, Charlot Gautier, who had escaped in a boat with nine companions, eight of whom had been caught and sent back. An ex-Ensign in the French Navy, he had received a large amount of money from relatives, and, so I understood, had built a lonely retreat in the jungles, and was spending his time catching butterflies.

Gautier was very surprised when I knocked on his door; the last thing he expected was a visiting Frenchman. "*Je viens de là-bas!*" I said the password and only introduction needed between *évadés*, "I come from over there!" I explained my situation and he invited me to become his guest. "Where there is enough food for one," he said, "there's enough for two!"

In the forest surrounding his home there were hundreds of Blue Morpho butterflies, and with a home-made net I succeeded in getting several beautiful collections which Gautier sent to Cartagena and had sold to tourists. They brought me a total of one hundred dollars—for four months' work. I obtained a good map of the Colombian coast and Panamanian frontier, and began studying it.

To reach Panama would require walking some four hundred miles along the uninhabited coast around the Gulf of Darien, but I decided to push on. I purchased the bare necessities of life, made them up in a back pack into which I stuck my butterfly net, and said good-bye to Gautier. But before I had left the clearing in which his home was situated a native arrived with his mail. In the copy of *La Prensa* I read that my four companions had been shipped on the S. S. *De La Salle* for Martinique—and thence to Devil's Island. One fugitive the paper said had mysteriously escaped! Also, in a copy of the French newspaper, *Excelsior*, which had been sent to him from Paris, I read that my fifth companion, Chiffiot, who had obtained money and secured a forged passport

and passage from Trinidad to Europe on a German boat, had tried to re-enter France, and had been arrested and sent to the prison depot at La Rochelle to await the next convict ship back to French Guiana.

So, as I struck off alone through the Colombian shore jungles and swamps I knew that all of the men who had escaped with me were en route back to the Dry Guillotine; I alone was free! I made up my mind more firmly than ever to guard this freedom and not allow myself to be caught, no matter what the odds might be against me. At my back now was civilization—and the long arm of French injustice. Ahead of me lay a territory inhabited only by savages.

For five days I walked uneventfully except for having to find my way through a number of swamps. Then the ground became higher and firmer—and suddenly I came to a clearing full of neat thatched huts. Indians, clad only in loin cloths, saw me and hastily grabbed spears and bows. Five men came to meet me as I continued walking. Their faces were spotted with bright red paint and their hands and legs were painted black. One of them spoke Spanish—and with relief I asked to be taken to their chief.

Through the interpreter the chief questioned me. I told him that I was trying to go to Colon, on the Panama Canal. But the chief said that I could not continue. I would have to turn back. The territory ahead of me, he said, was "closed country"—no white man could enter it.

Indians had gathered around my pack, and were examining my butterfly net with special interest. I caught sight of a dazzling blue *Morpho* and took the net quickly from them and chased it until I caught the beautiful insect. The Indians laughed and thought it was very funny. Then I explained that I wanted butterflies—that I was on an expedition hunting them, and would pay as much as two *pesos* a piece for any which the tribesmen caught. The chief's eyes lighted up, and suddenly he announced that I could stay in the village all night—that in the morning some of the children might catch plenty of butterflies for me. He had a hut set aside for me. Alone I cooked a chunk of wild pig meat which he sent me, brewed some coffee. After night fell I strolled down to

the beach—where I had seen many canoes—and then went back to my hut and lay in a hammock which he had loaned me.

I lay silently until almost midnight. Not an Indian stirred. The fires had gone out. Quietly I crept out of my hut and went to the beach. I selected a sixteen-foot canoe which had a sail wrapped around a small mast, and putting several paddles into the hull I noiselessly slid the boat down the sand and into the water. When the water reached my waist I pulled myself into the boat and started paddling as hard as I could. I knew nothing about paddling a canoe at sea all by myself, and found it very difficult to get the boat away from shore but at last I managed to get one hundred fifty yards or so between me and the shadowy coast. I then kept paddling for almost three hours. I tried once to untie and raise the sail but couldn't make it; the boat was too small for me, inexperienced as I was, to move about in it without capsizing. So at last I determined to land for a few minutes and put the sail up. There was a cross-yard on the mast which I did not know how to use, and it was an hour before I had the sail properly set and the canoe out again in the open water. One thing I knew quite definitely. I certainly was not a sailor!

My hands were blistered from paddling, and now I had all I could do to hold the helm and guide the narrow craft safely over the waves. The wind seemed to play tricks on me and there wasn't a moment that didn't seem to challenge all my strength and ingenuity. I covered only about thirty miles during the night, and when the sun came up I put in to shore. I was afraid to travel during the day for fear that the Indians who by this time had undoubtedly discovered that I, as well as their canoe, was missing, would sight me. The shore was lined with coconut trees and with my machete I opened ten big nuts, drank the juice.

I scanned the horizon continually and stayed in hiding all day. Ahead of me I saw many off-shore islands—the San Blas Keys—and at night when I took to the water again I found that I had to negotiate many shoals and reefs over which heavy rollers rushed. Waves roaring over boulders warned me to keep farther and farther out, and a shark that started to follow and encircle me didn't add anything to my comfort or ease of mind. After an all-night struggle I

decided to give up and beach the canoe. I was so tired I fell asleep in the vine-matted jungle and did not wake up until noon. The water along the shore was now full of massive boulders and dashing waves. I knew I could never negotiate the stretch of sea ahead of me. I hid the canoe in the bushes and started along on foot.

I walked for three hours and then saw two Indians on the beach. They came at me the instant they saw that I was a white man, and with many scowls began questioning me. But I understood nothing of their jargon. Again I opened my butterfly net. The butterfly net had acted as a passport for me on the previous occasion. I'd try it again. I showed them the blue *Morpho* butterfly. They stopped scowling and murmured the word "momorro" several times. They waved me to get into their canoe and I was taken in state to a primitive village—a big settlement at the mouth of a coastal creek. Several hundred Indians, seeing that a stranger was arriving in the canoe, came down to the water's edge to look at me. Many children came, touched me as I stepped ashore, and then fled howling to their mothers.

The chief's hut was immense, 130 feet long by 100 wide. I opened my pack and showed everything to him. Through another Indian who spoke Spanish I said that I was a butterfly collector. Again I spoke of being willing to pay two pesos for any blue *Morphos* the villagers would care to catch. Women at the chief's command brought me big gourds of food and fruit. They were the handsomest primitive women I'd ever seen. The men dressed in loin cloths only, but the women wore a nose ring and all had earrings of pure gold in various sizes. About fifty men gathered around me in the chief's house, many of them talking to me in Spanish. They seemed greatly interested in my statement that butterflies were valuable—could be caught and traded for two pesos each.

Toward midnight, when all was quiet in the village I again went down to the waterside, selected a good boat and pushed off. I followed the coastline all night and landed next morning on a strip of land that jutted far out into the sea. I hadn't the strength to paddle far out to sea and go around it—I'd leave the canoe and cut across the peninsula on foot. The going was very difficult, wading

creeks and swamps, cutting myself constantly free of vines and thorns. I had to stop frequently and sharpen my machete on a rock. When night came and it was too dark to see I camped. All the next day I cut through the jungle. I saw three jaguars and over fifty wild boars, but didn't dare get in their way with only my machete for a weapon. I listened constantly for sound of the sea surf, but could hear nothing. Again at night I camped. I killed a large land turtle and ate it with the last of my hoarded coconut meat.

On the fifth day of cutting through the forest I again heard the sound of the surf, and an hour later I came out into the sunlight on a broad sandy beach. Several hundred yards out in the blue water there was a large island full of Indian huts. The San Blas Indians were watchful guardians of their coastal domain; as soon as I stepped out of the jungle they saw me, set up a great amount of shouting and running about—and within two minutes five large canoes loaded with furiously paddling men and with other men standing in the bow, with spears and guns, were on the water and coming rapidly toward me.

Again I was taken to the chief's house. Again I showed my butterfly net and my blue Morpho. The big insect now was almost useless as a specimen for it had been handled so much by previous Indians. Again my butterfly net gained me freedom and a place to sleep—and plenty of food. If I had not had it I know that I never would have gained a mile of the San Blas coast, for over a period of many years the San Blas Indians have learned to hate the Spaniards—both the Panamanians and the Colombians. My net set me apart from all white men they had ever known. I was, clearly, not a gold prospector or a slave hunter.

In the next six days I stole six more Indian canoes. It seems almost as if some protecting hand of Fate watched over me and made that feat possible. I know that I could never repeat it. I kept paddling all day, struggling with currents and waves. Then at night I would land on the coast, hide the canoe and walk until I encountered some more Indians. The Indians habitually worked during the day in their coconut, banana, and potato plantations on the coast where the land was fertile, and my technique was always the same. I'd land about two hours before sunset and start

walking. In an hour or so I'd encounter some Indians of another island. They would take me to the chief. I would explain that I was hunting butterflies—on my way to the Panama Canal. I would again offer two pesos for insects which the village would catch for me in the coastal jungles the next day—and then at night I would sneak to the canoes, select one and paddle off into the darkness. I had but one single thought the whole time: Colon. Behind me, I knew, I was building up an accumulating number of hostile villagers. Whether they were now combining and coming along behind me to capture me I did not know, but, as though they were right at my heels, I never wasted a moment.

For twenty days I worked along the Panama coast, being challenged each night and having to explain my presence to an island chief. Twenty canoes I had stolen—and then, on the morning of the twenty-first day, I reached the coast opposite the island of Porvenir. On that island there was a garrison of Panamanian soldiers. I dared not be seen by any of them, for as I was without a passport they would have been certain to send me back to Colombia. I cut into the forest and walked all day, screened from the sea, until I came to a small village of Panamanian natives engaged in fishing and in cutting mahogany. A woodcutter gave me some food and was amazed when I told him I had come through from Colombia. He said that no other man ever accomplished that before. Colon, he said, was seventy-five miles away. But the currents and tides, he warned, were very bad. A lone canoeist would have a very dangerous time.

I continued on a trail which he said would take me to a village of half-caste Indians. I needed another boat. If I were lucky it would be my last night of toil. I did not enter the Indian village but stopped in the forest. After dark I walked along the beach, selected a canoe with sail, pushed it down into the waves and after much struggling managed to get into the hull. I untied the sail and began making good speed over waves bigger than those I had to fight before. Water splashed over me, and I had to bail almost constantly to keep the frail craft from being swamped. After several hours I saw the flash of a lighthouse, and then in a little while the lights of several steamers gleamed on the horizon. On my left

the sky glowed as though lit up by a multitude of searchlights. My heart throbbed with excitement. Those would be the lights of the Panama Canal.

Night passed and day came, and still I sat struggling with tiller, sail, and gourd-bailer far out at sea. The wind died and left me to the mercy of currents. All day long I tried to get the canoe under steady headway but it was not until night that the little sail puffed out again and the canoe's bow began cutting the waves. The lights grew brighter, the guardian city of the Canal Zone appeared above the horizon, steamers passed me, several times almost capsizing me in their wake. Cautiously I drew nearer and nearer the shore. I did not want to be stopped or questioned. I headed for a piece of beach some little distance from the town, but the waves and currents were too strong.

One hundred yards from shore I saw that the canoe would be dashed bodily into a jetty. I made up my mind in an instant. Leaning over the side I swamped the canoe with inrushing water and as it went down under me I began swimming, saving only my bundle of manuscript in oil cloth. I had had a terrible adventure. I was famished and my throat and mouth were aching from thirst. But as I gained the jetty and climbed out of the water I saw silhouetted against the sky the fortresses of the United States Government. When the sun rose again I would be able to look up and see—at last—the Stars and Stripes!

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

About Colonel Lindbergh as a storm center of our turbulent times, I have nothing to say. I suspect, however, that he has been greatly sinned against. A superb technician, why couldn't they leave him alone as he wanted to be left alone, to go about his own business of working at his own chosen trade?

I remember him from my senior year at the University of Wisconsin; or rather, I remember a freshman engineering "student" who was always either on the rifle range or making a nuisance of himself kiting about on Lake Mendota in some kind of craft with an airplane engine and propeller on it. They didn't give university credits for those things, and so they fired him. Later, after he had flown to Paris and opened up the real age of aviation, he went back and thanked the faculty. He didn't do it in any spirit of sarcasm or exaggerated sense of his own importance; he thanked them sincerely for forcing him out of a role in which he didn't belong, and so enabling him to get into one in which he *did* belong. I always considered that extremely decent of him. So did the faculty.

What is there one can say about Lindbergh except, again, that he is a superb technician with the technician's rapt and laconic attitude toward his own work? The present short anecdote from his pre-fame days seems to demonstrate that point very well.

A LEAP IN THE DARK

By CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

I TOOK off from Lambert (St. Louis) Field, September 16, 1926, at 4:25 P.M. and, after an uneventful trip, arrived at Springfield, Ill., at 5:10 P.M. and Peoria at 5:55 P.M. I took off from the Peoria Field at 6:10 P.M. There was a light ground haze, but the sky was practically clear, containing only scattered cumulus clouds.

Darkness set in about twenty-five miles northeast of Peoria and I took up a compass course, checking on the lights of the town below, until a low fog rolled in under me a few miles northeast of Marseilles and the Illinois River. The fog extended from the ground up to about six hundred feet and, as I was unable to fly under it, I turned back and attempted to drop a flare and land, but the flare did not function and I again headed for Maywood, hoping to find a break in the fog over the field. Upon examination I discovered that the cause of the flare failure was the short length of the release lever and that the flare might still be used by pulling out the release cable.

I continued on a compass course of fifty degrees until 7:15 P.M., when I saw a dull glow on the top of the fog, indicating a

From *Told at the Explorers Club*, edited by Frederick A. Blossom. Copyright 1931, by Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.

town below. There were several of these light patches on the fog, visible only when looking away from the moon, and I knew them to be the towns bordering the Maywood Field. At no time, however, was I able to locate the exact position of the field, although I understand that the searchlights were directed upward and two barrels of gasoline were burned in an endeavor to attract my attention.

Several times I descended to the top of the fog, which was eight to nine hundred feet high according to my altimeter. The sky above was clear, with the exception of scattered clouds, and the moon and stars were shining brightly.

After circling around for thirty-five minutes, I headed west, to be sure of clearing Lake Michigan and in an attempt to pick up one of the lights on the transcontinental line. After flying west for fifteen minutes and seeing no break in the fog, I turned southwest, hoping to strike the edge of the fog south of the Illinois River.

My motor cut out at 8:20 P.M. and I cut in the reserve. I was at that time only 1,500 feet high and, as the motor did not pick up as soon as I expected, I shoved the flashlight in my belt and was about to release the parachute flare and jump when the engine finally took hold again. A second trial showed the main tank to be dry and accordingly a maximum of twenty minutes' flying-time left.

There were no openings in the fog and I decided to leave the ship as soon as the reserve tank was exhausted. I tried to get the mail pit open, with the idea of throwing out the mail sacks and then jumping, but was unable to open the front buckle.

I knew that the risk of fire, with no gasoline in the tanks, was very slight and began to climb for altitude when I saw a light on the ground for several seconds. This was the first light I had seen for nearly two hours and, as almost enough gasoline for fifteen minutes' flying remained in the reserve, I glided down to twelve hundred feet and pulled out the flare-release cable, as nearly as I could judge over the spot where the light had appeared. This time the flare functioned, but only to illuminate the top of a solid bank

of fog, into which it soon disappeared without showing any trace of the ground.

Seven minutes' gasoline remained in the gravity tank. Seeing the glow of a town through the fog, I turned towards open country and nosed the plane up. At 5,000 feet the motor sputtered and died. I stepped up on the cowl and out over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the rip-cord after about a hundred-foot fall. The parachute, an Irvin seat-service type, functioned perfectly; I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position and the chute opened. This time I saved the rip-cord.

I pulled the flashlight from my belt and was playing it down towards the top of the fog when I heard the plane's motor pick up. When I jumped, the motor had practically stopped dead and I had neglected to cut the switches. Apparently, when the ship nosed down, an additional supply of gasoline drained down to the carburetor. Soon the ship came into sight, about a quarter-mile away and headed in the general direction of my parachute. I put the flashlight in a pocket of my flying suit, preparatory to slipping the parachute out of the way, if necessary. The plane was making a left spiral of about a mile diameter and passed approximately three hundred yards away from my chute, leaving me on the outside of the circle.

I was undecided as to whether the plane or I was descending more rapidly and glided my chute away from the spiral path of the ship as rapidly as I could.

The ship passed completely out of sight, but reappeared again in a few seconds, its rate of descent being about the same as that of the parachute. I counted five spirals, each one a little further away than the last, before reaching the top of the fog-bank.

When I settled into the fog-bank, I knew that the ground was within 1,000 feet and I reached for the flashlight, but found it to be missing. I could see neither earth nor stars and had no idea what kind of territory was below. I crossed my legs to keep from straddling a branch or wire, guarded my face with my hands and waited.

Presently I saw the outline of the ground and a moment later was down in a cornfield. The corn was over my head and the chute was lying on top of the cornstalks. I hurriedly packed it and started down a corn row. The ground visibility was about one hundred yards.

In a few minutes I came to a stubble field and some wagon tracks, which I followed to a farmyard a quarter-mile away. After reaching the farmyard, I noticed auto headlights and a spotlight playing over the roadside. Thinking that someone might have located the wreck of the plane, I walked over to the car. The occupants asked whether I had heard an airplane crash and it required some time to explain to them that I had been piloting the plane and was searching for it myself. I had to display the parachute as evidence before they were thoroughly convinced. The farmer was sure, as were most others in a three-mile radius, that the ship had just missed his house and crashed near by. In fact, he could locate within a few rods the spot where he heard it hit the ground, and we spent an unsuccessful quarter-hour hunting for the wreck in that vicinity before going to the farmhouse to arrange for a searching party and telephone St. Louis and Chicago.

I had just put in the long-distance calls when the phone rang and we were notified that the plane had been found in a cornfield over two miles away.

It took several minutes to reach the site of the crash, due to the necessity of slow driving through the fog. A small crowd had already assembled when we arrived.

The plane was wound up in a ball-shaped mass. It had narrowly missed one farmhouse and had hooked its left wing in a grain shock a quarter-mile beyond. The ship had landed on the left wing and wheel and had skidded along the ground for eighty yards, going through one fence before coming to rest in the edge of a cornfield, about a hundred yards short of a barn. The mail pit was laid open and one sack of mail was on the ground. The mail however, was uninjured.

The sheriff from Ottawa arrived and we took the mail to the Ottawa post office, to be entrained at 3:30 A.M. for Chicago.

VLADIMIR ZENZINOV

In his own introduction to his book, Zenzinov writes: "I was born in 1880, in Moscow. After graduating from high school there, I studied philosophy, economics, and law at the Berlin, Heidelberg and Halle Universities. In 1904, I returned to Moscow and took an active part in the struggle against Czarism as a member of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party. I was arrested for the first time in Moscow on the night of the historic Bloody Sunday, in January, 1905, when the workers marched to the Winter Palace under the leadership of Father Gapon.

"After six months of solitary confinement in Moscow, I was despatched without trial—by an administrative order—into exile in Eastern Siberia for a term of five years. This was during the Russo-Japanese War, when the movement of exiles to Siberia had been suspended. My destination was therefore changed, and I was sent to the north of European Russia, to Archangelsk. Upon my arrival there, I took advantage of the laxity of the local police and immediately escaped.

"From that moment on, I led an illegal existence, under assumed names. I succeeded in leaving the country and reached Geneva where at that time the headquarters of the Russian revolutionary movement were established. When the Czar's manifesto of October, 1905, granting liberty and a constitution, was issued, I returned to Russia and again participated in the revolutionary struggle. During the country's short period of freedom, I was active in St. Petersburg. Later, in December, I took part in the Moscow

uprising when the first street barricades were erected in Russia.

"In the early part of 1906, I became identified with the Terrorist Militant Organization of my party and helped arrange for a series of terrorist acts against cruel Czarist officers who were responsible for the bloody suppression of the popular risings. In September of that year I was arrested again, this time in St. Petersburg, and after eight months of solitary confinement, again banished to Eastern Siberia for five years.

"After a prison-to-prison journey which lasted four months, I arrived in Yakutsk. But I was consumed by a burning desire to return to the ranks of the fighters for freedom. As soon as I was set free, finding myself outside bars and unguarded by bayonets, I fled from Yakutsk. This escape was more difficult to manage than the first. There were two of us in the enterprise. On horseback, we started out across the wild *taiga* toward Okhotsk. We represented ourselves as gold-prospectors.

"This part of our journey lasted a month. We pushed on over pathless spaces, great marshes and numberless streams. It is a region abounding in game, and we hunted for our food. We encountered almost no human beings in the course of the long adventure through the *taiga*, a trek of a thousand miles, where at every turn we risked drowning, losing our way, or, finally, being seized by the posse of Cossacks sent after us. It was like living a Fenimore Cooper story . . .

"But we did reach the Okhotsk Sea in the end. Here we deceived the local police and got aboard a Japanese fishing schooner which eventually landed us in Japan. And then came Shanghai, Singapore, Colombo, the Suez Canal, Marseilles, Paris.

"For two years I lived in Paris in comparative peace.

"Then I made my way to Russia once more to engage in 'underground' revolutionary activity. Fate favored me. I managed to live for a year and a half without being trapped. I changed my aliases scores of times, and covered the great country in every direction, working all the time at organizing and restoring the shattered network of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party.

"In May, 1910, I was seized once more, and this time lodged in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul as a highly dangerous per-

son. The authorities, however, even then, had insufficient evidence to put me on trial. I was, therefore, dispatched as an administrative exile to Eastern Siberia for a period of five years, the maximum penalty imposed then for political crimes. On this occasion, I had reason to believe, I would be sent to a place whence escape would be impossible."

This time Zenzinov was exiled to the vicinity of Yakutsk, the world's "cold pole", and the coldest place on earth where there are human settlements. He was given freedom to live about as he pleased and to move about at will within the limits of his district. He was condemned, as he wrote, "to turn explorer". His effort to escape, as recorded here, came to nothing. Hence he served out his sentence and eventually returned to Moscow.

Zenzinov here writes about a Siberia that no longer exists. The Soviets have transformed it, since his day, from an outpost into an integral part of their own world. Modern cities now dot the country, agricultural experiment-stations, schools, meteorological observatories, radio-stations and airports. But that is another story, and another great, collective human adventure.

FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA

By VLADIMIR ZENZINOV

THE cold grew more severe daily, reaching forty-three degrees below zero. Where the ruby-colored sun used to show itself the week before for a short spell, the sky was now a riot of raspberry, rose and lily colors. The dead of winter was here. A copper moon hung in the firmament. Every night the aurora borealis put on an exhibition.

Somewhere in my dim past was another life, with sunshine, laughter, caresses, warmth. . . . My heart would jam at the thought of it all. . . . Would I ever get back to it? It would be sheer transport and delight. And I was afraid of becoming a sybarite. . . .

I was preparing for the great, unknown journey. One by one I removed the various obstacles. And yet it often looked to me as if I were building a house of cards. After each successful move, this house grew higher, but was it stronger? Would not a slight error on my part, or on the part of some other person, bring my laborious structure down?

Early in December the news reached Allaikha from the east of the approach of the Chukchi. At the same time a rumor spread

From *The Road to Oblivion*, by Vladimir Zenzinov and Isaac Don Levine. Copyright 1933, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

from the west that the first merchants from Ust-Yansk were coming. The rapidity with which news travels in the far north is remarkable. You may be driving along at top speed, traveling day and night, and yet word of your coming will precede you! No telegraph or radio is required here—the passionate longing for a fresh word in this frozen kingdom serves as wireless. The surface of life is so still that it requires but the slightest happening to ripple it in all directions.

I had reason to be excited by the news more than anybody else in Allaikha. The report of the Chukchi was a signal for me to get ready. . . . On the other hand, the news of the coming of the traders was not less important. I expected mail from the other world. The last mail I had received six months before. And the letters had been dated in January. What had happened during the year? Of course, I could not leave without waiting for the mail.

It arrived. The candle burned in my *yurta* for twenty-four hours, while I went over my letters, newspapers, and parcels. I would read the same letter several times. With trembling hands I pored over the great heaps of newspapers. It was as if a hurricane had swept through my being. It seemed as if my brain would not be able to withstand the rush of sensation and thoughts that broke into my life. Several times the *yurta* became so stifling that I had to go out into the open. There everything was quiet, all of Allaikha was sleeping the sleep of the dead. . . .

Only gradually did my excitement subside and settle in the depths of my soul. This is what happens when a great rock slides into the water and raises a high wave which smashes itself against the shore: the wave ebbs and turns into a ripple, the surface becomes as smooth as before, but the rock remains at the bottom of the lake.

My mail was unusually heavy. In addition to a quantity of letters and a large number of Moscow and St. Petersburg newspapers, covering a period of eight months, I received many packages containing various articles. The load occupied almost two full sleds. It was an extraordinary act of kindness and attention on the part of the trader to bring me all these things, and I simply did not know how to express my gratitude to him.

Unfortunately, a great deal of what I had received was superfluous on the eve of my escape. With an aching heart, I distributed many of the articles as gifts; a good part I gave to the trader who had brought them, as a reward for his courtesy. He was extremely grateful. I did it all under the pretext of not wanting to carry too much on my way to . . . Verkhoyansk!

But there was one thing that I could not deny myself—the huge roll of newspapers—and, therefore, decided to put it in my last sled, the one that carried my tent and stove. After reading them, I would discard the papers along the way, and in this manner gradually lighten my load.

There was nothing to detain me now. I sent word to the Yukagirs, and they kept our agreement and called for me. All the things that were to go back home, my scientific collections and journals, I had turned over to the trader who was to take them to Ust-Yansk. In seven months, they would get to Moscow. Perhaps by that time my folks would have a cablegram from me from Nome?

Officially I was bound for Verkhoyansk, by the way of Abyi, but I informed the deputy, for any eventuality, that it was my intention to visit the Chukchi, east of the Indigirka. In reply, he only bowed and pressed my hand in both of his.

With a light heart, at last, I was leaving Allaikha. The moment of which I had dreamed for more than two years since I had been informed in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul that I would be exiled to the Yakutsk Territory, was finally come! Of what consequence were bitter cold and thousands of miles of wilderness when liberty beckoned in the distance?

My transport consisted of four sleds. We started in the direction of the south, up the Indigirka. At our first stop for the night, I put up my own tent and hastened to transform myself into Baron von der Taube! I had prepared myself for this. Upon leaving Yakutsk the year before, I had decided not to cut the hair on my head nor my beard, so that I would be able later to change my appearance greatly.

I now shaved myself with pleasure, after cutting off the bushes from my face, and, with difficulty, also from my head. The mirror showed the smiling cast of the new-born explorer. The following

day I discovered the advantages of being a Baron: it was convenient to hide my face in the furs without being encumbered by a beard that had a way of turning into a solid cake of ice.

We made about two hundred miles along the Indigirka. Twice we came across Yukagir camps. In the second camp, I was able to gather more exact information concerning the Chukchi. It appeared that one of them, an old nomad from the east, was now in the neighborhood. He was a wealthy and well-known personage, by the name of Khaliava, with a large family and a multitude of deer. In the summer, he would roam in the Kolyma region, in the winter, in the vicinity of the Indigirka. He was now within four days' travel from the river. This was exactly what I wanted. With the aid of Khaliava, I would reach the Kolyma. There I would find his clansmen, who were bound east, in the direction of the Chukotski Cape. We were able to secure fresh deer from the last Yukagir, and started off to meet Khaliava. I was in a fine mood. Everything was going well. I was gratified with my careful preparations.

The first week on the road to freedom had passed. The cold was severe, but fortunately there were no blizzards. Moreover, we had long since left the level coastal tundra where the *purga* is at its worst, and were now proceeding through the northern forests. Three hundred miles separated me from the Indigirka, five hundred miles from Allaikha, and more than six hundred from Russkoye Ustye. I became accustomed to this mode of travel and, taking the reins myself, would sweep along the numerous river beds, and fly down the mountainsides. Then we would stop in the woods to give the deer a breathing spell. The sense of independence that came with my transformation into Baron von der Taube was exhilarating.

Steadily advancing eastward, I was warmed by the hope of success. At night, when we stopped for rest, I would read the newspapers. Gradually my last sled grew lighter. We encountered various nomad camps on the way. I would give the discarded papers to the women, and instruct them how to use paper for wrapping purposes or as table-cloths. Bowing low and reverently, they would

thank me for my strange gift. If I had only known then what a fatal rôle these innocent newspapers were destined to play in my life!

We were approaching the Alazeia River. After climbing to the top of a wooded eminence, there came into view in the distance several dark tents situated on a lake. Blue smoke was winding over them. Near by was a large herd of deer. We had been journeying since we left Allaikha for ten days, and I was getting impatient to meet the first Chukchi. Our animals, sensing the nearness of a human habitation and anticipating the inevitable rest, sped downhill like lightning.

When we got closer to the Chukchi camp, there appeared standing in front of the largest tent a tall and vigorous man with long legs. In spite of the great cold, his head was exposed, his neck was bare, and he wore a short fur coat. By his appearance and manner of keeping himself, he differed sharply from all the natives that I had seen here. There was nothing of the sly fawning of the Yakut, the good-natured attitude of the Tungus, the pitiful humility of the Yukagir, about him. There was in his carriage a spirit of independence that almost amounted to pride. This was Khaliava.

His first words of greeting were in Russian. It is true, he spoke it poorly, yet it was Russian.

"Welcome! Are you the learned Russian who was doctoring and helping the people along the Indigirka?"

I was dumbfounded. "That's the end of Baron von der Taube!" flashed through my mind as soon as I recovered my wits. How did he ever learn of me? Russkoye Ustye was so far from his nomadic tracks. This wilderness was terrible because it was hard to get lost in it. . . . Were all my plans doomed now? No, it was too early to surrender. . . .

Khaliava solemnly led me into his tent which was much greater in size than those of the Yukagirs and Tunguses. It was partitioned by leather curtains into several sections. In the center was the customary hearth. Khaliava's wife, bowing low, met me inside. Her husband paid no attention to her. Without letting go of my hand, he took me to the place of honor, and seated me on several fresh

skins. Tea appeared and with it the inescapable *stroganina*. There developed a conversation, but I was in no hurry to draw conclusions, as I wanted first of all to clarify the situation.

Yes, it seemed that Khaliava had heard of me in Kolyma from some residents of the Indigirka region who had gone there in the spring to attend the fair. But it was hardly possible that he knew the reasons for my appearance in Russkoye Ustye. I refused to give up hope, and sought comfort in my belief that he could have no conception of my real name. Where was I going? I was going to Kolyma. Would he agree to drive me there? Khaliava's answer was evasive. He had recently come from there, his deer were tired, he was not well. It is true, he had a son, but. . . . Let the Russian *toyon*—chief—visit here for a while. . . .

I had to be satisfied with that much and to wait for another occasion to resume the conversation. I asked him where he had learned to speak Russian. In reply I was told that he had wandered with his herds far and wide during his lifetime, and that he had been several times to the fair which is always attended by Russian traders. Why, he had even seen Americans. . . .

We conversed in a Russian-Yakut jargon. The members of the family, however, talked Chukchi among themselves, and I quickly distinguished the sharp difference between their language and that of the other native tribes.

Khaliava was about sixty, but he was still full of vitality and power. He had coarse and large features, his nose was big and rotund, his black eyes were set straight. There was hardness in the expression on his face. It was clear that he would be terrible in anger.

We talked long on the topics that had now grown familiar to me. Khaliava's sole pursuit was breeding reindeer. He did not go in for fishing, hunting, or fox trapping. Of course, he was a hunter, but for sport only. An American Winchester was on the wall. He had come here with but a part of his herd. The other part remained with his elder son in Kolyma. I went out to look at Khaliava's deer. They were larger, stronger, coarser than the deer I had seen before. But why did he tell me that his deer were tired when they looked so well? Khaliava had nothing to say on the sub-

ject. He was not very talkative and did not seem too friendly. I felt that he was none too pleased by my arrival. And I had grown accustomed to being received with joy and pride by all the nomads.

To create a better mood, I decided to treat Khaliava to some liquor. Reaching for the can of alcohol that I kept in a box in the sled, I furtively filled a bottle and brought it into the tent. At the sight of it Khaliava's face became wreathed with a joyous smile. With one gulp he emptied the first glass. The next tumbler made the rounds of the whole family, his wife and even the small children partaking of it. Khaliava was now a different person. He began to pat me on the shoulder and assure me that I was a good *toyon*. He promised that his son would take me wherever I wanted to go, as soon as the deer had rested a bit longer, just a few days longer . . . And then he would reach for another glass. . . .

It was with horror that I perceived the mistake I had made of tempting Khaliava. That which was to save me was now proving my ruin! He grew intoxicated quickly, and then his attitude changed completely. Gone was his reticence. He followed me at every step and requested more and more drinks. His son arrived the following day. He was a tall and strong man, like his father. Instead of preparing to take me to Kolyma, he joined in the feast. At first Khaliava begged for liquor, then he began to demand it. No longer was I able to reach for the alcohol quietly and alone. Whenever I was compelled to fill the bottle, I had to do it in the presence of the entire family which would surround me in solemn formation. And Khaliava now knew how much alcohol I had with me. His eyes turned more and more green, his face assumed a savage appearance. Once, when I sharply refused to give him another drink, he made a threatening motion in my direction, and almost raised his arm as if to strike me . . . I was compelled to reach for my Smith and Wesson from which I no longer parted.

In fact, I found myself a captive of Khaliava's. My Yukagir driver who had accompanied me as far as this point, had departed with his reindeer. I was now in Khaliava's unlimited power. He and his son drank my liquor, and "sang" songs. To all my questions as to when he would drive me to Kolyma, he replied with a leering smile.

What a failure! What a mistake! And it was too late to correct it. I had no deer of my own, and could not leave. I had to remain a prisoner of the Chukchi. Until when? Probably until he had exhausted my entire supply of alcohol. Would he take me then to Kolyma? Possibly, all was not lost yet . . . But, then, if he refused, what would there be left for me to do but to wander about the tundra with him?

This nightmare lasted for five days. Khaliava brawled, shouted in a wild voice, and lurched about the tent with his son. I would try to sleep and to read the remaining newspapers. . . . The outlook was hopeless, there was ~~so~~ solution in view. . . .

I was sitting in the tent and reading a paper. The entire brood of Chukchi was right here, near the fire. In the corner, the little ones were stirring. Khaliava and his son, seated at the entrance, were in a most happy mood. . . .

Suddenly the fur curtains at the door were parted, and a shaggy figure appeared in the opening. The stranger straightened himself out quickly. The son of Khaliava, kicked over by the visitor, landed in the fire. While falling, he struck the tea kettle hanging over the fire, and the spilled water hissed on the hot coals. In the midst of the smoke and steam filling the tent, I heard the loud voice call out in Russian: "Who is the Russian here?" I identified myself. The shaggy figure made a few steps in my direction. On the way, he unceremoniously pushed Khaliava himself aside. . . .

With no little astonishment did I rise to face a man of medium stature, solidly built, all wrapped in furs. I could see his light-colored smiling eyes and red beard under his heavy headgear. Undoubtedly, he was a Russian!

Quickly the stranger threw off his outer garments which Khaliava's wife picked up hastily and put away. Neither Khaliava nor his son seemed offended by the rude manner of the man or by his treatment of them. They did grow more sober. As if nothing had happened, the arrival sat down at the fire, and took a cup of tea from the hands of the hostess. Then the conversation began.

The visitor turned out to be a Russian trader, Alexei Banstchikov, from Abyi, who plied his commerce among the Yukagirs and

Yakuts of the Indigirka. He had come upon my trail several days before, having spent a night with the nomads who had directed me to Khaliava's camp. He knew the latter well, and also knew where to locate him. He had been a soldier in the Russo-Japanese War, at the end of which he settled in Abyi and traded merchandise and alcohol for furs.

"I thought you were in trouble, and came to help you," he said to me.

"Whatever made you think so?"

"Why, I had heard of you in Abyi. Aren't you the same exile who lived in Russkoye Ustye?"

"But how did you find me?"

"By the newspapers!" he replied, smiling.

"What do you mean, by the newspapers?" I asked in amazement.

It appeared that I had left a trail of newspapers behind me. The women in the Yukagir camps to whom I had given my discarded papers did not understand, in spite of all my explanations, what to do with them. They only knew that an important Russian *toyon* left some precious papers with them, and of such size as they had never before seen. Accustomed to treat everything written with reverence, they regarded these large sheets containing so much writing as most important documents. . . . They were afraid to throw them out, and were afraid to keep them—the Russians might later accuse them of theft. They, therefore, carefully posted them on trees, so that they would not get lost in the snow. Banstchikov found me by simply following my papers like guideposts.

It was, of course, very laughable, but at that moment I did not feel like laughing. In the course of further conversation with Banstchikov, I ascertained that he had a most precise conception of my status. Alas, my fame had reached as far as Kolyma and Abyi! In a short time I had become known throughout the north, and became a sort of institution. "Baron von der Taube" would have to go back into limbo before he even made his appearance in the world. . . . Banstchikov went out of the way, on my account alone, so interested was he in meeting the man of whom he had heard so much. To make a trip of one or two hundred miles merely to satisfy one's curiosity is a trifle in these parts. Moreover, he was

now going back to Abyi and would, of course, immediately tell everybody of such a surprising adventure as his meeting of me turned out to be. His story would travel from Abyi, which lies on the mail route to Sredne-Kolymsk, as far as Verkhoyansk where the chief of police resides. It would interest the police chief greatly. Although he knew of my right to move about in the Verkhoyansk District, he would nevertheless become suspicious of my proposed trip to Kolyma. The result would be a posse of Cossacks after me. I would be unable to evade them, as they know the territory and all the local nomads, and I could not possibly elude them. . . .

It would have been folly, on the other hand, to confide in Banstchikov. He was a total stranger. How could I reveal to him my cherished plans of escaping via Kolyma to America? My situation all at once became clear: my "great enterprise" had collapsed . . . I had to admit it to myself. And there was nothing left to do but to take care that my real, secret intentions did not become known. I satisfied the curiosity of Banstchikov by telling him in a casual manner that I had taken the roundabout way to Verkhoyansk, through Abyi, for purely scientific reasons, to study the life of the Chukchi. I then told him of the mistake I had made when I treated Khaliava to some alcohol, with the consequence that he took advantage of my helplessness and refused to give me a team and driver. . . . All this sounded so plausible that Banstchikov was fully satisfied, especially when I gave him some liquor as a sign of gratitude for "saving my life."

Khaliava alone remained dissatisfied, but Banstchikov knew how to talk to him. He threateningly demanded that Khaliava prepare for me the following morning fourteen of his best deer, declaring that the Russian *toyon* would pay well for the trip to Abyi. And all of Banstchikov's demands were executed. The next morning we started. Khaliava's son, now sobered, was my driver. We had four sleds, Banstchikov had three. We headed for Abyi.

Many times later I wondered what would have happened to me had I reached Kolyma. Would I have perished all alone in the two thousand miles of wilderness, intersected by unknown forests and mountains, that had to be traversed to get to Alaska? Should I not

be grateful to Khaliava and Banstchikov for wrecking my adventure? But this was not the mood in which I left Khaliava's camp. Chagrined over the failure of my fondest hopes, I seized the first opportunity to vent my feelings upon the blighting alcohol. Sur-reptitiously I emptied the remaining liquor into the snow . . .

VINCENT SHEEAN

The career of Vincent Sheean is one of the outstanding ones in modern journalism. We hear of him first as a reporter for the New York *Daily News*, covering a sensational divorce case in Canada. And then, suddenly, he pops over to Europe to get into the thick of international affairs and stay there.

For many years Sheean was that rare kind of good newspaperman who has a personal point of view on the things he is reporting, and is not afraid to express it. He was not just a hired hand who ran a typewriter for pay and ground out what the boss told him to say. He stood for something—for a definite slant on things; and his popularity was largely among the people whose similar slant he clarified and strengthened.

In that way, too, his book, *Personal History*, set a pace. It was the first of a long series of autobiographical adventure stories by foreign correspondents; but insofar as it recorded the growth of a mind and a point of view—and not just a lot of apparently meaningless excitement—it has never been touched by its successors and imitators.

The present selection, however, is pure adventure. Sheean had been in the Rif once before, covering Abd el-Krim's wars against the Spanish. He had come out, had written a book, had sold it in New York, and had then been sent back to the Rif by the North American Newspaper Alliance. But this time it was not so easy to get in.

THE RIF AGAIN

By VINCENT SHEEAN

TANGIER had changed. The careless, quiet old town had become a centre of world interest, filled with war correspondents, officers, spies, and the international strays who collect where trouble is stirring. Moreover, its neutrality had now become a polite fiction. Spain had always respected the neutrality of the international zone because it was impossible to do anything else: a violation would have brought severe reproof from the British and French. But France was now a belligerent—the belligerent—and France was a great power. Great powers tended to do as they pleased; who was there to restrain them? Formerly fighting uniforms were not seen in the international zone; now they were everywhere. The French and Spanish had drawn up a combined scheme of blockade, and under French urging the Spanish lines had been strengthened all around the zone of Tangier. The French took a predominant part in the “defense” of the international zone (i.e., its blockade, since nobody dreamed of attacking it). French and Spanish intelligence officers swarmed over the place, and arrests were made every day for supposed communications or conspiracies with Abd el-Krim. In brief, the international zone of Tangier had become about as international as its neighbour, the rock of Gibraltar.

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All this made my task difficult, so difficult that at first I thought it might be impossible. Sidi Abd el-Krim bel Hadj Ali, the chief agent of Abd el-Krim in Tangier, had fled to the hills; the English lady who sometimes acted for the Sultan was away for the moment; my only hope was in Ali the Bukawi, brother of Mohammed bel Hadj. But even to find Ali the Bukawi was a delicate operation, as it would have done neither of us any good for me to go openly asking for him about the market place.

I began to haunt the Casino because I thought that sooner or later I must see Ali the Bukawi there. One night I ordered coffee from the waiter on the terrace, and, according to the prudent system in vogue at the Casino, an underling who did nothing but wander from table to table pouring out coffee came to fill the order. I looked up. It was Ali.

"I want to speak to you," I said to him.

"Not now," said Ali. "Not here. Wait."

He went away, his dark little face set and motionless. Presently he came to pour out coffee for somebody at the next table. When he had finished he hesitated for a bare half minute behind my chair.

"Do not look up," he said in an undertone. "Come to the market tomorrow morning at eleven."

The market place next morning was crowded with white-robed women from the country, just such women as I had come through the Spanish lines with six months before, their beady little eyes peering out through the slits in their woollen wrappings. I wandered up and down, smoking a cigarette. Nothing could keep a large American in white linen clothes from looking conspicuous, so I had no doubt that sooner or later Ali would see me. As I passed a doorway I heard him say, "Señor." I stopped to light a cigarette without turning round.

"Don't look at me," said Ali in an undertone. "Go straight ahead, walk around the *suk*, and then come back to this doorway. Go through it, through the courtyard to the third door on the left."

When my cigarette was lighted I walked on. I glanced back, as I made the turn of the *suk*, but there was nobody in the doorway now. After a leisurely stroll through the crowded market I came

back to where I had heard the voice, ducked into a narrow courtyard, went along to the third door on the left and turned in. There was a hall, two steps, and then a small room filled with smoke—an Arab café. In one corner two Arabs were sitting quietly smoking, and the smell of *kif* (hashish) was in the air. In another corner Ali was installed, cross-legged, in front of a low table with coffee. I joined him.

“Don’t be afraid,” I said. “I won’t get you into trouble if I can help it. I want to go to the Rif. How can I do it?”

He took off his tarboosh and scratched his head.

“Wallahi!” he said. “It is not so easy. . . . People go in and out all the time. Arabs, that is. But it is harder than it used to be. The Spaniards have more forts, many searchlights, many *ambuscadores*. Every time people go through the line now, many are killed. Things are not the same.”

“Anyway, I have to go,” I said. “Can you find a Riffi—a real Riffi, not an Arab—in Tangier, who is going out one of these nights soon, and who will take me with him?”

“I will talk to my mother-in-law,” said Ali. “She has more to do with these things than I have. I am afraid just now; I have had trouble with the Spaniards. My mother-in-law is different; she can go anywhere, and they never know. You will pay her if she finds somebody for you?”

It was obvious that an Arab woman could defy the efforts of the best Spanish spies. Arab women looked all alike, bundled up and mummified, white shadows scurrying through the town. And no Spaniard would dare to take their veils off; to do so would be to provoke a riot.

“I will pay her,” I said, “but ask her to hurry. I don’t want to stay in Tangier. How will I know when it is arranged?”

“Come to the Casino café tonight,” said Ali. “Don’t look at me, but buy coffee and sit for a while. I will find a chance to speak to you, but I can only say one or two words. If I say, ‘No,’ you will know that she has not arranged anything yet. If I say ‘Yes,’ come to this café tomorrow morning at eleven. Come to the Casino every night until I say ‘Yes.’ ”

I obeyed orders. In retrospect it all seems melodramatic, but it

was the only way to get anything done in spy-ridden Tangier. I knew (from Floyd Gibbons and other colleagues) that the blockade was, as they said, "tighter than a drum," and except for one man who had landed at Alhucemas from a boat that summer, not a foreigner had been able to get into the interior since the French war began.

For two or three nights I went to the Casino. One night Ali, passing behind my chair, whispered, "Yes, tomorrow." I rose in a state of high excitement, went into the Casino, threw some money on the roulette table, and won. The omens seemed to me to be good.

Next morning at the Arab café—which was a centre for Arab rebels and Riffians—Ali met me as before.

"This is Mahdani," he said. "He is a good man—of my family."

"Of my family," of course, meant a member of the same clan, a Bukawi.

Mahdani was a broad-faced, simple creature, a very ordinary type of the Riffian countryman. He spoke little Spanish and had never been in Tangier before. I gave him the money agreed on for his share, and he grinned happily.

"Muy bien," he said, "muy bien. Vamos en el Rif!"

"Yes," said I, "but when? I can't stay any longer in Tangier. I may be expelled at any time."

"We must wait until some others are going," said Ali. "This is the plan my mother-in-law has made. Mahdani here will pass in front of the Hotel Cecil, walking down the beach, on the day of the start. He will walk along slowly, not looking at the hotel. He will do this after the noon hour, probably between half-past one and three o'clock; when you see him, you must get up and follow him, at a distance. Be sure not to speak to him or to let any Spaniards or French see you are following him. You must follow him all the way to the end of the beach and across the sand dunes. When you are there he will wait for you in a convenient place with a long jellaba to put over you. He will then take you to Zaina's—my mother-in-law's house—where you will wait. She will tell you the rest. But do exactly as I say, for if the Spaniards get us they will shoot us all."

I agreed without argument.

Mahdani broke in, grinning.

"Bring nothing," he said, nodding his head. "Bring nothing. Must run very fast, no good bring anything."

("No tomar nada"—and so on. His Spanish, like that of most of the Arabs, was made up of a few words and a few infinitives.)

"All right," I said. "Anything you tell me I will do. Only hurry. I have no time."

I shook hands with them. Ali's solemn dark face broke into a smile as he refused the money I offered.

"I do this for my brother Mohammed," he said, "and for Abd el-Krim. I hope you go through safely. If you see me again, do not speak to me—it is very dangerous for me. I have been in trouble. Tomorrow or the next day you will go, *Inshallah!* Remember me to my family. *Adiós. Emshi besselema.*"

I went out of the courtyard and turned down the street towards the British telegraph office. Here I asked to see the manager and showed him my cards from the N. A. N. A.

"I have to ask you a peculiar thing," I said, "but I hope you will be able to oblige me. I am going away from here, but some telegrams will come from me. They will be written in pen and ink, or in pencil, on any kind of paper I may happen to have. They will be delivered to you by stray Arabs, country people, perhaps sometimes by women. I will give you my signature now, and any telegram that comes in, in whatever form, signed with that signature, I want you to send off to London to the registered address of the N. A. N. A., receiver to pay."

The British manager smiled and stroked his chin.

"I believe I know what you mean," he said. "I believe you sent a number of dispatches through this office six months ago. I remember them. I will give instructions to accept anything that comes from you."

"The people who bring these messages," I said, "will undoubtedly be very frightened. They will probably drop the messages in front of you and run. But don't say anything to them or ask them any questions. They're all afraid of their lives nowadays anyway."

"Very well," he said, "everything will go through and no questions asked."

It was weeks before I knew what the consequences of this conversation had been. When I came to Tangier again I heard the full story of the messages—how they had popped up unexpectedly, two or three at a time, without anybody in the office knowing where they had come from. Usually they were found lying on the counter in front of the telegraph clerks; sometimes they were stuck under the door in the morning. The bearers of the papers were never seen at all; but every message I sent out reached that office, and every one was sent at once to London. Among the curiosities of communication in my experience, this was the oddest and the luckiest. Every one of those messages had to be carried for several days' journey, across mountain and plain, under almost constant bombardment, through the Spanish lines and probably through the hands of a number of agents; so that it seemed to me, miles away in the Rif, that it would be a miracle if any got through. That they all did was due partly to luck and partly to the fanatical devotion with which Abd el-Krim's agents did his bidding.

I had nothing to do now but wait; and only two or three days, at that. They seemed unending. The Hotel Cecil was full of Spanish and French officers; I suspected every one of them of itching to arrest me or deport me to Europe. (Nonsense, probably; but the atmosphere of the place had infected me.) While I was waiting a German journalist or adventurer was arrested by the Spanish as he tried to pass through their lines, and was put in jail in Tetuan. I grew as nervous as a cat. Every day I sat through the afternoon on the terrace of the Cecil under the blinding sun, watching the beach.

I bought a little notebook and a metal pencil. This, with my passport and a toothbrush, was all I could allow myself to take along into the interior. In the notebook I began to keep a kind of diary, for I had been much handicapped on my previous journey by having no notes of any kind and no way of knowing exact dates. This diary was kept up, intermittently, for years afterwards; its entries are too obscure to be of use without explanation, but they are like stones thrown into the pool of memory: they set up a movement. The first entry reads:

Sept. 3rd. Delay. Mahdani did not appear, although I was ready at 1:30.

The second entry in the book was written under far different conditions—early in the morning of September 5th, in a ditch on the other side of the Spanish lines. It reads:

Sept. 4th. Just after lunch, at 2:30, Mahdani appeared. I followed to a deserted place in the dunes, where I changed into Arab clothes. He walked ahead to Zaina's, I followed, hiding my face with the hood. Waited. At five we started across the frontier, over the fields towards the lines. Crossing very difficult—many searchlights, much firing. None of us killed. Sleep in a ditch on the safe side of Spanish lines.

Between these two entries were crowded many hours of anxiety, excitement, terror and relief. Floyd Gibbons was lunching with me that day. As we came out into the hall of the Cecil for coffee and a brandy I made a hasty reconnaissance on the terrace. No Mahdani. I came back in and we ordered the coffee. At this point Floyd saw a French naval officer to whom he wanted to speak. As a matter of fact he was busy arranging a visit to the French and Spanish fleets bombarding the Rif, although I didn't know it; such was the hide-and-seek game of the correspondents.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said, and vanished into one of the sitting rooms after the Frenchman.

I seized this opportunity to go out on the terrace again, and on the beach directly in front of the hotel I saw Mahdani. He was loitering along slowly, looking at the sea, but there was no mistaking him. In his short Riffi jellaba he looked very unlike a native of Tangier.

I had no hat, but the passport, notebook and toothbrush were in my pocket, where they had been for three days. I glanced back at the hotel; Floyd was still invisible, and the terrace was unobserved. I walked down the steps to the beach and, allowing a good free space between myself and Mahdani, began to follow him. He saw that I had picked up the trail; he quickened his step and in ten minutes had reached the end of the beach and turned off into the deserted dunes. The beach was empty under the boiling sun. I

went on into the dunes, wondering what had become of Mahdani; at the sound of a hiss I found him in a hollow surrounded by drifts of sand. He pulled out from under his jellaba a bundle of clothing: brown jellaba, sandals. I changed as rapidly as possible while he kept an eye out over the barrier of sand. He rolled up my European clothes and stuck them under his jellaba, pulled my hood as far as possible over my face, and started out.

The next fifteen minutes were the most anxious of the day. I was acutely conscious of my shanks sticking out at the bottom of that jellaba. However much I stooped, the jellaba did not hide those white shanks with the red hair on them. I followed along after Mahdani, cursing quietly to myself. It seemed asinine for me to wear Arab clothes through even the back alleys of Tangier, since anybody who looked closely enough could tell by my legs that I was not an Arab. However, Zaina had made the rules, and presumably Zaina knew her business.

Mahdani went as fast as he could without running. We passed few people, all Arabs, and none of them—to my surprise—appeared to notice anything strange about us. Zaina lived in one of the poorest Arab quarters of the town, in a network of alleys at the foot of the hill. Finally Mahdani ducked into a low doorway, and I followed him.

The room was dark, but I could see a woman sitting on some mats against the wall. This was Zaina, a middle-aged Riffi woman with the orange tribe-marks of the Beni Bukoya on her cheek and forehead. She put her hands to her forehead, lips and breast, made a place for me to sit, and addressed me at length in Arabic. I understood practically nothing of what she said, except that she wanted her money. We counted it out. Mahdani, after bringing me into the house, had vanished. Zaina brought me some tea and then went away. The two hours I spent lying on a mat and waiting seemed interminable.

Towards five o'clock Mahdani returned, and we had a little food. He brought another jellaba, long enough to hide my legs down to the ankles. My European clothes were rolled up and given to Zaina, who chuckled with a kind of hoarse, whispering laughter as she examined them. When Mahdani was ready we got up; there

were the usual invocations to Allah, the usual "go in peace"; and we started out.

The walk across the fields was easy enough. By avoiding all roads we escaped the notice of the Sherifian troops and the foreign gendarmes. Occasionally we passed an Arab, said, "Salaam aleikum" and went on. By eight o'clock we were near the edges of the international zone and had a brief rest while other dark-robed figures gathered around us—all bound for the same destination as ourselves. There were fewer women than I had expected from my previous experience, fewer donkeys and mules, and no children at all. The whole enterprise had a much grimmer air about it, and I was soon to see why.

Towards nine o'clock we started moving, strung out in a thin column across the plain. We had no fighting men this time, and no exact plan. Apparently we were to run for it and take our chance. The trail was the same as that of six months before (the Beni M'sua road) with some new detours necessitated by the positions of the new Spanish forts. Mahdani had attached himself (and me) to a small group of Riffians, all men, to whom we stuck until we got across to safety. Sometimes we seemed to lose the main body of the blockade runners and sometimes they were all around us again, scores of darker forms in the darkness.

The elements that made the blockade so much more efficient than before were new searchlights and more machine guns. The biggest searchlight remained on the Djebel Habib road, but there were now others, almost as big, guarding the other roads. Our technique with both searchlights and machine guns was simple enough: the minute the light came near us or the guns sounded ominous we were to drop down flat on the ground and lie there, crawling along without raising our heads. Mahdani had explained this to me again and again in his broken Spanish during the evening as we approached the lines.

Well, we got through; and of our particular Riffian group nobody was either killed or wounded. I know nothing about the rest of the people, for before the night was over we had left them far behind. Probably some of them were killed, as happened on such occasions. I was terrified by the machine-gun fire; I had never been

under it before, and the mechanical precision of the sound made it seem far worse than ordinary guns or rifles. But even beneath a searchlight it was not easy for the Spanish to get their range on those wide, deceptive plains, and the rat-a-tat-tat passed over us harmlessly. When the lights were on us we lay on our bellies, crawling along; and as soon as they switched off somewhere else we rose and ran. From first to last we were under fire more than four hours—not constantly, of course; but with enough persistence to discourage a naturally lazy and rather cowardly young man of sedentary habits. As soon as we passed beyond the lines of fire I called for a halt to rest. Our companions were not in favour of this, as sometimes Spanish raiding parties—*ambuscadores*, native troops—swept the plains outside their own lines. But Mahdani, against his better judgment, allowed himself to be overruled. We found a good, comfortable ditch, arranged some stones for bed and pillows, turned our jellabas upside down with our feet tucked in the hoods, and slept there. Our companions went on to the Beni M'sua; but I doubt if I could have walked another step that night, even if the *ambuscadores* had been after us. I was asleep as soon as I stretched out on those providential stones.

Mahdani was up before sunrise—a habit of his—and by noon had succeeded in dragging me along to the house of a sherif in one of the Beni M'sua villages. Here we had a meal, a rest, and the opportunity of observing a Spanish air raid. The sherif supplied me with a mule, upon which I reached Bohrabish, a large village, one of the principal posts of Abd el-Krim's army in the direction of Tangier. We stopped there to rest all that night and the next day (September 6th) while the Spanish planes buzzed over us and the guns roared on the plain below.

By this time I had already become aware that the character of the Rif war had changed. The Spaniards had been discouraged, defeated; they had scarcely fought at all when I was in the country the preceding winter. Now, with the mighty aid of the French, they were putting up a fight. Their *aéroplanes* seemed to be in the sky all day long, raining bombs. They did not do a great deal of damage, it is true, but the noise was terrific, the effect on the spirit of the Arabs profound. Nobody at Bohrabish seemed to have much

enthusiasm for the war. When the planes came everybody cursed or prayed, but between raids the fighting men sat about moodily, seldom speaking. The era of wild enthusiasm, of fierce shouting and singing, was over, and every day of this second journey emphasized the fact.

From Bohrabish we set out at six in the evening for Dar ben Karish, another important post in the Tetuan zone. This was one of the main fronts, under bombardment throughout the day, and to avoid trouble we thought it best to travel at night. We were accompanied by a smuggler named Abdullah, from Sheshuan, whose villainous face and loud voice had aroused my dislike from the first. Mahdani, a good-natured soul, did not want to insult the Sheshuani by telling him to go on alone, and we were obliged to put up with his company all through the night. Towards morning we lost our way in the darkness, wandered for a time without knowing where we were, and stopped to rest in a village mosque until daylight.

When I consider the problem of courage—what it is, or whether it exists in a pure state, cut off from necessity and circumstance—I am obliged to think, somewhat wryly, of the events of the next day, September 7th. I always knew that courage, in the sense in which it was generally understood, was not a quality to which I could lay any claim. The sound of bombs falling on the inoffensive earth, the whistle of shell, the bitter crackling of machine guns, were noises that I loathed and feared. The happenings that were supposed to have demonstrated my courage had demonstrated exactly the opposite: in the Rif, even on my relatively peaceful first journey, I had experienced for the first time all the agonized anxieties of cowardice, the plain fear that chokes the heart at the approach of death. That this cowardice was complicated by a willingness to do anything, to undertake anything, was one of the accidents we all owe to circumstances beyond our control—to ancestry, to blood pressure, to the chemistry of our glands or the shape of our heads; to the course, an astrologer might say, of our stars. The egotism and recklessness of the wild Irish were in it; they led me into positions from which it was impossible to escape without

acquiring some kind of credit for being brave, no matter how firmly fear had sat in the saddle during the crisis. I did see bravery in the Rif, as is to be told hereafter; but it was not my own, and may have gone by another name in the minds of other people. On the whole it is easier to believe in these fine individual qualities, the historic food of mankind's vanity, under conditions that do not require them to be shown.

The episode of September 7th is recorded in my diary, by an entry written the next day in Targhzuit, as follows:

Sept. 7th. Early start. Mahdani, Abdullah, the owner of the mule and I. Many meals of cactus fruit, melons, figs, roasted corn. In the Beni M'sua we came on the village where, six months ago, I saw the Spanish prisoners from El-Ksar Sghir. At about one o'clock in the high mountains we lost Mahdani. I went on with Abdullah (who was very insulting—always called me 'kelb') with the owner of the mule, a young boy. By night we had arrived at the Suk el-Arbaa of the Beni Hassen, where we had directed ourselves because the other way—to the north, to Dar ben Karish—was too fully covered by the Spanish aéroplanes. The mule and its owner turned back here, and Abdullah led me across the Sheshuan-Tetuan road to the flat plain, where he presently got out his big knife and indicated a willingness to carve me up. I ran away. When I got across the river I found a cornfield where I slept for the night.

The bare notes thus scribbled in my little red book give no notion of the terrors of that afternoon and night. Perhaps I was too vain to write them down, once I had arrived in the safety of Targhzuit; but they were not so easily forgotten. My distrust of Abdullah, the Sheshuani, had the best of foundations. He was a bad egg, and the accident by which we were separated from Mahdani was mostly his doing. Mahdani, happy to be returning to his wife and child in the Rif, went ahead along the mountain trail, singing. Shortly after midday he drew far ahead of us and was lost to sight. I did not relish being left with the glowering Abdullah, but no matter how loud I shouted for Mahdani, no shout came back. There was nothing to do but go on. Abdullah seized the opportunity to take another trail, still more to the south, and we pushed ahead at a speed guaranteeing that we should never meet Mahdani again that

day. The smuggler growled and snarled and beat my mule across the rump. When he had occasion to speak of me or to me, he called me the 'Christian dog' (*kelb rumi*). All through the afternoon he behaved like a slave driver, except that he never actually touched me. He took great delight in showing me the huge knife he carried at his belt. This was good, he said, for cutting Christian throats. The boy who owned the mule I rode did not approve of such tactics and said so. At the fourth marketing place of the Beni Hassen, near the Sheshuan-Tetuan road, the boy and the mule were sent away. I knew that they had been engaged to take me all the way to Targhzeit, but in my ignorance of the language I was helpless. The boy was terrified of Abdullah and did not dare stay with us. He went off down the road towards Sheshuan, and we walked towards the east, on the road to Targhzeit.

Now, actually, there was not one chance in a thousand that Abdullah would have cut my throat. He could never have escaped punishment if he had done so, for he was a well-known smuggler of Sheshuan and could have been tracked down within an hour or two by Abd el-Krim's men. In all probability he was enjoying himself, exercising a genuine hatred of the Christian dogs, by threatening me; particularly as he may have hoped to extract some money by doing so. I was determined to give him no money and, if possible, to cheat him of his pleasure by hiding my alarm. The way to do this was to walk along and pay no attention to his grotesque antics. After the muleteer had left us we were quite alone in the dusk of the empty plain; Abdullah talked without ceasing, fingered his knife, made motions indicating the cutting of a throat, snarled and snapped. Even then, anxious as I was, I reflected that he probably never would go to the lengths indicated by his preposterous gestures. And yet there were suspicious circumstances. Why did he insist on taking me beyond the Suk el-Arbaa of the Beni Hassen, for example? There we could have camped for the night in the company of half a dozen other travellers. There were other villages, houses, mosques, somewhere in this plateau, and he must have known them well. Why did he want to stop in the most deserted place we had seen for hours?

I resolved to run away from him at the first opportunity. Sup-

posing that he did intend to murder me, he could scarcely do so until it got quite dark. If his intentions were a little less drastic (robbery, for instance) he might even wait until he supposed me to be asleep. If he intended no harm at all, he was still the most disagreeable and disquieting of companions, whom it would be well to quit as soon as possible.

We came to a field in which there was a stream of water. In the profound stillness of that plain, over which the stars were just beginning to emerge, the world seemed to consist of Abdullah and me. He gave me a tin bucket, extracted from his donkey's panniers, and ordered me to go down to the stream for water. As I went, he sat down and began to sharpen his knife on a rock—probably so that it would serve better for the cutting of food. But the sound sent a spasm of fear through me. I went along to the stream and put the bucket down. Glancing back, I could see that Abdullah was too deeply interested in the sharpening of his knife to notice me. Besides, the plain was large: it would not occur to him for some time that I had actually run away. I crept towards the river bed, crossed it in shallow water, and reached the cornfield on the other side before he even noticed my absence. When his shout arose, I was in the corn, and he could not see me. Cautiously I poked my way deeper into the field and lay down. I could hear him shouting up and down the river bank, cursing mightily. After a long time—perhaps half an hour—he crossed the river and began to search the cornfield for me, beating the stalks of grain with a stick. His voice never stopped grumbling, cursing, shouting, complaining. Once he came very near to me, and as I held my breath in sheer terror I wished, for the first and last time in my life, for a revolver. I had always refused to have any traffic with firearms, even on the urgent advice of men like Gabrielli, who knew their usefulness. On this occasion a revolver might have preserved me from some of the agonies of fear. But I had no weapon more deadly than my small metal pencil, and it was certainly outdone in efficiency by Abdullah's long knife. I waited, motionless. The flailing stick went past, and after a while Abdullah gave up the search. I could hear his slow steps retreating, his raucous voice subsiding into the last curses of anger and bewilderment. Above

me, where the corn was opened to the sky, the stars had come out by the million, and the upper air looked dangerously bright. I lay for a long time without moving, straining my ears for any slight sound from the other side of the river. When the silence had been prolonged enough to convince even me, I removed my jellaba with infinite care, turned it upside down, put my feet in the hood, and went to sleep.

In the morning I did not move until the sun had risen. By this time, certainly, Abdullah would be on his way to Sheshuan. Still I waited, peering out through the corn at the road on the other side of the river. Once in a great while a traveller passed that way, some countryman with a donkey or a mule, sometimes groups of three or four people. When I saw a particularly large group approaching from the west I rose out of my cornfield and made for them across river and field. There was no sign of Abdullah, or even of his camp for the night. The strangers waited for me, staring with considerable curiosity. There were seven or eight of them, young Arabs of the Djebala in ordinary countrymen's clothes. In the usual mixture of Spanish and Arabic I asked for a mule and a guide to Sidi Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, at Targhzuit. There was some haggling, after which I acquired the necessary mule and muleteer for the remainder of the journey. At half-past eleven that morning we ended our climb to Targhzuit, and my old friend Sidi Hassan, secretary to the general, came out to meet me.

My immediate anxieties were over. Mahdani had arrived at Targhzuit that morning, had been severely taken to task for losing me, and was now confined in the barracks that served as prison, awaiting developments. If I had not turned up during the day there would have been a search of the countryside, and the belligerent Abdullah would have found himself in serious difficulties. Now that the danger (real or imagined) was over, I could afford to assume that he had meant no harm. But ever afterwards, when friends or acquaintances made a point of the courage that is supposed to be shown in such journeys as this, I remembered my night in the cornfield.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

"Any book will live," said somebody whose name escapes me, "that is written honestly and with sincerity."

It therefore is odd—or perhaps it is not odd at all—that so very few of the host of books that we vaguely class as "adventure" survive the first momentary thrill of their appearance. The real immortals can probably be counted on the fingers of the two hands; and they survive, not necessarily because of the goose flesh they raise on the reader, but because of their literary honesty. The Icelandic sagas are predominantly among them, and would be represented in this volume except for the fact that all existing translations are in rather heavy and archaic English. But *Two Years Before the Mast*, while a hundred years old (it was first published in 1840), is a relatively modern saga that is marked by the same honesty that makes the Story of Burnt Njal one of the world's great adventure classics.

Richard Henry Dana, Junior, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815. He grew up, studied at Harvard, and suffered from measles in his sophomore year. His eyes were so badly affected that he had to leave the university. Then he went to sea for two years to regain his health. He returned, finished his studies, took up the practice of law, and wrote his classic book of the sea, which was accepted by Harpers, with some trepidation, for \$250 and twenty-four copies.

The book was an immediate success and has been a classic ever since. Enthusiastic commentators have compared it with Robinson

Crusoe. That is hardly fair to Dana. Long after Robinson Crusoe stops intriguing readers by insisting on being an Englishman on an island where there were no Englishmen, and where there was no need whatever for Englishmen, Dana's work will live as an honest account by a man who did his work and watched his companions do theirs—to the best of their ability and without affectation.

Every year, even now, somebody writes a hair-raising account of rounding Cape Horn in a sailing vessel. Almost every single one of those stories derives from the account here given, not only in substance, but also in that it feeds on the interest in the subject that was first aroused by Richard Henry Dana.

AROUND THE HORN

By RICHARD HENRY DANA

AT EIGHT o'clock all hands were called aft, and the watches set for the voyage. Some changes were made; but I was glad to find myself still in the larboard watch. Our crew was somewhat diminished; for a man and a boy had gone in the *Pilgrim*; another was second mate of the *Ayacucho*; and a third, the oldest man of the crew, had broken down under the hard work and constant exposure on the coast, and, having had a stroke of the palsy, was left behind at the hide-house, under the charge of Captain Arthur. The poor fellow wished very much to come home in the ship; and he ought to have been brought home in her. But a live dog is better than a dead lion, and a sick sailor belongs to nobody's mess; so he was sent ashore with the rest of the lumber, which was only in the way. By these diminutions, we were short-handed for a voyage round Cape Horn in the dead of winter. Beside S— and myself, there were only five in the fore-castle; who, together with four boys in the steerage, the sailmaker, carpenter, etc., composed the whole crew. In addition to this, we were only three or four days out, when the sailmaker, who was the oldest and best seaman on board, was taken with the palsy, and

From *Two Years Before the Mast*, by Richard H. Dana.

was useless for the rest of the voyage. The constant wading in the water, in all weathers, to take off hides, together with the other labors, is too much for old men, and for any who have not good constitutions. Beside these two men of ours, the second officer of the *California* and the carpenter of the *Pilgrim* broke down under the work, and the latter died at Santa Barbara. The young man, too, who came out with us from Boston in the *Pilgrim*, had to be taken from his berth before the mast and made clerk, on account of a fit of rheumatism which attacked him soon after he came upon the coast. By the loss of the sailmaker, our watch was reduced to five, of whom two were boys, who never steered but in fine weather, so that the other two and myself had to stand at the wheel four hours apiece out of every twenty-four; and the other watch had only four helmsmen. "Never mind—we're homeward bound!" was the answer to everything; and we should not have minded this, were it not for the thought that we should be off Cape Horn in the very dead of winter. It was now the first part of May; and two months would bring us off the Cape in July, which is the worst month in the year there; when the sun rises at nine and sets at three, giving eighteen hours night, and there is snow and rain, gales and high seas, in abundance.

The prospect of meeting this in a ship half manned, and loaded so deep that every heavy sea must wash her fore and aft, was by no means pleasant. The *Alert*, in her passage out, doubled the Cape in the month of February, which is midsummer; and we came round in the *Pilgrim* in the latter part of October, which we thought was bad enough. There was only one of our crew who had been off there in the winter, and that was in a whaleship, much lighter and higher than our ship; yet he said they had man-killing weather for twenty days without intermission, and their decks were swept twice, and they were all glad enough to see the last of it. The *Brandywine* frigate, also, in her passage round, had sixty days off the Cape, and lost several boats by the heavy seas. All this was for our comfort; yet pass it we must; and all hands agreed to make the best of it.

During our watches below we overhauled our clothes, and made and mended everything for bad weather. Each of us had made for

himself a suit of oil-cloth or tarpaulin, and these we got out, and gave thorough coatings of oil or tar, and hung upon the stays to dry. Our stout boots, too, we covered over with a thick mixture of melted grease and tar, and hung out to dry. Thus we took advantage of the warm sun and fine weather of the Pacific to prepare for its other face. In the forenoon watches below, our forecandle looked like the workshop of what a sailor is,—a Jack at all trades. Thick stockings and drawers were darned and patched; mittens dragged from the bottom of the chest and mended; comforters made for the neck and ears; old flannel shirts cut up to line monkey-jackets; south-westerns lined with flannel, and a pot of paint smuggled forward to give them a coat on the outside; and everything turned to hand; so that, although two years had left us but a scanty wardrobe, yet the economy and invention which necessity teaches a sailor, soon put each of us in pretty good trim for bad weather, even before we had seen the last of the fine. Even the cobbler's art was not out of place. Several old shoes were very decently repaired, and with waxed ends, an awl, and the top of an old boot, I made me quite a respectable sheath for my knife.

There was one difficulty, however, which nothing that we could do would remedy; and that was the leaking of the forecandle, which made it very uncomfortable in bad weather, and rendered half of the berths tenantless. The tightest ships, in a long voyage, from the constant strain which is upon the bowsprit, will leak, more or less, round the heel of the bowsprit, and the bitts, which come down into the forecandle; but, in addition to this, we had an unaccountable leak on the starboard bow, near the cat-head, which drove us from the forward berths on that side, and, indeed, when she was on the starboard tack, from all the forward berths. One of the after berths, too, leaked in very bad weather; so that in a ship which was in other respects as tight as a bottle, and brought her cargo to Boston perfectly dry, we had, after every effort made to prevent it, in the way of caulking and leading, a forecandle with only three dry berths for seven of us. However, as there is never but one watch below at a time, by "turning in and out," we did pretty well. And, there being, in our watch, but three of us who

lived forward, we generally had a dry berth apiece in bad weather.*

All this, however, was but anticipation. We were still in fine weather in the North Pacific, running down the north-east trades, which we took on the second day after leaving San Diego.

Sunday, May 15th, one week out, we were in latitude $14^{\circ} 56' N.$, long. $116^{\circ} 14' W.$, having gone, by reckoning, over thirteen hundred miles in seven days. In fact, ever since leaving San Diego, we had had a fair wind, and as much as we wanted of it. For seven days, our lower and topmast studding-sails were set all the time, and our royals and top-gallant studding-sails, whenever she could stagger under them. Indeed, the captain had shown, from the moment we got to sea, that he was to have no boy's play, but that the ship had got to carry all she could, and that he was going to make up, by "cracking on" to her, what she wanted in lightness. In this way, we frequently made three degrees of latitude, besides something in longitude, in the course of twenty-four hours.—Our days were spent in the usual ship's work. The rigging which had become slack from being long in port was to be set up; breast back-stays got up; studding-sail booms rigged upon the main yard; and royal studding-sails got ready for the light trades; ring-tail set; and new rigging fitted and sails got ready for Cape Horn. For, with a ship's gear, as well as a sailor's wardrobe, fine weather must be improved to get ready for the bad to come. Our forenoon watch below, as I have said, was given to our own work, and our night watches were spent in the usual manner:—a *trick* at the wheel, a look-out on the forecastle, a nap on a coil of rigging under the lee of the rail; a yarn round the windlass-end; or, as was generally my way, a solitary walk fore and aft, in the weather waist, between the windlass-end and the main tack. Every wave that she threw aside brought us nearer home, and every day's observation at noon showed a progress which, if it continued, would, in less than five months, take us into Boston Bay. This is the pleasure of life at sea,—fine weather, day after day, without interruption,—fair wind, and

* On removing the cat-head, after the ship arrived at Boston, it was found that there were two holes under it which had been bored for the purpose of driving treenails, and which, accidentally, had not been plugged up when the cat-head was placed over them. This was sufficient to account for the leak, and for our not having been able to discover and stop it.

a plenty of it,—and homeward bound. Every one was in good humor; things went right; and all was done with a will. At the dog watch, all hands came on deck, and stood round the weather side of the forecastle, or sat upon the windlass, and sung sea songs, and those ballads of pirates and highwaymen, which sailors delight in. Home, too, and what we should do when we got there, and when and how we should arrive, was no infrequent topic. Every night, after the kids and pots were put away, and we had lighted our pipes and cigars at the galley, and gathered about the windlass, the first question was,—

“Well, Tom, what was the latitude today?”

“Why fourteen, north, and she has been going seven knots ever since.”

“Well, this will bring us up to the line in five days.”

“Yes, but these trades won’t last twenty-four hours longer,” says an old salt, pointing with the sharp of his hand to leeward,—“I know that by the look of the clouds.”

Then came all manner of calculations and conjectures as to the continuance of the wind, the weather under the line, the south-east trades, etc., and rough guesses as to the time the ship would be up with the Horn; and some, more venturous, gave her so many days to Boston light, and offered to bet that she would not exceed it.

“You’d better wait till you get round Cape Horn,” says an old croaker.

“Yes,” says another, “you may see Boston, but you’ve got to ‘smell hell’ before that good day.”

Rumors also of what had been said in the cabin, as usual, found their way forward. The steward had heard the captain say something about the straits of Magellan, and the man at the wheel fancied he had heard him tell the “passenger” that, if he found the wind ahead and the weather very bad off the Cape, he should stick her off for New Holland, and come home round the Cape of Good Hope.

This passenger—the first and only one we had had, except to go from port to port, on the coast, was no one else than a gentleman whom I had known in my better days; and the last person I should

have expected to have seen on the coast of California—Professor N—, of Cambridge. I had left him quietly seated in the chair of Botany and Ornithology, in Harvard University; and the next I saw of him, was strolling about San Diego beach, in a sailor's pea-jacket, with a wide straw hat, and barefooted, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, picking up stones and shells. He had travelled overland to the North-west Coast, and come down in a small vessel to Monterey. There he learned that there was a ship at the leeward, about to sail for Boston; and, taking passage in the *Pilgrim*, which was then at Monterey, he came slowly down, visiting the intermediate ports, and examining the trees, plants, earths, birds, etc., and joined us at San Diego shortly before we sailed. The second mate of the *Pilgrim* told me that they had got an old gentleman on board who knew me, and came from the college that I had been in. He could not recollect his name, but said he was a "sort of an oldish man," with white hair, and spent all his time in the bush, and along the beach, picking up flowers and shells, and such truck, and had a dozen boxes and barrels, full of them. I thought over everybody who would be likely to be there, but could fix upon no one; when, the next day, just as we were about to shove off from the beach, he came down to the boat, in the rig I have described, with his shoes in his hand, and his pockets full of specimens. I knew him at once, though I should not have been more surprised to have seen the Old South steeple shoot up from the hide-house. He probably had no less difficulty in recognizing me. As we left home about the same time, we had nothing to tell one another; and, owing to our different situations on board, I saw but little of him on the passage home. Sometimes, when I was at the wheel of a calm night, and the steering required no attention, and the officer of the watch was forward, he would come aft and hold a short yarn with me; but this was against the rules of the ship, as is, in fact, all intercourse between passengers and the crew. I was often amused to see the sailors puzzled to know what to make of him, and to hear their conjectures about him and his business. They were as much puzzled as our old sailmaker was with the captain's instruments in the cabin. He said there were three:—the *chro*-nometer, the *chre*-nometer, and the *the*-nometer.

(Chronometer, barometer, and thermometer.) The Pilgrim's crew christened Mr. N. "Old Curious," from his zeal for curiosities, and some of them said that he was crazy, and that his friends let him go about and amuse himself in this way. Why else a rich man (sailors call every man rich who does not work with his hands, and wears a long coat and cravat) should leave a Christian country, and come to such a place as California, to pick up shells and stones, they could not understand. One of them, however, an old salt, who had seen something more of the world ashore, set all to rights, as he thought,—“Oh, 'vast there!—You don't know anything about them craft. I've seen them colleges, and know the ropes. They keep all such things for cur'osities, and study 'em, and have men a' purpose to go and get 'em. This old chap knows what he's about. He a'n't the child you take him for. He'll carry all these things to the college, and if they are better than any that they have had before, he'll be head of the college. Then, by-and-by, somebody else will go after some more, and if they beat him, he'll have to go again, or else give up his berth. That's the way they do it. This old covey knows the ropes. He has worked a traverse over 'em, and come 'way out here, where nobody's ever been afore, and where they'll never think of coming.” This explanation satisfied Jack; and as it raised Mr. N.'s credit for capacity, and was near enough to the truth for common purposes, I did not disturb it.

With the exception of Mr. N., we had no one on board but the regular ship's company, and the live stock. Upon this, we had made a considerable inroad. We killed one of the bullocks every four days, so that they did not last us up to the line. We, or, rather, they, then began upon the sheep and the poultry, for these never come into Jack's mess. The pigs were left for the latter part of the voyage, for they are sailors, and can stand all weathers. We had an old sow on board, the mother of a numerous progeny, who had been twice round the Cape of Good Hope, and once round Cape Horn. The last time going round, was very nearly her death. We heard her squealing and moaning one dark night, after it had been snowing and hailing for several hours, and getting into the sty, we found her nearly frozen to death. We got some straw, an

old sail, and other things, and wrapped her up in a corner of the sty, where she staid until we got into fine weather again.

Wednesday, May 18th. Lat. $9^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $113^{\circ} 17'$ W. The north-east trades had now left us, and we had the usual variable winds which prevail near the line, together with some rain. So long as we were in these latitudes, we had but little rest in our watch on deck at night, for, as the winds were light and variable, and we could not lose a breath, we were all the watch bracing the yards, and taking in and making sail, and "humbugging" with our flying kites. A little puff of wind on the larboard quarter, and then—"larboard fore braces!" and studding-booms were rigged out, studding-sails set alow and aloft, the yards trimmed, and jibs and spanker in; when it would come as calm as a duck-pond, and the man at the wheel stand with the palm of his hand up, feeling for the wind. "Keep her off a little!" "All aback forward, sir!" cries a man from the forecastle. Down go the braces again; in come the studding-sails, all in a mess, which half an hour won't set right; yards braced sharp up; and she's on the starboard tack, close hauled. The studding-sails must now be cleared away, and set up in the tops, and on the booms. By the time this is done, and you are looking out for a soft plank for a nap,—“Lay aft here, and square in the head yards!” and the studding-sails are all set again on the starboard side. So it goes until it is eight bells,—call the watch,—heave the log,—relieve the wheel, and go below the larboard watch.

Sunday, May 22d. Lat. $5^{\circ} 14'$ N., long. $116^{\circ} 45'$ W. We were now a fortnight out, and within five degrees of the line, to which two days of good breeze would take us; but we had, for the most part, what the sailors call “an Irishman's hurricane,—right up and down.” This day it rained nearly all day, and being Sunday, and nothing to do, we stopped up the scuppers and filled the decks with rain water, and bringing all our clothes on deck, had a grand wash, fore and aft. When this was through, we stripped to our drawers, and taking pieces of soap, with strips of canvas for towels, we turned-to and soaped, washed, and scrubbed one another down, to get off, as we said, the California dust; for the common wash in salt water, which is all that Jack can get, being on an allowance

of fresh, had little efficacy, and was more for taste than utility. The captain was below all the afternoon, and we had something nearer to a Saturnalia than anything we had yet seen; for the mate came into the scuppers, with a couple of boys to scrub him, and got into a battle with them in heaving water. By unplugging the holes, we let the soap-suds off the decks, and in a short time had a new supply of rain water, in which we had a grand rinsing. It was surprising to see how much soap and fresh water did for the complexions of many of us; how much of what we supposed to be tan and sea-blackening, we got rid of. The next day, the sun rising clear, the ship was covered, fore and aft, with clothes of all sorts, hanging out to dry.

As we approached the line, the wind became more easterly, and the weather clearer, and in twenty days from San Diego,—

Saturday, May 28th. at about three P.M., with a fine breeze from the east-south-east, we crossed the equator. In twenty-four hours after crossing the line, which was very unusual, we took the regular south-east trades. These winds come a little from the eastward of south-east, and, with us, they blew directly from the east-south-east, which was fortunate for us, for our course was south-by-west, and we could thus go one point free. The yards were braced so that every sail drew, from the spanker to the flying-jib; and the upper yards being squared in a little, the fore and main top-gallant studding-sails were set, and just drew handsomely. For twelve days this breeze blew steadily, not varying a point, and just so fresh that we could carry our royals; and, during the whole time, we hardly started a brace. Such progress did we make, that at the end of seven days from the time we took the breeze, on

Sunday, June 5, we were in lat. $19^{\circ} 29'$ S., and long. $118^{\circ} 01'$ W., having made twelve hundred miles in seven days, very nearly upon a taught bowline. Our good ship was getting to be herself again, had increased her rate of sailing more than one-third since leaving San Diego. The crew ceased complaining of her, and the officers hove the log every two hours with evident satisfaction. This was glorious sailing. A steady breeze; the light trade-wind clouds over our heads; the incomparable temperature of the Pacific,—neither hot nor cold; a clear sun every day, and clear moon and

stars each night; and new constellations rising in the south, and the familiar ones sinking in the north, as we went on our course,—“stemming nightly toward the pole.” Already we had sunk the north star and the Great Bear in the northern horizon, and all hands looked out sharp to the southward for the Magellan Clouds, which, each succeeding night, we expected to make. “The next time we see the north star,” said one, “we shall be standing to the northward, the other side of the Horn.” This was true enough, and no doubt it would be a welcome sight; for sailors say that in coming home from round Cape Horn, and the Cape of Good Hope, the north star is the first land you make.

These trades were the same that, in the passage out in the *Pilgrim*, lasted nearly all the way from Juan Fernandez to the line; blowing steadily on our starboard quarter for three weeks, without our starting a brace, or even brailing down the skysails. Though we had now the same wind, and were in the same latitude with the *Pilgrim* on her passage out, yet we were nearly twelve hundred miles to the westward of her course; for the captain, depending upon the strong south-west winds which prevail in high southern latitudes during the winter months, took the full advantage of the trades, and stood well to the westward, so far that we passed within about two hundred miles of Ducie’s Island.

It was this weather and sailing that brought to my mind a little incident that occurred on board the *Pilgrim*, while we were in the same latitude. We were going along at a great rate, dead before the wind, with studding-sails out on both sides, aloft and aloft, on a dark night, just after midnight, and everything as still as the grave, except the washing of the water by the vessel’s side; for, being before the wind, with a smooth sea, the little brig, covered with canvas, was doing great business, with very little noise. The other watch was below, and all our watch, except myself and the man at the wheel, were asleep under the lee of the boat. The second mate, who came out before the mast, and was always very *thick* with me, had been holding a yarn with me, and just gone aft to his place on the quarter-deck, and I had resumed my usual walk to and from the windlass-end, when, suddenly, we heard a loud scream coming from ahead, apparently directly from under the

bows. The darkness, and complete stillness of the night, and the solitude of the ocean, gave to the sound a dreadful and almost supernatural effect. I stood perfectly still, and my heart beat quick. The sound woke up the rest of the watch, who stood looking at one another. "What, in the name of God, is that?" said the second mate, coming slowly forward. The first thought I had was, that it might be a boat, with the crew of some wrecked vessel, or perhaps the boat of some whaleship, out over night, and we had run them down in the darkness. Another scream! but less loud than the first. This started us, and we ran forward, and looked over the bows, and over the sides, to leeward, but nothing was to be seen or heard. What was to be done? Call the captain, and heave the ship aback? Just at this moment, in crossing the forecabin, one of the men saw a light below, and looking down the scuttle, saw the watch all out of their berths, and afool of one poor fellow, dragging him out of his berth, and shaking him, to wake him out of a nightmare. They had been waked out of their sleep, and as much alarmed at the scream as we were, and were hesitating whether to come on deck, when the second sound, coming directly from one of the berths, revealed the cause of the alarm. The fellow got a good shaking for the trouble he had given. We made a joke of the matter; and we could well laugh, for our minds were not a little relieved by its ridiculous termination.

We were now close upon the southern tropical line, and, with so fine a breeze, were daily leaving the sun behind us, and drawing nearer to Cape Horn, for which it behoved us to make every preparation. Our rigging was all examined and overhauled, and mended, or replaced with new, where it was necessary: new and strong bobstays fitted in the place of the chain ones, which were worn out; the spritsail yard and martingale guys and back-ropes set well taught; bran new fore and main braces rove; top-gallant sheets, and wheel-ropes, made of green hide, laid up in the form of rope, were stretched and fitted; and new top-sail clewlines, etc., rove; new fore-topmast back-stays fitted; and other preparations made, in good season, that the ropes might have time to stretch and become limber before we got into cold weather.

Sunday, June 12th. Lat. 26° 04' S., long. 116° 31' W. We had

now lost the regular trades, and had the winds variable, principally from the westward, and kept on, in a southerly course, sailing very nearly upon a meridian, and at the end of the week,—

Sunday, June 19th, were in lat. $34^{\circ} 15' S.$, and long. $116^{\circ} 38' W.$

There began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in its course each day, and giving less and less heat; and the nights so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight, of a clear night; the skies looking cold and angry; and, at times, a long, heavy, ugly sea, setting in from the southward, told us what we were coming to. Still, however, we had a fine, strong breeze, and kept on our way, under as much sail as our ship would bear. Toward the middle of the week, the wind hauled to the southward, which brought us upon a taught bowline, made the ship meet, nearly head on, the heavy swell which rolled from that direction; and there was something not at all encouraging in the manner in which she met it. Being so deep and heavy, she wanted the buoyancy which should have carried her over the seas, and she dropped heavily into them, the water washing over the decks; and every now and then, when an unusually large sea met her fairly upon the bows, she struck it with a sound as dead and heavy as that with which a sledge-hammer falls upon the pile, and took the whole of it in upon the fore-castle, and rising, carried it aft in the scuppers, washing the rigging off the pins, and carrying along with it everything which was loose on deck. She had been acting in this way all of our forenoon watch below; as we could tell by the washing of the water over our heads, and the heavy breaking of the seas against her bows, (with a sound as though she were striking against a rock,) only the thickness of the plank from our heads, as we lay in our berths, which are directly against the bows. At eight bells, the watch was called, and we came on deck, one hand going aft to take the wheel, and another going to the galley to get the *grub* for dinner. I stood on the fore-castle, looking at the seas, which were rolling high, as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our

ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know, by "the feeling of her" under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and seizing hold of the forestay with my hands, drew myself up upon it. My feet were just off the stanchion, when she struck fairly into the middle of the sea, and it washed her fore and aft, burying her in the water. As soon as she rose out of it, I looked aft, and everything forward of the main-mast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring-bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pig-sty, the hen-coop, and a large sheep-pen which had been built upon the forehatch, were all gone, in the twinkling of an eye—leaving the deck as clean as a chin new-reaped—and not a stick left, to show where they had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about, the wreck of the sheep-pen,—and half a dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come upon them. As soon as the sea had washed by, all hands sprung up out of the fore-castle to see what had become of the ship; and in a few moments the cook and Old Bill crawled out from under the galley, where they had been lying in the water, nearly smothered, with the galley over them. Fortunately, it rested against the bulwarks, or it would have broken some of their bones. When the water ran off, we picked the sheep up, and put them in the long-boat, got the galley back in its place, and set things a little to rights; but, had not our ship had uncommonly high bulwarks and rail, everything must have been washed overboard, not excepting Old Bill and the cook. Bill had been standing at the galley-door, with the kid of beef in his hand for the fore-castle mess, when, away he went, kid, beef, and all. He held on to the kid till the last, like a good fellow, but the beef was gone, and when the water had run off, we saw it lying high and dry, like a rock at low tide—nothing could hurt *that*. We took the loss of our beef very easily, consoling ourselves with the recollection that the cabin had more to lose than we; and chuckled not a little at seeing the remains of the chicken-pie and pan-cakes floating in the scuppers. "This will never do!" was what some said, and

every one felt. Here we were, not yet within a thousand miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, and our decks swept by a sea, not one half so high as we must expect to find there. Some blamed the captain for loading his ship so deep, when he knew what he must expect; while others said that the wind was always southwest, off the Cape, in the winter; and that, running before it, we should not mind the seas so much. When we got down into the forecabin, Old Bill, who was somewhat of a croaker,—having met with a great many accidents at sea—said that if that was the way she was going to act, we might as well make our wills, and balance the books at once, and put on a clean shirt. “ ‘Vast there, you bloody old owl! you’re always hanging out blue lights! You’re frightened by the ducking you got in the scuppers, and can’t take a joke! What’s the use in being always on the look-out for Davy Jones?’ ” “Stand by!” says another, “and we’ll get an afternoon watch below, by this scrape;” but in this they were disappointed, for at two bells, all hands were called and set to work, getting lashings upon everything on deck; and the captain talked of sending down the long top-gallant masts; but, as the sea went down toward night, and the wind hauled abeam, we left them standing, and set the studding-sails.

The next day, all hands were turned to upon unbending the old sails, and getting up the new ones; for a ship, unlike people on shore, puts on her best suit in bad weather. The old sails were sent down, and three new-topsails, and new fore and main courses, jib, and fore-topmast stay-sail, which were made on the coast, and never had been used, were bent, with a complete set of new earings, ro-bands and reef-points; and reef-tackles were rove to the courses, and spilling-lines to the top-sails. These, with new braces and clew-lines, fore and aft, gave us a good suit of running rigging.

The wind continued westerly, and the weather and sea less rough since the day on which we shipped the heavy sea, and we were making great progress under studding-sails, with our light sails all set, keeping a little to the eastward of south; for the captain, depending upon westerly winds off the Cape, had kept so far to the westward, that, though we were within about five hundred miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, we were nearly seventeen hun-

dred miles to the westward of it. Through the rest of the week, we continued on with a fair wind, gradually, as we got more to the southward, keeping a more easterly course, and bringing the wind on our larboard quarter, until—

Sunday, June 26th, when, having a fine, clear day, the captain got a lunar observation, as well as his meridian altitude, which made us in lat. $47^{\circ} 50'$ S., long. $113^{\circ} 49'$ W.; Cape Horn bearing, according to my calculation, E. S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and distant eighteen hundred miles.

Monday, June 26th. During the first part of this day, the wind continued fair, and, as we were going before it, it did not feel very cold, so that we kept at work on deck, in our common clothes and round jackets. Our watch had an afternoon watch below, for the first time since leaving San Diego, and having inquired of the third mate what the latitude was at noon, and made our usual guesses as to the time she would need, to be up with the Horn, we turned-in, for a nap. We were sleeping away "at the rate of knots," when three knocks on the scuttle, and "All hands, ahoy!" started us from our berths. What could be the matter? It did not appear to be blowing hard, and looking up through the scuttle, we could see that it was a clear day, overhead; yet the watch were taking in sail. We thought there must be a sail in sight, and that we were about to heave-to and speak her; and were just congratulating ourselves upon it—for we had seen neither sail nor land since we had left port—when we heard the mate's voice on deck, (he turned-in "all standing," and was always on deck the moment he was called,) singing out to the men who were taking in the studding-sails, and asking where his watch were. We did not wait for a second call, but tumbled up the ladder; and there, on the starboard bow, was a bank of mist, covering sea and sky, and driving directly for us. I had seen the same before, in my passage round in the Pilgrim, and knew what it meant, and that there was no time to be lost. We had nothing on but thin clothes, yet there was not a moment to spare, and at it we went.

The boys of the other watch were in the tops, taking in the top-gallant studding-sails, and the lower and topmast studding-sails were coming down by the run. It was nothing but "haul down and

clew up," until we got all the studding-sails in, and the royals, flying-jib, and mizen top-gallant sail furled, and the ship kept off a little, to take the squall. The fore and main top-gallant sails were still on her, for the "old man" did not mean to be frightened in broad daylight, and was determined to carry sail till the last minute. We all stood waiting for its coming, when the first blast showed us that it was not to be trifled with. Rain, sleet, snow, and wind, enough to take our breath from us, and make the toughest turn his back to windward! The ship lay nearly over upon her beam-ends; the spars and rigging snapped and cracked; and her top-gallant masts bent like whip-sticks. "Clew up the fore and main top-gallant sails!" shouted the captain, and all hands sprang to the clewlines. The decks were standing nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ship going like a mad steed through the water, the whole forward part of her in a smother of foam. The halyards were let go and the yard clewed down, and the sheets started, and in a few minutes the sails smothered and kept in by clewlines and buntlines.—"Furl 'em, sir?" asked the mate.—"Let go the topsail halyards, fore and aft!" shouted the captain, in answer, at the top of his voice. Down came the topsail yards, the reef-tackles were manned and hauled out, and we climbed up to windward, and sprang into the weather rigging. The violence of the wind, and the hail and sleet, driving nearly horizontally across the ocean, seemed actually to pin us down to the rigging. It was hard work making head against them. One after another, we got out upon the yards. And here we had work to do; for our new sails, which had hardly been bent long enough to get the starch out of them, were as stiff as boards, and the new earings and reef-points, stiffened with the sleet, knotted like pieces of iron wire. Having only our round jackets and straw hats on, we were soon wet through, and it was every moment growing colder. Our hands were soon stiffened and numbed, which, added to the stiffness of everything else, kept us a good while on the yard. After we had got the sail hauled upon the yard, we had to wait a long time for the weather earing to be passed; but there was no fault to be found, for French John was at the earing, and a better sailor never laid out on a yard; so we leaned over the yard, and beat our hands

upon the sail to keep them from freezing. At length the word came—"Haul out to leeward,"—and we seized the reef-points and hauled the band taught for the lee earing. "Taught band—Knot away," and we got the first reef fast, and were just going to lay down, when—"Two reefs—two reefs!" shouted the mate, and we had a second reef to take, in the same way. When this was fast, we laid down on deck, manned the halyards to leeward, nearly up to our knees in water, set the topsail, and then laid aloft on the main topsail yard, and reefed that sail in the same manner; for, as I have before stated, we were a good deal reduced in numbers, and, to make it worse, the carpenter, only two days before, cut his leg with an axe, so that he could not go aloft. This weakened us so that we could not well manage more than one topsail at a time, in such weather as this, and, of course, our labor was doubled. From the main topsail yard, we went upon the main yard, and took a reef in the mainsail. No sooner had we got on deck, than—"Lay aloft there, mizen-top-men, and close-reef the mizen topsail!" This called me; and being nearest to the rigging, I got first aloft, and out to the weather earing. English Ben was on the yard just after me, and took the lee earing, and the rest of our gang were soon on the yard, and began to fist the sail, when the mate considerably sent up the cook and steward, to help us. I could now account for the long time it took to pass the other earings, for, to do my best, with a strong hand to help me at the dog's ear, I could not get it passed until I heard them beginning to complain in the bunt. One reef after another we took in, until the sail was close-reefed, when we went down and hoisted away at the halyards. In the meantime, the jib had been furled and the stay-sail set, and the ship, under her reduced sail, had got more upright and was under management; but the two top-gallant sails were still hanging in the buntlines, and slatting and jerking as though they would take the masts out of her. We gave a look aloft, and knew that our work was not done yet; and sure enough, no sooner did the mate see that we were on deck, than—"Lay aloft there, four of you, and furl the top-gallant sails!" This called me again, and two of us went aloft, up the fore rigging, and two more up the main, upon the top-gallant yards. The shrouds were now iced over,

the sleet having formed a crust or cake round all the standing rigging, and on the weather side of the masts and yards. When we got upon the yard, my hands were so numb that I could not have cast off the knot of the gasket to have saved my life. We both lay over the yard for a few seconds, beating our hands upon the sail, until we started the blood into our fingers' ends, and at the next moment our hands were in a burning heat. My companion on the yard was a lad, who came out in the ship a weak, puny boy, from one of the Boston schools,—“no larger than a spritsail sheet knot,” nor “heavier than a paper of lamp-black,” and “not strong enough to haul a shad off a gridiron,” but who was now “as long as a spare topmast, strong enough to knock down an ox, and hearty enough to eat him.” We fisted the sail together, and after six or eight minutes of hard hauling and pulling and beating down the sail, which was as stiff as sheet iron, we managed to get it furled; and snugly furled it must be, for we knew the mate well enough to be certain that if it got adrift again, we should be called up from our watch below, at any hour of the night, to furl it.

I had been on the look-out for a moment to jump below and clap on a thick jacket and south-wester; but when we got on deck we found that eight bells had been struck, and the other watch gone below, so that there were two hours of dog watch for us, and a plenty of work to do. It had now set in for a steady gale from the south-west; but we were not yet far enough to the southward to make a fair wind of it, for we must give Terra del Fuego a wide berth. The decks were covered with snow, and there was a constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn had set in with good earnest. In the midst of all this, and before it became dark, we had all the studding-sails to make up and stow away, and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms, fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets, and halyards. This was pretty tough work for four or five hands, in the face of a gale which almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on the end of the fore yard, trying to coil away and stop down the topmast studding-sail tack and lower halyards. It was after dark when we got through, and we were not a little pleased to hear four bells struck, which sent us

below for two hours, and gave us each a pot of hot tea with our cold beef and bread, and, what was better yet, a suit of thick, dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight tooth-ache, and this cold weather, and wetting and freezing, were not the best things in the world for it. I soon found that it was getting strong hold, and running over all parts of my face; and before the watch was out I went aft to the mate, who had charge of the medicine-chest, to get something for it. But the chest showed like the end of a long voyage, for there was nothing that would answer but a few drops of laudanum, which must be saved for any emergency; so I had only to bear the pain as well as I could.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black, and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight, I went aloft and sent down the mizen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and shipshape." The next four hours below were but little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth, the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and, at four o'clock, turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well, if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time, like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think; for the gale of yesterday, and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had yet ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with, and orders were given to send down the long top-gallant masts. The top-gallant and royal yards were accordingly struck, the flying jib-boom rigged in, and the top-gallant masts sent down on deck, and all lashed together by the side of the long-boat. The rigging was then sent down and coiled away below, and everything made snug aloft. There was not a sailor in the

ship who was not rejoiced to see these sticks come down; for, so long as the yards were aloft, on the least sign of a lull, the top-gallant sails were loosed, and then we had to furl them again in a snow-squall, and *shin* up and down single ropes caked with ice, and send royal yards down in the teeth of a gale coming right from the south pole. It was an interesting sight, too, to see our noble ship, dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear-head, which ornamented her in port; and all that canvas, which a few days before had covered her like a cloud, from the truck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone; and she, stripped, like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation;—alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind, and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.

Friday, July 1st. We were now nearly up to the latitude of Cape Horn, and having over forty degrees of easting to make, we squared away the yards before a strong westerly gale, shook a reef out of the fore-topsail, and stood on our way, east-by-south, with the prospect of being up with the Cape in a week or ten days. As for myself, I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours; and the want of rest, together with constant wet and cold, had increased the swelling, so that my face was nearly as large as two, and I found it impossible to get my mouth open wide enough to eat. In this state, the steward applied to the captain for some rice to boil for me, but he only got a—"No! d—you! Tell him to eat salt junk and hard bread, like the rest of them." For this, of course, I was much obliged to him, and in truth it was just what I expected. However, I did not starve, for the mate, who was a man as well as a sailor, and had always been a good friend to me, smuggled a pan of rice into the galley, and told the cook to boil it for me, and not let the "old man" see it. Had it been fine weather, or in port, I should have gone below and lain by until my face got well; but in such weather as this, and short-handed as we were, it was not for me to desert my post; so I kept on deck, and stood my watch and did my duty as well as I could.

Saturday, July 2d. This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too

low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant; and we had a steady "reef top-sail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us; though such a thing had never been heard of in this latitude, at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size;—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height;—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off

from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning, a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight. The next day, which was

Sunday, July 3d, the breeze continued strong, the air exceedingly chilly, and the thermometer low. In the course of the day we saw several icebergs, of different sizes, but none so near as the one which we saw the day before. Some of them, as well as we could judge, at the distance at which we were, must have been as large as that, if not larger. At noon we were in latitude $55^{\circ} 12'$ south, and supposed longitude $89^{\circ} 5'$ west. Toward night the wind hauled to the southward, and headed us off our course a little, and blew a tremendous gale; but this we did not mind, as there was no rain nor snow, and we were already under close sail.

Monday, July 4th. This was "independent day" in Boston. What firing of guns, and ringing of bells, and rejoicing of all sorts, in every part of our country! The ladies (who have not gone down to Nahant, for a breath of cool air, and sight of the ocean) walking the streets with parasols over their heads, and the dandies in their white pantaloons and silk stockings! What quantities of ice-cream have been eaten, and what quantities of ice brought into the city from a distance, and sold out by the lump and the pound! The smallest of the islands which we saw today would have made the fortune of poor Jack, if he had had it in Boston; and I dare say he would have had no objection to being there with it. This, to be sure, was no place to keep the fourth of July. To keep ourselves warm, and the ship out of the ice, was as much as we could do. Yet no one forgot the day; and many were the wishes, and conjectures,

and comparisons, both serious and ludicrous, which were made among all hands. The sun shone bright as long as it was up, only that a scud of black clouds was ever and anon driving across it. At noon we were in lat. $54^{\circ} 27' S.$, and long. $85^{\circ} 5' W.$, having made a good deal of easting, but having lost in our latitude by the heading of the wind. Between daylight and dark—that is, between nine o'clock and three—we saw thirty-four ice islands, of various sizes; some no bigger than the hull of our vessel, and others apparently nearly as large as the one that we first saw; though, as we went on, the islands became smaller and more numerous; and, at sundown of this day, a man at the mast-head saw large fields of floating ice called “field-ice” at the south-east. This kind of ice is much more dangerous than the large islands, for those can be seen at a distance, and kept away from; but the field-ice, floating in great quantities, and covering the ocean for miles and miles, in pieces of every size—large, flat, and broken cakes, with here and there an island rising twenty and thirty feet, and as large as the ship's hull;—this, it is very difficult to sheer clear of. A constant look-out was necessary; for any of these pieces, coming with the heave of the sea, were large enough to have knocked a hole in the ship, and that would have been the end of us; for no boat (even if we could have got one out) could have lived in such a sea; and no man could have lived in a boat in such weather. To make our condition still worse, the wind came out due east, just after sundown, and it blew a gale dead ahead, with hail and sleet, and a thick fog, so that we could not see half the length of the ship. Our chief reliance, the prevailing westerly gales, was thus cut off; and here we were, nearly seven hundred miles to the westward of the Cape, with a gale dead from the eastward, and the weather so thick that we could not see the ice with which we were surrounded, until it was directly under our bows. At four, P.M. (it was then quite dark) all hands were called, and sent aloft in a violent squall of hail and rain, to take in sail. We had now all got on our “Cape Horn rig”—thick boots, south-westerns coming down over our neck and ears, thick trowsers and jackets, and some with oil-cloth suits over all. Mittens, too, we wore on deck, but it would not do to go aloft with them on, for it was impossible to work with them, and, being

wet and stiff, they might let a man slip overboard, for all the hold he could get upon a rope; so, we were obliged to work with bare hands, which, as well as our faces, were often cut with the hail-stones, which fell thick and large. Our ship was now all cased with ice,—hull, spars, and standing rigging;—and the running rigging so stiff that we could hardly bend it so as to belay it, or, still worse, take a knot with it; and the sails nearly as stiff as sheet iron. One at a time, (for it was a long piece of work and required many hands,) we furled the courses, mizen topsail, and fore-topmast stay-sail, and close-reefed the fore and main topsails, and hove the ship to under the fore, with the main hauled up by the clewlines and buntlines, and ready to be sheeted home, if we found it necessary to make sail to get to windward of an island. A regular look-out was then set, and kept by each watch in turn, until the morning. It was a tedious and anxious night. It blew hard the whole time, and there was an almost constant driving of either rain, hail, or snow. In addition to this, it was “as thick as muck,” and the ice was all about us. The captain was on deck nearly the whole night, and kept the cook in the galley, with a roaring fire, to make coffee for him, which he took every few hours, and once or twice gave a little to his officers; but not a drop of anything was there for the crew. The captain, who sleeps all the daytime, and comes and goes at night as he chooses, can have his brandy and water in the cabin, and his hot coffee at the galley; while Jack, who has to stand through everything, and work in wet and cold, can have nothing to wet his lips or warm his stomach. This was a “temperance ship,” and, like too many such ships, the temperance was all in the fore-castle. The sailor, who only takes his one glass as it is dealt out to him, is in danger of being drunk; while the captain, who has all under his hand, and can drink as much as he chooses, and upon whose self-possession and cool judgment the lives of all depend, may be trusted with any amount, to drink at his will. Sailors will never be convinced that rum is a dangerous thing, by taking it away from them, and giving it to the officers; nor that, that temperance is their friend, which takes from them what they have always had, and gives them nothing in the place of it. By seeing it allowed to their officers, they will not be convinced that it is taken

from them for their good; and by receiving nothing in its place, they will not believe that it is done in kindness. On the contrary, many of them look upon the change as a new instrument of tyranny. Not that they prefer rum. I never knew a sailor, in my life, who would not prefer a pot of hot coffee or chocolate, in a cold night, to all the rum afloat. They all say that rum only warms them for a time; yet, if they can get nothing better, they will miss what they have lost. The momentary warmth and glow from drinking it; the break and change which is made in a long, dreary watch by the mere calling all hands aft and serving of it out; and the simply having some event to look forward to, and to talk about; give it an importance and a use which no one can appreciate who has not stood his watch before the mast. On my passage round Cape Horn before, the vessel that I was in was not under temperance articles, and grog was served out every middle and morning watch, and after every reefing of topsails; and though I had never drank rum before, and never intend to again, I took my allowance then at the capstan, as the rest did, merely for the momentary warmth it gave the system, and the change in our feelings and aspect of our duties on the watch. At the same time, as I have stated, there was not a man on board who would not have pitched the rum to the dogs, (I have heard them say so, a dozen times) for a pot of coffee or chocolate; or even for our common beverage—"water bewitched, and tea begrudged," as it was. The temperance reform is the best thing that ever was undertaken for the sailor; but when the grog is taken from him, he ought to have something in its place. As it is now, in most vessels, it is a mere saving to the owners; and this accounts for the sudden increase of temperance ships, which surprised even the best friends of the cause. If every merchant, when he struck grog from the list of the expenses of his ship, had been obliged to substitute as much coffee, or chocolate, as would give each man a pot-full when he came off the topsail yard, on a stormy-night;—I fear Jack might have gone to ruin on the old road.

But this is not doubling Cape Horn. Eight hours of the night, our watch was on deck, and during the whole of that time we kept a bright look-out: one man on each bow, another in the bunt of the fore yard, the third mate on the scuttle, one on each quarter,

and a man always standing by the wheel. The chief mate was everywhere, and commanded the ship when the captain was below. When a large piece of ice was seen in our way, or drifting near us, the word was passed along, and the ship's head turned one way and another; and sometimes the yards squared or braced up. There was little else to do than to look out; and we had the sharpest eyes in the ship on the forecastle. The only variety was the monotonous voice of the look-out forward—"Another island!"—"Ice ahead!"—"Ice on the lee bow!"—"Hard up the helm!"—"Keep her off a little!"—"Stead-y!"

In the meantime, the wet and cold had brought my face into such a state that I could neither eat nor sleep; and though I stood it out all night, yet, when it became light, I was in such a state, that all hands told me I must go below, and lie-by for a day or two, or I should be laid up for a long time, and perhaps have the lock-jaw. When the watch was changed I went into the steerage, and took off my hat and comforter, and showed my face to the mate, who told me to go below at once, and stay in my berth until the swelling went down, and gave the cook orders to make a poultice for me, and said he would speak to the captain.

I went below and turned-in, covering myself over with blankets and jackets, and lay in my berth nearly twenty-four hours, half asleep and half awake, stupid, from the dull pain. I heard the watch called, and the men going up and down, and sometimes a noise on deck, and a cry of "ice," but I gave little attention to anything. At the end of twenty-four hours the pain went down, and I had a long sleep, which brought me back to my proper state; yet my face was so swollen and tender, that I was obliged to keep to my berth for two or three days longer. During the two days I had been below, the weather was much the same that it had been, head winds, and snow and rain; or, if the wind came fair, too foggy, and the ice too thick, to run. At the end of the third day the ice was very thick; a complete fog-bank covered the ship. It blew a tremendous gale from the eastward, with sleet and snow, and there was every promise of a dangerous and fatiguing night. At dark, the captain called all hands aft, and told them that not a man was to leave the deck that night; that the ship was in the greatest danger;

any cake of ice might knock a hole in her, or she might run on an island and go to pieces. No one could tell whether she would be a ship the next morning. The look-outs were then set, and every man was put in his station. When I heard what was the state of things, I began to put on my clothes to stand it out with the rest of them, when the mate came below, and looking at my face, ordered me back to my berth, saying that if we went down, we should all go down together, but if I went on deck I might lay myself up for life. This was the first word I had heard from aft; for the captain had done nothing, nor inquired how I was, since I went below.

In obedience to the mate's orders, I went back to my berth; but a more miserable night I never wish to spend. I never felt the curse of sickness so keenly in my life. If I could only have been on deck with the rest, where something was to be done, and seen, and heard; where there were fellow-beings for companions in duty and danger—but to be cooped up alone in a black hole, in equal danger, but without the power to do, was the hardest trial. Several times, in the course of the night, I got up, determined to go on deck; but the silence which showed that there was nothing doing, and the knowledge that I might make myself seriously ill, for nothing, kept me back. It was not easy to sleep, lying, as I did, with my head directly against the bows, which might be dashed in by an island of ice, brought down by the very next sea that struck her. This was the only time I had been ill since I left Boston, and it was the worst time it could have happened. I felt almost willing to bear the plagues of Egypt for the rest of the voyage, if I could but be well and strong for that one night. Yet it was a dreadful night for those on deck. A watch of eighteen hours, with wet, and cold, and constant anxiety, nearly wore them out; and when they came below at nine o'clock for breakfast, they almost dropped asleep on their chests, and some of them were so stiff that they could with difficulty sit down. Not a drop of anything had been given them during the whole time, (though the captain, as on the night that I was on deck, had his coffee every four hours,) except that the mate stole a potfull of coffee for two men to drink behind the galley, while he kept a look-out for the captain. Every man had his station, and was not allowed to leave it; and nothing happened to

break the monotony of the night, except once setting the main topsails to run clear of a large island to leeward, which they were drifting fast upon. Some of the boys got so sleepy and stupefied, that they actually fell asleep at their posts; and the young third mate, whose station was the exposed one of standing on the fore scuttle, was so stiff, when he was relieved, that he could not bend his knees to get down. By a constant look-out, and a quick shifting of the helm, as the islands and pieces came in sight, the ship went clear of everything but a few small pieces, though daylight showed the ocean covered for miles. At daybreak it fell a dead calm, and with the sun, the fog cleared a little, and a breeze sprung up from the westward, which soon grew into a gale. We had now a fair wind, daylight, and comparatively clear weather; yet, to the surprise of every one, the ship continued hove-to. Why does not he run? What is the captain about? was asked by every one; and from questions, it soon grew into complaints and murmurings. When the daylight was so short, it was too bad to lose it, and a fair wind, too, which every one had been praying for. As hour followed hour, and the captain showed no sign of making sail, the crew became impatient, and there was a good deal of talking and consultation together, on the forecabin. They had been beaten out with the exposure and hardship, and impatient to get out of it, and this unaccountable delay was more than they could bear in quietness, in their excited and restless state. Some said that the captain was frightened,—completely cowed, by the dangers and difficulties that surrounded us, and was afraid to make sail; while others said that in his anxiety and suspense he had made a free use of brandy and opium, and was unfit for his duty. The carpenter, who was an intelligent man, and a thorough seaman, and had great influence with the crew, came down into the forecabin, and tried to induce the crew to go aft and ask the captain why he did not run, or request him, in the name of all hands, to make sail. This appeared to be a very reasonable request, and the crew agreed that if he did not make sail before noon, they would go aft. Noon came, and no sail was made. A consultation was held again, and it was proposed to take the ship from the captain and give the command of her to the mate, who had been heard to say that, if he could have his

way, the ship would have been half the distance to the Cape before night,—ice or no ice. And so irritated and impatient had the crew become, that even this proposition, which was open mutiny, punishable with state prison, was entertained, and the carpenter went to his berth, leaving it tacitly understood that something serious would be done, if things remained as they were many hours longer. When the carpenter left, we talked it all over, and I gave my advice strongly against it. Another of the men, too, who had known something of the kind attempted in another ship by a crew who were dissatisfied with their captain, and which was followed with serious consequences, was opposed to it. S—, who soon came down, joined us, and we determined to have nothing to do with it. By these means, they were soon induced to give it up, for the present, though they said they would not lie where they were much longer without knowing the reason.

The affair remained in this state until four o'clock, when an order came forward for all hands to come aft upon the quarter-deck. In about ten minutes they came forward again, and the whole affair had been blown. The carpenter, very prematurely, and without any authority from the crew, had sounded the mate as to whether he would take command of the ship, and intimated an intention to displace the captain; and the mate, as in duty bound, had told the whole to the captain, who immediately sent for all hands aft. Instead of violent measures, or, at least, an outbreak of quarter-deck bravado, threats, and abuse, which they had every reason to expect, a sense of common danger and common suffering seemed to have tamed his spirit, and begotten something like a humane fellow-feeling; for he received the crew in a manner quiet, and even almost kind. He told them what he had heard, and said that he did not believe that they would try to do any such thing as was intimated; that they had always been good men,—obedient, and knew their duty, and he had no fault to find with them; and asked them what they had to complain of—said that no one could say that he was slow to carry sail, (which was true enough;) and that, as soon as he thought it was safe and proper, he should make sail. He added a few words about their duty in their present situation, and sent them forward, saying

that he should take no further notice of the matter; but, at the same time, told the carpenter to recollect whose power he was in, and that if he heard another word from him he would have cause to remember him to the day of his death.

This language of the captain had a very good effect upon the crew, and they returned quietly to their duty.

For two days more the wind blew from the southward and eastward; or in the short intervals when it was fair, the ice was too thick to run; yet the weather was not so dreadfully bad, and the crew had watch and watch. I still remained in my berth, fast recovering, yet still not well enough to go safely on deck. And I should have been perfectly useless; for, from having eaten nothing for nearly a week, except a little rice, which I forced into my mouth the last day or two, I was as weak as an infant. To be sick in a fore-castle is miserable indeed. It is the worst part of a dog's life; especially in bad weather. The fore-castle, shut up tight to keep out the water and cold air;—the watch either on deck, or asleep in their berths;—no one to speak to;—the pale light of the single lamp, swinging to and fro from the beam, so dim that one can scarcely see, much less read by it;—the water dropping from the beams and carlines, and running down the sides; and the fore-castle so wet, and dark, and cheerless, and so lumbered up with chests and wet clothes, that sitting up is worse than lying in the berth! These are some of the evils. Fortunately, I needed no help from any one, and no medicine; and if I had needed help, I don't know where I should have found it. Sailors are willing enough, but it is true, as is often said—No one ships for nurse on board a vessel. Our merchant ships are always under-manned, and if one man is lost by sickness, they cannot spare another to take care of him. A sailor is always presumed to be well, and if he's sick, he's a poor dog. One has to stand his wheel, and another his lookout, and the sooner he gets on deck again, the better.

Accordingly, as soon as I could possibly go back to my duty, I put on my thick clothes and boots and south-wester, and made my appearance on deck. Though I had been but a few days below, yet everything looked strangely enough. The ship was cased in ice, —decks, sides, masts, yards, and rigging. Two close-reefed top-sails

were all the sail she had on, and every sail and rope was frozen so stiff in its place, that it seemed as though it would be impossible to start anything. Reduced, too, to her top-masts, she had altogether a most forlorn and crippled appearance. The sun had come up brightly; the snow was swept off the decks, and ashes thrown upon them, so that we could walk, for they had been as slippery as glass. It was, of course, too cold to carry on any ship's work, and we had only to walk the deck and keep ourselves warm. The wind was still ahead, and the whole ocean, to the eastward, covered with islands and field-ice. At four bells the order was given to square away the yards; and the man who came from the helm said that the captain had kept her off to N. N. E. What could this mean? Some said that he was going to put into Valparaiso, and winter, and others that he was going to run out of the ice and cross the Pacific, and go home round the Cape of Good Hope. Soon, however, it leaked out, and we found that we were running for the straits of Magellan. The news soon spread through the ship, and all tongues were at work, talking about it. No one on board had been through the straits, but I had in my chest an account of the passage of the ship A. J. Donelson, of New York, through those straits, a few years before. The account was given by the captain, and the representation was as favorable as possible. It was soon read by every one on board, and various opinions pronounced. The determination of our captain had at least this good effect; it gave every one something to think and talk about, made a break in our life, and diverted our minds from the monotonous dreariness of the prospect before us. Having made a fair wind of it, we were going off at a good rate, and leaving the thickest of the ice behind us. This, at least, was something.

Having been long enough below to get my hands well warmed and softened, the first handling of the ropes was rather tough; but a few days hardened them, and as soon as I got my mouth open wide enough to take in a piece of salt beef and hard bread, I was all right again.

Sunday, July 10th. Lat. $54^{\circ} 10'$, long. $79^{\circ} 07'$. This was our position at noon. The sun was out bright; the ice was all left

behind, and things had quite a cheering appearance. We brought our wet pea-jackets and trowsers on deck, and hung them up in the rigging, that the breeze and the few hours of sun might dry them a little; and, by the permission of the cook, the galley was nearly filled with stockings and mittens, hung round to be dried. Boots, too, were brought up; and having got a little tar and slush from below, we gave them a thick coat. After dinner, all hands were turned-to, to get the anchors over the bows, bend on the chains, etc. The fish-tackle was got up, fish-davit rigged out, and after two or three hours of hard and cold work, both the anchors were ready for instant use, a couple of kedges got up, a hawser coiled away upon the fore-hatch, and the deep-sea-lead-line overhauled and got ready. Our spirits returned with having something to do; and when the tackle was manned to bowse the anchor home, notwithstanding the desolation of the scene, we struck up "Cheerily ho!" in full chorus. This pleased the mate, who rubbed his hands and cried out—"That's right, my boys; never say die! That sounds like the old crew!" and the captain came up, on hearing the song, and said to the passenger, within hearing of the man at the wheel,—“That sounds like a lively crew. They'll have their song so long as there're enough left for a chorus!”

This preparation of the cable and anchors was for the passage of the straits; for, being very crooked, and with a variety of currents, it is necessary to come frequently to anchor. This was not, by any means, a pleasant prospect, for, of all the work that a sailor is called upon to do in cold weather, there is none so bad as working the ground-tackle. The heavy chain cables to be hauled and pulled about decks with bare hands; wet hawsers, slip-ropes, and buoy-ropes to be hauled aboard, dripping in water, which is running up your sleeves, and freezing; clearing hawse under the bows; getting under weigh and coming-to, at all hours of the night and day, and a constant look-out for rocks and sands and turns of tides;—these are some of the disagreeables of such a navigation to a common sailor. Fair or foul, he wants to have nothing to do with the ground-tackle between port and port. One of our hands, too, had unluckily fallen upon a half of an old newspaper which contained an account of the passage, through

the straits, of a Boston brig, called, I think, the Peruvian, in which she lost every cable and anchor she had, got aground twice, and arrived at Valparaiso in distress. This was set off against the account of the A. J. Donelson, and led us to look forward with less confidence to the passage, especially as no one on board had ever been through, and the captain had no very perfect charts. However, we were spared any further experience on the point; for the next day, when we must have been near the Cape of Pillars, which is the south-west point of the mouth of the straits, a gale set in from the eastward, with a heavy fog, so that we could not see half of the ship's length ahead. This, of course, put an end to the project, for the present; for a thick fog and a gale blowing dead ahead are not the most favorable circumstances for the passage of difficult and dangerous straits. This weather, too, seemed likely to last for some time, and we could not think of beating about the mouth of the straits for a week or two, waiting for a favorable opportunity; so we braced up on the larboard tack, put the ship's head due south, and struck her off for Cape Horn again.

In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward, but, in running for the straits of Magellan, we stood so far to the eastward, that we made our second attempt at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice; thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed topsails and a reefed foresail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still, we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men!—tumble up!—don't stop for your clothes—before we're upon it!" We sprang out of

our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard, and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern, and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but, in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp look-out of the watch, we should have been fairly upon the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the Southern ocean. After standing to the northward a few hours, we wore ship, and, the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward. All night long, a bright look-out was kept from every part of the deck; and whenever ice was seen on the one bow or the other, the helm was shifted and the yards braced, and by quick working of the ship she was kept clear. The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead!"—"Ice on the lee bow!"—"Another island!" in the same tones, and with the same orders following them, seemed to bring us directly back to our old position of the week before. During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove-to, under a close-reefed main topsail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm, with a drenching rain, until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course which we should have steered, had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here then our progress was stopped, and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward; not for the straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still farther to the eastward; for the captain was determined to get

round if perseverance could do it; and the third time, he said, never failed.

With a fair wind we soon ran clear of the field-ice, and by noon had only the stray islands floating far and near upon the ocean. The sun was out bright, the sea of a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves which ran high before a strong south-wester; our solitary ship tore on through the water, as though glad to be out of her confinement; and the ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale. It was a contrast to much that we had lately seen, and a spectacle not only of beauty, but of life; for it required but little fancy to imagine these islands to be animate masses which had broken loose from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and were working their way, by wind and current, some alone, and some in fleets, to milder climes. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture, they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea, while their chief beauty and grandeur,—their slow, stately motion; the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts,—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From a north-east course we gradually hauled to the eastward, and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the western coast of Terra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice altogether,—for the third time we put the ship's head to the southward, to try the passage of the Cape. The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon, a man who had gone into the fore-top to shift the rolling tackles, sung out, at the top of his voice, and with evident glee,—“Sail ho!” Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and any one who has traversed the length of a whole ocean alone, can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced

on board. "Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the slide of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companion-way to the passenger in the cabin. Beside the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the eastward, and to ascertain the longitude; for we had no chronometer, and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning, and opportunities for lunar observations are not frequent or sure in such a place as Cape Horn. For these various reasons, the excitement in our little community was running high, and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out—"Another sail, large on the weather bow!" This was a little odd, but so much the better, and did not shake our faith in their being sails. At length the man in the top hailed, and said he believed it was land, after all. "Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are ice islands, if I can see a hole through a ladder;" and a few moments showed the mate to be right; and all our expectations fled; and instead of what we most wished to see, we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within about two miles of them; and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

Having a fine wind, we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape, and having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round and steering to the northward on the other side, in a very few days. But ill luck seemed to have lighted upon us. Not four hours had we been standing on in this course, before it fell dead calm; and in half an hour it clouded up; a few straggling blasts, with spits of snow and sleet, came from the eastward; and in an hour more, we lay hove-to under a close-reefed main topsail, drifting bodily off to leeward before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead, from the eastward. It seemed as though the genius of the place had been

roused at finding that we had nearly slipped through his fingers, and had come down upon us with tenfold fury. The sailors said that every blast, as it shook the shrouds, and whistled through the rigging, said to the old ship, "No, you don't!"—"No, you don't!"

For eight days we lay drifting about in this manner. Sometimes,—generally towards noon,—it fell calm; once or twice a round copper ball showed itself for a few moments in the place where the sun ought to have been; and a puff or two came from the westward, giving some hope that a fair wind had come at last. During the first two days, we made sail for these puffs, shaking the reefs out of the topsails and boarding the tacks of the courses; but finding that it only made work for us when the gale set in again, it was soon given up, and we lay-to under our close-reefs. We had less snow and hail than when we were farther to the westward, but we had an abundance of what is worse to a sailor in cold weather—drenching rain. Snow is blinding, and very bad when coming upon a coast, but, for genuine discomfort, give me rain with freezing weather. A snow-storm is exciting, and it does not wet through the clothes (which is important to a sailor); but a constant rain there is no escaping from. It wets to the skin, and makes all protection vain. We had long ago run through all our dry clothes, and as sailors have no other way of drying them than by the sun, we had nothing to do but to put on those which were the least wet. At the end of each watch, when we came below, we took off our clothes and wrung them out; two taking hold of a pair of trowsers,—one at each end,—and jackets in the same way. Stockings, mittens, and all, were wrung out also and then hung up to drain and chafe dry against the bulk-heads. Then, feeling of all our clothes, we picked out those which were the least wet, and put them on, so as to be ready for a call, and turned-in, covered ourselves up with blankets, and slept until three knocks on the scuttle and the dismal sound of "All starboard—lines ahoy! Eight bells, there below! Do you hear the news?" drawled out from on deck, and the sulky answer of "Aye, aye!" from below, sent us up again.

On deck, all was as dark as a pocket, and either a dead calm, with the rain pouring steadily down, or, more generally, a violent

gale dead ahead, with rain pelting horizontally, and occasional variations of hail and sleet;—decks afloat with water swashing from side to side, and constantly wet feet; for boots could not be wrung out like drawers, and no composition could stand the constant soaking. In fact, wet and cold feet are inevitable in such weather, and are not the least of those little items which go to make up the grand total of the discomforts of a winter passage round the Cape. Few words were spoken between the watches as they shifted, the wheel was relieved, the mate took his place on the quarter-deck, the look-outs in the bows; and each man had his narrow space to walk fore and aft in, or, rather, to swing himself forward and back in, from one belaying pin to another,—for the decks were too slippery with ice and water to allow of much walking. To make a walk, which is absolutely necessary to pass away the time, one of us hit upon the expedient of sanding the deck; and afterwards, whenever the rain was not so violent as to wash it off, the weatherside of the quarter-deck, and a part of the waist and forecastle were sprinkled with the sand which we had on board for holy-stoning; and thus we made a good promenade, where we walked fore and aft, two and two, hour after hour, in our long, dull, and comfortless watches. The bells seemed to be an hour or two apart, instead of half an hour, and an age to elapse before the welcome sound of eight bells. The sole object was to make the time pass on. Any change was sought for, which would break the monotony of the time; and even the two hours' trick at the wheel, which came round to each of us, in turn, once in every other watch, was looked upon as a relief. Even the never-failing resource of long yarns, which eke out many a watch, seemed to have failed us now; for we had been so long together that we had heard each other's stories told over and over again, till we had them by heart; each one knew the whole history of each of the others, and we were fairly and literally talked out. Singing and joking, we were in no humor for, and, in fact, any sound of mirth or laughter would have struck strangely upon our ears, and would not have been tolerated, any more than whistling, or a wind instrument. The last resort, that of speculating upon the future, seemed now to fail us, for our

discouraging situation, and the danger we were really in, (as we expected every day to find ourselves drifted back among the ice) “clapped a stopper” upon all that. From saying—“*when* we get home”—we began insensibly to alter it to—“*if* we get home”—and at last the subject was dropped by a tacit consent.

In this state of things, a new light was struck out, and a new field opened, by a change in the watch. One of our watch was laid up for two or three days by a bad hand, (for in cold weather the least cut or bruise ripens into a sore,) and his place was supplied by the carpenter. This was a windfall, and there was quite a contest, who should have the carpenter to walk with him. As “Chips” was a man of some little education, and he and I had had a good deal of intercourse with each other, he fell in with me in my walk. He was a Finn, but spoke English very well, and gave me long accounts of his country;—the customs, the trade, the towns, what little he knew of the government, (I found he was no friend of Russia,) his voyages, his first arrival in America, his courtship and marriage;—he had married a countrywoman of his, a dress-maker, whom he met with in Boston. I had very little to tell him of my quiet, sedentary life at home; and, in spite of our best efforts, which had protracted these yarns through five or six watches, we fairly talked one another out, and I turned him over to another man in the watch, and put myself upon my own resources.

I commenced a deliberate system of time-killing, which united some profit with a cheering up of the heavy hours. As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory, in regular order. First, the multiplication table and the tables of weights and measures; then the states of the Union, with their capitals; the counties of England, with their shire towns; the kings of England in their order; and a large part of the peerage, which I committed from an almanac that we had on board; and then the Kanaka numerals. This carried me through my facts, and, being repeated deliberately, with long intervals, often eked out the two first bells. Then came the ten commandments; the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, and a few other passages

from Scripture. The next in the order, that I never varied from, came Cowper's *Castaway*, which was a great favorite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as the incident that it was founded upon, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea. Then his lines to Mary, his address to the jackdaw, and a short extract from *Table Talk*; (I abounded in Cowper, for I happened to have a volume of his poems in my chest;) "*Ille et nefasto*" from Horace, and Goethe's *Erl King*. After I had got through these, I allowed myself a more general range among everything that I could remember, both in prose and verse. In this way, with an occasional break by relieving the wheel, heaving the log, and going to the scuttle-butt for a drink of water, the longest watch was passed away; and I was so regular in my silent recitations, that if there was no interruption by ship's duty, I could tell very nearly the number of bells by my progress.

Our watches below were no more varied than the watch on deck. All washing, sewing, and reading was given up; and we did nothing but eat, sleep, and stand our watch, leading what might be called a Cape Horn life. The fore-castle was too uncomfortable to sit up in; and whenever we were below, we were in our berths. To prevent the rain, and the sea-water which broke over the bows, from washing down, we were obliged to keep the scuttle closed, so that the fore-castle was nearly air-tight. In this little wet, leaky hole, we were all quartered, in an atmosphere so bad that our lamp, which swung in the middle from the beams, sometimes actually burned blue, with a large circle of foul air about it. Still, I was never in better health than after three weeks of this life. I gained a great deal of flesh, and we all ate like horses. At every watch, when we came below, before turning-in, the bread barge and beef kid were overhauled. Each man drank his quart of hot tea night and morning; and glad enough we were to get it, for no nectar and ambrosia were sweeter to the lazy immortals, than was a pot of hot tea, a hard biscuit, and a slice of cold salt beef, to us after a watch on deck. To be sure, we were mere animals, and had this life lasted a year instead of a month, we should have been little better than the ropes in the ship. Not a razor, nor a brush, nor a drop of water, except the rain and the

spray, had come near us all the time; for we were on an allowance of fresh water; and who would strip and wash himself in salt water on deck, in the snow and ice, with the thermometer at zero?

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little and stand on, under all the sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the mainsail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work. Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three beside myself to go aloft; so that, at most, we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short, and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leach, made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clew away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizen royal-yard. Beside this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leach of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of suction-hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheets of sheathing copper. It blew

a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped, he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gaskets, and when they were passed, it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether and take to beating our hands upon the sail, to keep them from freezing. After some time,—which seemed forever,—we got the weather side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward, and as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last, but we had been nearly an hour and a half upon the yard, and it seemed an age. It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work, but considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvas in it as the mainsail of the Independence, sixty-gun ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more, to go below. The oldest sailor in the watch said, as he went down,—“I shall never forget that main yard;—it beats all my going a fishing. Fun is fun, but furling one yard-arm of a course, at a time, off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing.”

During the greater part of the next two days, the wind was pretty steady from the southward. We had evidently made great progress, and had good hope of being soon up with the Cape, if we were not there already. We could put but little confidence in our reckoning, as there had been no opportunities for an observation, and we had drifted too much to allow of our dead reckoning being anywhere near the mark. If it would clear off

enough to give a chance for an observation, or if we could make land, we should know where we were; and upon these, and the chances of falling in with a sail from the eastward, we depended almost entirely.

Friday, July 22d. This day we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather braces, the clouds lifting a little, and showing signs of breaking away. In the afternoon, I was below with Mr. H—, the third mate, and two others, filling the bread locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks,—an omen, a god-send. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence. Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain, who was sitting in the cabin. What he said, we could not distinguish, but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump. We could not tell what it was; and, anxious as we were to know, the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places. Yet, as we were not called, we knew there was no danger. We hurried to get through with our job, when, seeing the steward's black face peering out of the pantry, Mr. H— hailed him, to know what was the matter. "Lan' o, to be sure, sir! No you hear 'em sing out, 'Lan o'? De cap'em say 'im Cape Horn!"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fair upon the larboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter. All hands were busy looking at it,—the captain and mates from the quarter-deck, the cook from his galley, and the sailors from the forecabin; and even Mr. N., the passenger, who had kept in his shell for nearly a month, and hardly been seen by anybody, and who we had almost forgotten was on board, came out like a butterfly, and was hopping round as bright as a bird.

The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate-looking spot I never wish

to set eyes upon;—bare, broken, and girt with rocks and ice, with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of the two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blasts and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us; not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us that we had passed the Cape,—were in the Atlantic,—and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, might bid defiance to the Southern ocean. It told us, too, our latitude and longitude better than any observation; and the captain now knew where we were, as well as if we were off the end of Long wharf.

In the general joy, Mr. N. said he should like to go ashore upon the island and examine a spot which probably no human being had ever set foot upon; but the captain intimated that he would see the island—specimens and all,—in—another place, before he would get out a boat or delay the ship one moment for him.

We left the land gradually astern; and at sundown had the Atlantic ocean clear before us.

WHALERS MAROONED

The story of American whaling is one of the greatest chapters in the history of American adventure. The supremacy in whaling that has since been held undisputedly by the Norwegians, operating in Antarctic waters, was once held by Americans, and especially by Nantucket men. They were in demand all over Europe—in England, in France, in all the nations that wanted to set up whaling industries of their own and required bold and fearless experts to teach their people the trade.

But the anthologist who has not specialized in the literature of whaling treads on dangerous ground when he presumes to select from it. There are too many experts, too many collectors, too many historians, amateur and professional, who know the whaling saga by heart. It is a highly specialized field that I am not rash enough to enter.

The present little gem is therefore selected not because it is representative or important in any way, but because I find it utterly charming. I stumbled on it by accident some months ago, while browsing in the Explorers Club library, and I haven't been able to forget it since. Which is, after all, the best of all possible reasons for including a yarn in an anthology.

WHALERS MAROONED

AN INTERESTING story of a whale boat lost from a ship is that told by Captain Roland F. Coffin in *An Old Sailor's Yarns*. Coffin was in the captain's boat, and the captain held on to a whale that ran away all one night. They killed the whale in the morning, "waifed" it, and then started to sail back and find the ship.

"We missed the ship some way. Arter runnin' till noon the next day and seein' nothin' of her, the old man made up his mind that we had run by her; that she was a-workin' up to windward to look for us, and had reached so far over our track as to be out of our sight when we passed her. 'So,' says he, ' 'tain't no use to run off any further, and 'tain't no use pullin' to windward, and the best thing we can do is jist to lay still, and she'll cruise about till she finds us.'

"Well, we laid still for twenty-four hours longer, and then our grub was very near all used up, and things was a-lookin' bad for us; so we set sail and concluded we'd reach back and forth on a wind, and we done so . . . till near six o'clock, when just as we was a-goin' round one of the chaps who had stood up for to git a good look sings out 'Land ho!' Up we all jumped in a jiffy, and there, sure enough, about two p'int's on the lee bow, was a small island."

From *The Story of the New England Whalers*, by John R. Spears. Copyright 1908, The Macmillan Company.

They landed on the island at daylight the next morning. It was one of the coral reefs common to certain parts of the Pacific, and one not found on the charts.

"What we wanted jist then more than anythin' else was some thin' for to drink. We hadn't had no water for nearly twenty-four hours. You may jist imagine, then, how glad we was when one of the party by the name of Tom Bunker—he belonged to Nantucket—sung out, 'Here's a spring!' You see, sir, there was six of us all told, and the old man had made us separate as far apart as we could and yet be within hail, and so go across the island for to survey it like and try for to find wood and water. At Tom's hail, hows'ever, we all come to at once and ranged up to him, and sure enough, here was a little spring of beautiful clear water. If you want to know what first-class tippie is you must try spring water arter you've been in a boat twenty-four hours without any. Tom told us that afore he come up with the spring he seen the whole ground alive with some kind of creepin' animal, but what they was he couldn't tell. Well, we didn't hyst that in exactly, but we thought that maybe Tom's bein' so long on the water without anythin' for to drink had made him kind of loony, and so he imagined he seen animals when he hadn't. 'What's funny about this here island,' says the old man, 'is that there ain't no birds onto it. I've landed on plenty of islands afore which didn't have no natives onto 'em, and there was always thousands of birds; and here, exceptin' some gulls a-flyin' over the reef, we ain't seen a bird.'

"'Talkin' about inhabitants,' says one of the chaps, just then, 'what do you call that thing yonder?' We looked where he p'inted and there, sure enough, was a native. He appeared for to be kind of frightened at us, and kept at a respectful distance, and as we advanced he retreated. So the old man, he says, 'You stay here, my lads, and I'll go for'ard alone, and then maybe it won't be so much afeerd.' So we sits down and the old man he goes on ahead, puttin' his hands onto his breast, and a-makin' all sort of motions for to show that he didn't mean no harm; and finally the savage seemed to understand, and stopped still for to let our old man come up. But it seemed, as he told us arterward, when he got within hailin' distance, all of a sudden the native, as we had took it to be, runned

toward him, and with a kind of a yell like jist tumbled down all into a bunch at his feet. Well, we heerd the yell the critter gave, and we rushed up to where the old man was, and if ever I see a man flabbergasted completely, it was that old man. 'Boys,' says he, 'that ain't no native; it's a woman and a white woman at that; and how on earth she got here beats me entirely.'

"Well, she soon come around to herself, and if ever you see a critter delighted for to see anybody that there critter was delighted for to see us. And the first words she said when she come to was: 'It ain't no dream; you are real. Thank God, I am saved!'

" 'Well, as to that, marm,' says our old man, 'of course we'll do anythin' for you that's in our power; but whether you be saved or not, there's different opinions about, but there ain't no doubt of the fact that we are lost.' "

The lone woman was the wife of the captain of a whale ship that had been lost with all hands except her on the reef. She had been washed ashore and then had managed to save enough from the wreck to make herself comfortable so far as living was concerned, and there she had remained for five years.

"Well, it was a good job for us, anyway. When we got to her hut she says to our old man, 'Now you and your men sit down here behind the house, and I'll go to work for to cook you a breakfast. Of course I didn't expect company, and so I haven't got none ready at present; but there's plenty here and I won't be long a-gittin' of it.' Well, she takes a stick that looked somethin' like a boat's tiller and away she went into the grove of coconuts, and we seen her a-runnin' back and forth a-strikin' at somethin' on the ground, but whatever it was we didn't know, and to tell the truth we didn't care. Fact was we was all pretty well tuckered out, and gittin' where all things was comfortable and a good breakfast promised us, we jist give up and stretched down onto the grass and went to sleep. The old man sot the example, and I heerd him a-borin' pumplog afore I dropped off. I was woke up by one of the finest smells of cookin' I ever smelt, and it fetched me right up onto my feet to onct, and I went along to where the woman had her fire,—jist some stones with a fire built onto 'em,—and found that what I smelt come from a big sasspan which she had over the fire. 'Wait a

few minits,' says she; 'it's a'most done; and if you don't say it's a good stew, then call me a bad cook.' The smell had waked up the rest of the chaps by this time, and we was all ready for our meal when she dished it up. Well, sir, I never eat anything like that stew in all my born days. I s'pose it was because I was hungry, partly, but then it really was extremely nice as she made it, for we had it often after that when we wasn't so sharp set.

"The woman she looked on quite delighted for to see us eat, and a-fillin' each chap's dish as fast as it was empty; but arter she had helped us all around for the sixth time . . . says she, 'I'll bet you don't any of you know what you've been eatin'.'

" 'Well, marm,' said our skipper, 'that 'ere was jist the question I was a-goin' for to ask you; this here's a powerful good stew, and shows that you're a fust-class cook,—but that of course you would be, comin' from Nantucket,—but I hain't seen no birds onto the island, and I can't jist judge from the taste what sort of a animal you've made it of.'

" 'Well,' says she, 'that there was a rat stew, and rats is now about the only livin' thing there is upon the island except ourselves, and I begun to think that if they increased much more they'd eat me as they have everythin' else.' "

The rats had come from the wrecked ship, "the numerous eggs in the birds' nests provin' a great temptation," and they had driven the birds from the reef. They had then begun to clear the coconut trees, and the lost sailors found themselves face to face with the problem of controlling the increase of the rats under penalty of starvation. But while they were working at the problem in sailor fashion—"we had rat to eat all ways, roast rat, broiled rat, fried rat, rat fricassee, and rat stew"—the ship to which they belonged arrived off the island and took them away, leaving the rats in full control.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

The conquest of Peru by Pizarro and Almagro, with a mere handful of fanatical Spaniards, will stand for all time as one of the most desperately heroic conquests of history. William Hickling Prescott's account of it will always remain an outstanding classic of American romantic historical writing.

A large part of the thrilling story is given here because this is an anthology of adventure, and not of history. For as interpretive history Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* has its glaring defects. It deals with deeds as interpreted by a Boston Unitarian who could not possibly understand the Spanish mind of the sixteenth century—and not with the profound, world-shaking movements that were behind and beneath those deeds.

Modern Spanish historians will probably not thank me for including part of Prescott's account in this volume. And from many points of view they are right. It maligns the early conquistadores. But that, too, is significant. For Prescott's point of view, deep down, derived directly from that of Tudor England.

The Europe of Pizarro's day was a Europe of intense, world-shaking realignments. The indomitable Spaniards were going too fast to suit the English; England and Spain were at war; hence Spain could do no right. That is always the way in a war; the enemy is always an unmitigated brute. Compare any contemporary account of the overrunning of Europe by Genghis Khan's Asiatic "hordes" with a balanced modern evaluation of those men as disciplined soldiers; compare the romantic version of the Norman conquest with the more complimentary critical version, and you

can see signs of the same eternal and inevitable split in historical point of view that makes Prescott a delight to the Anglo-Saxon and often anathema to the Spaniard.

Only today, with the world again approaching something resembling the same state it was in four hundred years ago, can we Westerners develop something akin to a feeling for Pizarro's age and for the things that made him tick. For the conquistadores were truly desperate men, hewing their way out of more dilemmas than the romanticists of last century had any way of understanding.

We like to think of the Renaissance as a kind of "golden age," in which intelligence and a highly overrated logic at last decided to triumph over medieval dogma. The things that were sordid in it we like to consider as mere barbaric remnants of the dark ages. That is the sheerest nonsense. The Renaissance, which produced Pizarro, was one of the most terrible periods that the world has ever seen. Europe blew up like a volcano, of its own internal pressure, and spewed its peoples across the Atlantic to the Americas. The conquistadores were men uprooted in the psychological sense as well as the physical, men who were caught between the chaos of the Old World and the hostility of the New, men who had only a few short years available in which to carve a new existence for themselves and their families and their countrymen, out of a new continent whose remoteness did not prevent them from being bedeviled by the politics, the international struggles, the medieval points of view that were making Europe a shambles.

That the conquistadores were desperate, valiant, and often brutal according to our standards, is therefore not to be wondered at. That they accomplished what they did is a historical miracle.

The present selection deals only with the actual conquest itself. For reasons of space, Prescott's account of the civilization of the Incas had to be omitted, as did his description of Almagro's ill-fated march to Chile, the civil wars between the conquerors, and the eventual settlement of the country.

THE CONQUEST OF PERU

By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

CHAPTER I

BEFORE accompanying the march of Pizarro and his followers into the country of the Incas, it is necessary to make the reader acquainted with the critical situation of the kingdom at that time. For the Spaniards arrived just at the consummation of an important revolution—at a crisis most favourable to their views of conquest, and but for which, indeed, the conquest, with such a handful of soldiers, could never have been achieved.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century died Tupac Inca Yupanqui, one of the most renowned of the “Children of the Sun,” who, carrying the Peruvian arms across the burning sands of Atacama, penetrated to the remote borders of Chile, while in the opposite direction he enlarged the limits of the empire by the acquisition of the southern provinces of Quito. The war in this quarter was conducted by his son Huayna Capac, who succeeded his father on the throne, and fully equalled him in military daring and in capacity for government.

Under this prince, the whole of the powerful state of Quito, which rivalled that of Peru itself in wealth and refinement, was brought under the sceptre of the Incas; whose empire received, by this conquest, the most important accession yet made to it since the foundation of the dynasty of Manco Capac. The remaining days of the victorious monarch were passed in reducing the independent tribes on the remote limits of his territory, and, still more, in cementing his conquests by the introduction of the Peruvian polity. He was actively engaged in completing the great works of his father, especially the highroads which led from Quito to the capital. He perfected the establishment of posts, took great pains to introduce the Quichua dialect throughout the empire, promoted a better system of agriculture, and, in fine, encouraged the different branches of domestic industry and the various enlightened plans of his predecessors for the improvement of his people. Under his sway the Peruvian monarchy reached its most palmy state; and under both him and his illustrious father it was advancing with such rapid strides in the march of civilisation as would soon have carried it to a level with the more refined despotisms of Asia, furnishing the world, perhaps, with higher evidence of the capabilities of the American Indian than is elsewhere to be found on the great western continent.—But other and gloomier destinies were in reserve for the Indian races.

The first arrival of the white men on the South American shores of the Pacific was about ten years before the death of Huayna Capac, when Balboa crossed the Gulf of St. Michael, and obtained the first clear report of the empire of the Incas. Whether tidings of these adventurers reached the Indian monarch's ears is doubtful. There is no doubt, however, that he obtained the news of the first expedition under Pizarro and Almagro, when the latter commander penetrated as far as the Rio de San Juan, about the fourth degree north. The accounts which he received made a strong impression on the mind of Huayna Capac. He discerned in the formidable prowess and weapons of the invaders proofs of a civilisation far superior to that of his own people. He intimated his apprehension that they would return, and that at some day, not far distant, perhaps, the throne of the Incas might be shaken

by these strangers, endowed with such incomprehensible powers. To the vulgar eye, it was a little speck on the verge of the horizon; but that of the sagacious monarch seemed to descry in it the dark thunder-cloud, that was to spread wider and wider till it burst in fury on his nation!

There is some ground for believing this much. But other accounts, which have obtained a popular currency, not content with this, connect the first tidings of the white men with predictions long extant in the country, and with supernatural appearances which filled the hearts of the whole nation with dismay. Comets were seen flaming athwart the heavens. Earthquakes shook the land; the moon was girdled with rings of fire of many colours; a thunderbolt fell on one of the royal palaces and consumed it to ashes; and an eagle, chased by several hawks, was seen, screaming in the air, to hover above the great square of Cuzco, when, pierced by the talons of his tormentors, the king of birds fell lifeless in the presence of many of the Inca nobles, who read in this an augury of their own destruction! Huayna Capac himself, calling his great officers around him, as he found he was drawing near his end, announced the subversion of his empire by the race of white and bearded strangers, as the consummation predicted by the oracles after the reign of the twelfth Inca, and he enjoined it on his vassals not to resist the decrees of Heaven, but to yield obedience to its messengers.

Such is the report of the impressions made by the appearance of the Spaniards in the country, reminding one of the similar feelings of superstitious terror occasioned by their appearance in Mexico. But the traditions of the latter land rest on much higher authority than those of the Peruvians, which, unsupported by contemporary testimony, rest almost wholly on the naked assertion of one of their own nation, who thought to find, doubtless, in the inevitable decrees of Heaven, the best apology for the supineness of his countrymen.

It is not improbable that rumours of the advent of a strange and mysterious race should have spread gradually among the Indian tribes along the great table-land of the Cordilleras, and should have shaken the hearts of the stoutest warriors with feelings of

undefined dread, as of some impending calamity. In this state of mind, it was natural that physical convulsions, to which that volcanic country is peculiarly subject, should have made an unwonted impression on their minds; and that the phenomena, which might have been regarded only as extraordinary, in the usual seasons of political security, should now be interpreted by the superstitious soothsayer as the handwriting on the heavens, by which the God of the Incas proclaimed the approaching downfall of their empire.

Huayna Capac had, as usual, with the Peruvian princes, a multitude of concubines, by whom he left a numerous posterity. The heir to the crown, the son of his lawful wife and sister, was named Huascar. At the period of the history at which we are now arrived, he was about thirty years of age. Next to the heir-apparent, by another wife, a cousin of the monarch's, came Manco Capac, a young prince who will occupy an important place in our subsequent story. But the best beloved of the Inca's children was Atahuallpa. His mother was the daughter of the last *Scyri* of Quito, who had died of grief, it was said, not long after the subversion of his kingdom by Huayna Capac. The princess was beautiful, and the Inca, whether to gratify his passion, or, as the Peruvians say, willing to make amends for the ruin of her parents, received her among his concubines. The historians of Quito assert that she was his lawful wife; but this dignity, according to the usages of the empire, was reserved for maidens of the Inca blood.

The latter years of Huayna Capac were passed in his new kingdom of Quito. Atahuallpa was accordingly brought up under his own eye, accompanied him while in his tender years in his campaigns, slept in the same tent with his royal father, and ate from the same plate. The vivacity of the boy, his courage and generous nature, won the affections of the old monarch to such a degree that he resolved to depart from the established usages of the realm, and divide his empire between him and his elder brother Huascar. On his death-bed he called the great officers of the crown around him, and declared it to be his will that the ancient kingdom of Quito should pass to Atahuallpa, who might be considered as having a natural claim on it as the dominion of his ancestors. The rest

of the empire he settled on Huascar; and he enjoined it on the two brothers to acquiesce in this arrangement, and to live in amity with each other. This was the last act of the heroic monarch, doubtless the most impolitic of his whole life: with his dying breath he subverted the fundamental laws of the empire; and, while he recommended harmony between the successors to his authority, he left in this very division of it the seeds of inevitable discord.

His death took place, as seems probable, at the close of 1525, not quite seven years before Pizarro's arrival at Puná. The tidings of his decease spread sorrow and consternation throughout the land; for, though stern and even inexorable to the rebel and the long-resisting foe, he was a brave and magnanimous monarch, and legislated with the enlarged views of a prince who regarded every part of his dominions as equally his concern. The people of Quito, flattered by the proofs which he had given of preference for them by his permanent residence in that country, and his embellishment of their capital, manifested unfeigned sorrow at his loss; and his subjects at Cuzco, proud of the glory which his arms and his abilities had secured for his native land, held him in no less admiration; while the more thoughtful and the more timid in both countries looked with apprehension to the future, when the sceptre of the vast empire, instead of being swayed by an old and experienced hand was to be consigned to rival princes, naturally jealous of one another, and from their age necessarily exposed to the unwholesome influence of crafty and ambitious counsellors. The people testified their regret by the unwonted honours paid to the memory of the deceased Inca. His heart was retained in Quito, and his body, embalmed after the fashion of the country, was transported to Cuzco to take its place in the great Temple of the Sun by the side of the remains of his royal ancestors. His obsequies were celebrated with sanguinary splendour in both the capitals of his far extended empire; and several thousands of the imperial concubines, with numerous pages and officers of the palace, are said to have proved their sorrow or their superstition by offering up their own lives, that they might accompany their departed lord to the bright mansions of the sun.

For nearly five years after the death of Huayna Capac the royal brothers reigned, each over his allotted portion of the empire, without distrust of one another, or at least without collision. It seemed as the wish of their father was to be completely realised, and that the two states were to maintain their respective integrity and independence as much as if they had never been united into one. But with the manifold causes for jealousy and discontent, and the swarms of courtly sycophants who would find their account in fomenting these feelings, it was easy to see that this tranquil state of things could not long endure. Nor would it have endured so long, but for the more gentle temper of Huascar, the only party who had ground for complaint. He was four or five years older than his brother, and was possessed of courage not to be doubted; but he was a prince of a generous and easy nature, and perhaps, if left to himself, might have acquiesced in an arrangement which, however unpalatable, was the will of his deified father. But Atahualpa was of a different temper; warlike, ambitious, and daring, he was constantly engaged in enterprises for the enlargement of his own territory, though his crafty policy was scrupulous not to aim at extending his acquisitions in the direction of his royal brother. His restless spirit, however, excited some alarm at the court of Cuzco, and Huascar at length sent an envoy to Atahualpa to remonstrate with him on his ambitious enterprises, and to require him to render him homage for his kingdom of Quito.

This is one statement: other accounts pretend that the immediate cause of rupture was a claim instituted by Huascar for the territory of Tumebamba, held by his brother as part of his patrimonial inheritance. It matters little what was the ostensible ground of collision between persons placed by circumstances in so false a position in regard to one another, that collision must at some time or other inevitably occur.

The commencement, and indeed the whole course of hostilities which soon broke out between the rival brothers are stated with irreconcilable and, considering the period was so near to that of the Spanish invasion, with unaccountable discrepancy. By some it is said that in Atahualpa's first encounter with the troops of

Cuzco he was defeated and made prisoner near Tumebamba, a favourite residence of his father in the ancient territory of Quito, and in the district of Cañaris. From this disaster he recovered by a fortunate escape from confinement; when, regaining his capital, he soon found himself at the head of a numerous army, led by the most able and experienced captains in the empire. The liberal manners of the young Atahualpa had endeared him to the soldiers, with whom, as we have seen, he served more than one campaign in his father's life-time. These troops were the flower of the great army of the Inca, and some of them had grown gray in his long military career, which had left them at the north, where they readily transferred their allegiance to the young sovereign of Quito. They were commanded by two officers of great consideration, both possessed of large experience in military affairs, and high in the confidence of the late Inca. One of them was named Quizquiz; the other, who was the maternal uncle of Atahualpa, was called Chalicuchima.

With these practised warriors to guide him, the young monarch put himself at the head of his martial array, and directed his march towards the south. He had not advanced farther than Ambato, about sixty miles distant from his capital, when he fell in with a numerous host which had been sent against him by his brother, under the command of a distinguished chieftain of the Inca family. A bloody battle followed which lasted the greater part of the day; and the theatre of combat was the skirts of the mighty Chimborazo.

The battle ended favourably for Atahualpa, and the Peruvians were routed with great slaughter and the loss of their commander. The prince of Quito availed himself of this advantage to push forward his march until he arrived before the gates of Tumebamba, which city, as well as the whole district of Cañaris, though an ancient dependency of Quito, had sided with his rival in the contest. Entering the captive city like a conqueror, he put the inhabitants to the sword and razed it, with all its stately edifices, some of which had been reared by his own father, to the ground. He carried on the same war of extermination as he marched through the offending district of Cañaris. In some places, it is said,

the women and children came out with green branches in their hands in melancholy procession to deprecate his wrath; but the vindictive conqueror, deaf to their entreaties, laid the country waste with fire and sword, sparing no man capable of bearing arms who fell into his hands.

The fate of Cañaris struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, and one place after another opened its gates to the victor, who held on his triumphant march towards the Peruvian capital. His arms experienced a temporary check before the island of Puná, whose bold warriors maintained the cause of his brother. After some days lost before this place, Atahualpa left the contest to their old enemies the people of Tumbez, who had early given in their adhesion to him, while he resumed his march and advanced as far as Caxamalca, about seven degrees south. Here he halted with a detachment of the army, sending forward the main body under the command of his two generals, with orders to move straight upon Cuzco. He preferred not to trust himself farther in the enemy's country, where a defeat might be fatal. By establishing his quarters at Caxamalca he would be able to support his generals in case of a reverse, or at worst to secure his retreat on Quito, until he was again in condition to renew hostilities.

The two commanders, advancing by rapid marches, at length crossed the Apurimac river, and arrived within a short distance of the Peruvian capital. Meanwhile Huascar had not been idle. On receiving tidings of the discomfiture of his army at Ambato, he made every exertion to raise levies throughout the country. By the advice, it is said, of his priests—the most incompetent advisers in times of danger—he chose to await the approach of the enemy in his own capital; and it was not till the latter had arrived within a few leagues of Cuzco that the Inca, taking counsel of the same ghostly monitors, sallied forth to give him battle.

The two armies met on the plains of Quipaypan, in the neighbourhood of the Indian metropolis. Their numbers are stated with the usual discrepancy; but Atahualpa's troops had considerably the advantage in discipline and experience, for many of Huascar's levies had been drawn hastily together from the surrounding country. Both fought, however, with the desperation of men who felt

that everything was at stake. It was no longer a contest for a province, but for the possession of an empire. Atahualpa's troops, flushed with recent success, fought with the confidence of those who relied on their superior prowess; while the loyal vassals of the Inca displayed all the self-devotion of men who held their own lives cheap in the service of their master.

The fight raged with the greatest obstinacy from sunrise to sunset; and the ground was covered with heaps of the dying and the dead, whose bones lay bleaching on the battle-field long after the conquest by the Spaniards. At length, fortune declared in favour of Atahualpa; or rather, the usual result of a superior discipline and military practice followed. The ranks of the Inca were thrown into irretrievable disorder, and gave way in all directions. The conquerors followed close on the heels of the flying. Huascar himself, among the latter, endeavoured to make his escape with about a thousand men who remained round his person. But the royal fugitive was discovered before he had left the field; his little party was enveloped by clouds of the enemy, and nearly every one of the devoted band perished in defence of their Inca. Huascar was made prisoner, and the victorious chiefs marched at once on his capital, which they occupied in the name of their sovereign.

These events occurred in the spring of 1532, a few months before the landing of the Spaniards. The tidings of the success of his arms and the capture of his unfortunate brother reached Atahualpa at Caxamalca. He instantly gave orders that Huascar should be treated with the respect due to his rank, but that he should be removed to the strong fortress of Xauxa, and held there in strict confinement. His orders did not stop here,—if we are to receive the accounts of Garcilasso de la Vega, himself of the Inca race, and by his mother's side nephew of the great Huayna Capac.

According to this authority, Atahualpa invited the Inca nobles throughout the country to assemble at Cuzco, in order to deliberate on the best means of partitioning the empire between him and his brother. When they had met in the capital, they were surrounded by the soldiery of Quito, and butchered without mercy.

The motive for this perfidious act was to exterminate the whole of the royal family, who might each of them show a better title to

the crown than the illegitimate Atahualpa. But the massacre did not end here. The illegitimate offspring, like himself, half-brothers of the monster, all, in short, who had any of the Inca blood in their veins, were involved in it; and with an appetite for carnage unparalleled in the annals of the Roman Empire or of the French Republic, Atahualpa ordered all the females of the blood royal, his aunts, nieces, and cousins, to be put to death, and that, too, with the most refined and lingering tortures. To give greater zest to his revenge, many of the executions took place in the presence of Huascar himself, who was thus compelled to witness the butchery of his own wives and sisters, while, in the extremity of anguish, they in vain called on him to protect them!

Such is the tale told by the historian of the Incas, and received by him, as he assures us, from his mother and uncle, who, being children at the time, were so fortunate as to be among the few that escaped the massacre of their house. And such is the account repeated by many a Castilian writer since, without any symptom of distrust. But a tissue of unprovoked atrocities like these is too repugnant to the principles of human nature,—and, indeed, to common sense,—to warrant our belief in them on ordinary testimony.

The annals of semi-civilised nations unhappily show that there have been instances of similar attempts to extinguish the whole of a noxious race, which had become the object of a tyrant's jealousy; though such an attempt is about as chimerical as it would be to extirpate any particular species of plant, the seeds of which had been borne on every wind over the country. But, if the attempt to exterminate the Inca race was actually made by Atahualpa, how comes it that so many of the pure descendants of the blood royal—nearly six hundred in number—are admitted by the historian to have been in existence seventy years after the imputed massacre? Why was the massacre, instead of being limited to the legitimate members of the royal stock, who could show a better title to the crown than the usurper, extended to all, however remotely, or in whatever way, connected with the race? Why were aged women and young maidens involved in the proscription, and why were they subjected to such refined and superfluous tortures, when it is

obvious that beings so impotent could have done nothing to provoke the jealousy of the tyrant? Why, when so many were sacrificed from some vague apprehension of distant danger, was his rival Huascar, together with his younger brother Manco Capac, the two men from whom the conqueror had most to fear, suffered to live? Why, in short, is the wonderful tale not recorded by others before the time of Garcilasso, and nearer by half a century to the events themselves.

That Atahualpa may have been guilty of excesses, and abused the rights of conquest by some gratuitous acts of cruelty, may be readily believed; for no one, who calls to mind his treatment of the Cañaris,—which his own apologists do not affect to deny,—will doubt that he had a full measure of the vindictive temper which belongs to

“Those souls of fire, and Children of the Sun,
With whom revenge was virtue.”

But there is a wide difference between this and the monstrous and most unprovoked atrocities imputed to him; implying a diabolical nature not to be admitted on the evidence of an Indian partisan, the sworn foe of his house, and repeated by Castilian chroniclers, who may naturally seek, by blazoning the enormities of Atahualpa, to find some apology for the cruelty of their countrymen towards him.

The news of the great victory was borne on the wings of the wind to Caxamalca; and loud and long was the rejoicing, not only in the camp of Atahualpa, but in the town and surrounding country; for all now came in, eager to offer their congratulations to the victor, and do him homage. The prince of Quito no longer hesitated to assume the scarlet *borla*, the diadem of the Incas. His triumph was complete. He had beaten his enemies on their own ground; had taken their capital; had set his foot on the neck of his rival, and won for himself the ancient sceptre of the Children of the Sun. But the hour of triumph was destined to be that of his deepest humiliation. Atahualpa was not one of those to whom, in the language of the Grecian bard, “the Gods are willing to reveal themselves.” He had not read the handwriting on the heavens. The

small speck which the clear-sighted eye of his father had discerned on the distant verge of the horizon, though little noticed by Atahualpa, intent on the deadly strife with his brother, had now risen high towards the zenith, spreading wider and wider, till it wrapped the skies in darkness, and was ready to burst in thunders on the devoted nation.

CHAPTER II

1532

We left the Spaniards at the island of Puná, preparing to make their descent on the neighbouring continent at Tumbez. This port was but a few leagues distant, and Pizarro, with the greater part of his followers, passed over in the ships, while a few others were to transport the commander's baggage and the military stores on some of the Indian balsas. One of the latter vessels which first touched the shore was surrounded, and three persons who were on the raft were carried off by the natives to the adjacent woods and there massacred. The Indians then got possession of another of the balsas, containing Pizarro's wardrobe: but, as the men who defended it raised loud cries for help, they reached the ears of Hernando Pizarro, who, with a small body of horse, had effected a landing some way farther down the shore. A broad tract of miry ground, overflowed at high water, lay between him and the party thus rudely assailed by the natives. The tide was out, and the bottom was soft and dangerous. With little regard to the danger, however, the bold cavalier spurred his horse into the slimy depths, and followed by his men, with the mud up to their saddle-girths, they plunged forward until they came into the midst of the marauders, who, terrified by the strange apparition of the horsemen, fled precipitately, without show of fight, to the neighbouring forests.

This conduct of the natives of Tumbez is not easy to be explained; considering the friendly relations maintained with the Spaniards on their preceding visit, and lately renewed in the island of Puná. But Pizarro was still more astonished, on entering their town, to find it not only deserted, but, with the exception of

a few buildings, entirely demolished. Four or five of the most substantial private dwellings, the great temple, and the fortress—and these greatly damaged, and wholly despoiled of their interior decorations—alone survived to mark the site of the city, and attest its former splendour. The scene of desolation filled the Conquerors with dismay; for even the raw recruits, who had never visited the coast before, had heard the marvellous stories of the golden treasures of Tumbez, and they had confidently looked forward to them as an easy spoil after all their fatigues. But the gold of Peru seemed only like a deceitful phantom, which, after beckoning them on through toil and danger, vanished the moment they attempted to grasp it.

Pizarro despatched a small body of troops in pursuit of the fugitives; and, after some slight skirmishing, they got possession of several of the natives, and among them, as it chanced, the curaca of the place. When brought before the Spanish commander, he exonerated himself from any share in the violence offered to the white men, saying that it was done by a lawless party of his people, without his knowledge at the time; and he expressed his willingness to deliver them up to punishment, if they could be detected. He explained the dilapidated condition of the town by the long wars carried on with the fierce tribes of Puná, who had at length succeeded in getting possession of the place, and driving the inhabitants into the neighbouring woods and mountains. The Inca, to whose cause they were attached, was too much occupied with his own feuds to protect them against their enemies.

Whether Pizarro gave any credit to the cacique's exculpation of himself may be doubted. He dissembled his suspicions, however, and, as the Indian lord promised obedience in his own name and that of his vassals, the Spanish general consented to take no further notice of the affair. He seems now to have felt for the first time, in its full force, that it was his policy to gain the good-will of the people among whom he had thrown himself in the face of such tremendous odds. It was, perhaps, the excesses of which his men had been guilty in the earlier stages of the expedition that had shaken the confidence of the people of Tumbez, and incited them to this treacherous retaliation.

Pizarro inquired of the natives who now, under promise of impunity, came into the camp, what had become of his two followers that remained with them in the former expedition. The answers they gave were obscure and contradictory. Some said, they had died of an epidemic; others, that they had perished in the war with Puná; and others intimated, that they had lost their lives in consequence of some outrage attempted on the Indian women. It was impossible to arrive at the truth. The last account was not the least probable. But, whatever might be the cause, there was no doubt they had both perished.

This intelligence spread an additional gloom over the Spaniards; which was not dispelled by the flaming pictures now given by the natives of the riches of the land, and of the state and magnificence of the monarch in his distant capital among the mountains. Nor did they credit the authenticity of a scroll of paper, which Pizarro had obtained from an Indian, to whom it had been delivered by one of the white men left in the country. "Know, whoever you may be," said the writing, "that may chance to set foot in this country, that it contains more gold and silver than there is iron in Biscay." This paper, when shown to the soldiers, excited only their ridicule, as a device of their captain to keep alive their chimerical hopes.

Pizarro now saw that it was not politic to protract his stay in his present quarters, where a spirit of disaffection would soon creep into the ranks of his followers, unless their spirits were stimulated by novelty or a life of incessant action. Yet he felt deeply anxious to obtain more particulars than he had hitherto gathered of the actual condition of the Peruvian empire, of its strength and resources, of the monarch who ruled over it, and of his present situation. He was also desirous, before taking any decisive step for penetrating the country, to seek out some commodious place for a settlement, which might afford him the means of a regular communication with the colonies, and a place of strength, on which he himself might retreat in case of disaster.

He decided, therefore, to leave part of his company at Tumbez, including those who, from the state of their health, were least able to take the field, and with the remainder to make an excursion

into the interior, and reconnoitre the land, before deciding on any plan of operations. He set out early in May, 1532; and, keeping along the more level regions himself, sent a small detachment under the command of Hernando de Soto to explore the skirts of the vast sierra.

He maintained a rigid discipline on the march, commanding his soldiers to abstain from all acts of violence, and punishing disobedience in the most prompt and resolute manner. The natives rarely offered resistance. When they did so, they were soon reduced, and Pizarro, far from vindictive measures, was open to the first demonstrations of submission. By this lenient and liberal policy, he soon acquired a name among the inhabitants which effaced the unfavourable impressions made of him in the earlier part of the campaign. The natives, as he marched through the thick-settled hamlets which sprinkled the level region between the Cordilleras and the ocean, welcomed him with rustic hospitality, providing good quarters for his troops, and abundant supplies, which cost but little in the prolific soil of the *tierra caliente*. Everywhere Pizarro made proclamation that he came in the name of the Holy Vicar of God and of the sovereign of Spain, requiring the obedience of the inhabitants as true children of the Church, and vassals of his lord and master. And as the simple people made no opposition to a formula, of which they could not comprehend a syllable, they were admitted as good subjects of the crown of Castile, and their act of homage—or what was readily interpreted as such—was duly recorded and attested by the notary.

At the expiration of some three or four weeks spent in reconnoitring the country, Pizarro came to the conclusion that the most eligible site for his new settlement was in the rich valley of Tangarala, thirty leagues south of Tumbes, traversed by more than one stream that opens a communication with the ocean. To this spot, accordingly, he ordered the men left at Tumbes to repair at once in their vessels; and no sooner had they arrived, than busy preparations were made for building up the town in a manner suited to the wants of the colony. Timber was procured from the neighbouring woods. Stones were dragged from their quarries, and edifices gradually rose, some of which made pretensions to

strength, if not to elegance. Among them were a church, a magazine for public stores, a hall of justice, and a fortress. A municipal government was organised, consisting of regidores, alcaldes, and the usual civic functionaries. The adjacent territory was parcelled out among the residents, and each colonist had a certain number of the natives allotted to assist him in his labours; for, as Pizarro's secretary remarks, "it being evident that the colonists could not support themselves without the services of the Indians, the ecclesiastics and the leaders of the expedition all agreed that a *repartimiento* of the natives would serve the cause of religion, and tend greatly to their spiritual welfare, since they would thus have the opportunity of being initiated in the true faith."

Having made these arrangements with such conscientious regard to the welfare of the benighted heathen, Pizarro gave his infant city the name of San Miguel, in acknowledgment of the service rendered him by that saint in his battles with the Indians of Puná. The site originally occupied by the settlement was afterward found to be so unhealthy, that it was abandoned for another on the banks of the beautiful Piura. The town is still of some note for its manufactures, though dwindled from its ancient importance; but the name of San Miguel de Piura, which it bears, still commemorates the foundation of the first European colony in the empire of the Incas.

Before quitting the new settlement, Pizarro caused the gold and silver ornaments, which he had obtained in different parts of the country, to be melted down into one mass, and a fifth to be deducted for the Crown. The remainder, which belonged to the troops, he persuaded them to relinquish for the present, under the assurance of being repaid from the first spoils that fell into their hands. With these funds, and other articles collected in the course of the campaign, he sent back the vessels to Panamá. The gold was applied to paying off the ship-owners and those who had furnished the stores for the expedition. That he should so easily have persuaded his men to resign present possession for a future contingency, is proof that the spirit of enterprise was renewed in their bosoms in all its former vigour, and that they looked forward with the same buoyant confidence to the results.

In his late tour of observation, the Spanish commander had gathered much important intelligence in regard to the state of the kingdom. He had ascertained the result of the struggle between the Inca brothers, and that the victor now lay with his army encamped at the distance of only ten or twelve days' journey from San Miguel. The accounts he heard of the opulence and power of that monarch, and of his great southern capital, perfectly corresponded with the general rumours before received; and contained, therefore, something to stagger the confidence, as well as to stimulate the cupidity, of the invaders.

Pizarro would gladly have seen his little army strengthened by reinforcements, however small the amount; and, on that account, postponed his departure for several weeks. But no reinforcement arrived; and, as he received no further tidings from his associates, he judged that longer delay would probably be attended with evils greater than those to be encountered on the march; that discontents would inevitably spring up in a life of inaction, and the strength and spirits of the soldier sink under the enervating influence of a tropical climate. Yet the force at his command, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers in all, after reserving fifty for the protection of the new settlement, seemed but a small one for the conquest of an empire. He might, indeed, instead of marching against the Inca, take a southerly direction towards the rich capital of Cuzco. But this would only be to postpone the hour of reckoning. For in what quarter of the empire could he hope to set his foot, where the arm of its master would not reach him? By such a course moreover, he would show his own distrust of himself. He would shake that opinion of his invincible prowess, which he had hitherto endeavoured to impress on the natives, and which constituted a great secret of his strength; which, in short, held sterner sway over the mind than the display of numbers and mere physical force. Worse than all, such a course would impair the confidence of his troops in themselves, and their reliance on himself. This would be to palsy the arm of enterprise at once. It was not to be thought of.

But while Pizarro decided to march into the interior, it is doubtful whether he had formed any more definite plan of action.

We have no means of knowing his intentions at this distance of time, otherwise than as they are shown by his actions. Unfortunately, he could not write, and he has left no record, like the inestimable Commentaries of Cortés, to enlighten us as to his motives. His secretary, and some of his companions in arms, have recited his actions in detail; but the motives which led to them they were not always so competent to disclose.

It is possible that the Spanish general, even so early as the period of his residence at San Miguel, may have meditated some daring stroke, some effective *coup-de-main*, which, like that of Cortés, when he carried off the Aztec monarch to his quarters, might strike terror into the hearts of the people, and at once decide the fortunes of the day. It is more probable, however, that he now only proposed to present himself before the Inca, as the peaceful representative of a brother monarch, and, by these friendly demonstrations, disarm any feeling of hostility, or even of suspicion. When once in communication with the Indian prince, he could regulate his future course by circumstances.

On the 24th of September, 1532, five months after landing at Tumbez, Pizarro marched out at the head of his little body of adventurers from the gates of San Miguel, having enjoined it on the colonists to treat their Indian vassals with humanity, and to conduct themselves in such a manner as would secure the good-will of the surrounding tribes. Their own existence, and with it the safety of the army and the success of the undertaking, depended on this course. In the place were to remain the royal treasurer, the *veedor* or inspector of metals, and other officers of the crown; and the command of the garrison was intrusted to the *contador*, Antonio Navarro. Then putting himself at the head of his troops, the chief struck boldly into the heart of the country, in the direction where, as he was informed, lay the camp of the Inca. It was a daring enterprise, thus to venture with a handful of followers into the heart of a powerful empire, to present himself, face to face, before the Indian monarch in his own camp, encompassed by the flower of his victorious army! Pizarro had already experienced more than once the difficulty of maintaining his ground against the rude tribes of the north, so much inferior in strength and

numbers to the warlike legions of Peru. But the hazard of the game, as I have already more than once had occasion to remark, constituted its great charm with the Spaniard. The brilliant achievements of his countrymen on the like occasions, with means so inadequate, inspired him with confidence in his own good star: and this confidence was one source of his success. Had he faltered for a moment, had he stopped to calculate chances, he must inevitably have failed; for the odds were too great to be combated by sober reason. They were only to be met triumphantly by the spirit of the knight-errant.

After crossing the smooth waters of the Piura, the little army continued to advance over a level district intersected by streams that descended from the neighbouring Cordilleras. The face of the country was shagged over with forests of gigantic growth, and occasionally traversed by ridges of barren land, that seemed like shoots of the adjacent Andes, breaking up the surface of the region into little sequestered valleys of singular loveliness. The soil, though rarely watered by the rains of heaven, was naturally rich, and whenever it was refreshed with moisture, as on the margins of the streams, it was enamelled with the brightest verdure. The industry of the inhabitants, moreover, had turned these streams to the best account, and canals and aqueducts were seen crossing the low lands in all directions, and spreading over the country like a vast network, diffusing fertility and beauty around them. The air was scented with the sweet odours of flowers, and everywhere the eye was refreshed by the sight of orchards laden with unknown fruits, and of fields waving with yellow grain and rich in luscious vegetables of every description, that teem in the sunny clime of the equator. The Spaniards were among a people who had carried the refinements of husbandry to a greater extent than any yet found on the American continent; and, as they journeyed through this paradise of plenty, their condition formed a pleasing contrast to what they had before endured in the dreary wilderness of the mangroves.

Everywhere, too, they were received with confiding hospitality by the simple people; for which they were no doubt indebted, in a great measure, to their own inoffensive deportment. Every Spaniard

seemed to be aware that his only chance of success lay in conciliating the good opinion of the inhabitants, among whom he had so recklessly cast his fortunes. In most of the hamlets, and in every place of considerable size, some fortress was to be found, or royal caravansary, destined for the Inca on his progresses, the ample halls of which furnished abundant accommodations for the Spaniards, who were thus provided with quarters along their route at the charge of the very government which they were preparing to overturn.

On the fifth day after leaving San Miguel, Pizarro halted in one of these delicious valleys to give his troops repose, and to make a more complete inspection of them. Their number amounted in all to one hundred and seventy-seven, of which sixty-seven were cavalry. He mustered only three arquebusiers in his whole company, and a few crossbow-men, altogether not exceeding twenty. The troops were tolerably well equipped, and in good condition. But the watchful eye of their commander noticed with uneasiness, that, notwithstanding the general heartiness in the cause manifested by his followers, there were some among them whose countenances lowered with discontent, and who, although they did not give vent to it in open murmurs, were far from moving with their wonted alacrity. He was aware, that, if this spirit became contagious, it would be the ruin of the enterprise, and he thought it best to exterminate the gangrene at once, and at whatever cost, than to wait until it had infected the whole system. He came to an extraordinary resolution.

Calling his men together, he told them that "a crisis had now arrived in their affairs, which it demanded all their courage to meet. No man should think of going forward in the expedition, who could not do so with his whole heart, or who had the least misgiving as to its success. If any repented of his share in it, it was not too late to turn back. San Miguel was but poorly garrisoned, and he should be glad to see it in greater strength. Those who chose might return to this place, and they should be entitled to the same proportion of lands and Indian vassals as the present residents. With the rest, were they few or many, who chose to take their chance with him, he should pursue the adventure to the end.

It was certainly a remarkable proposal for a commander, who was ignorant of the amount of disaffection in his ranks, and who could not safely spare a single man from his force, already far too feeble for the undertaking. Yet, by insisting on the wants of the little colony of San Miguel, he afforded a decent pretext for the secession of the malcontents, and swept away the barrier of shame which might have still held them in the camp. Notwithstanding the fair opening thus afforded, there were but few, nine in all, who availed themselves of the general's permission. Four of these belonged to the infantry, and five to the horse. The rest loudly declared their resolve to go forward with their brave leader; and, if there were some whose voices were faint amidst the general acclamation, they, at least, relinquished the right of complaining hereafter, since they had voluntarily rejected the permission to return. This stroke of policy in their sagacious captain was attended with the best effects. He had winnowed out the few grains of discontent, which, if left to themselves, might have fermented in secret till the whole mass had swelled into mutiny. Cortés had compelled his men to go forward heartily in his enterprise, by burning their vessels, and thus cutting off the only means of retreat. Pizarro, on the other hand, threw open the gates to the disaffected and facilitated their departure. Both judged right under their peculiar circumstances, and both were perfectly successful.

Feeling himself strengthened instead of weakened by his loss, Pizarro now resumed his march, and on the second day arrived before a place called Zaran, situated in a fruitful valley among the mountains. Some of the inhabitants had been drawn off to swell the levies of Atahualpa. The Spaniards had repeated experience on their march of the oppressive exactions of the Inca, who had almost depopulated some of the valleys to obtain reinforcements for his army. The curaca of the Indian town where Pizarro now arrived received him with kindness and hospitality, and the troops were quartered as usual in one of the royal *tambos* or caravansaries, which were found in all the principal places.

Yet the Spaniards saw no signs of their approach to the royal encampment, though more time had already elapsed than was originally allowed for reaching it. Shortly before entering Zaran,

Pizarro had heard that a Peruvian garrison was established in a place called Caxas, lying among the hills at no great distance from his present quarters. He immediately despatched a small party under Hernando de Soto in that direction, to reconnoitre the ground, and bring him intelligence of the actual state of things at Zaran, where he would halt until his officer's return.

Day after day passed on, and a week had elapsed before tidings were received of his companions, and Pizarro was becoming seriously alarmed for their fate, when, on the eighth morning, Soto appeared, bringing with him an envoy from the Inca himself. He was a person of rank, and was attended by several followers of inferior condition. He had met the Spaniards at Caxas, and now accompanied them on their return, to deliver his sovereign's message, with a present to the Spanish commander. The present consisted of two fountains made of stone, in the form of fortresses; some fine stuffs of woollen embroidered with gold and silver; and a quantity of goose-flesh dried and seasoned in a peculiar manner, and much used as a perfume, in a pulverised state, by the Peruvian nobles. The Indian ambassador came charged also with his master's greeting to the strangers, whom Atahualpa welcomed to his country, and invited to visit him in his camp among the mountains.

Pizarro well understood that the Inca's object in this diplomatic visit was less to do him courtesy, than to inform himself of the strength and condition of the invaders. But he was well pleased with the embassy, and dissembled his consciousness of its real purpose. He caused the Peruvian to be entertained in the best manner the camp could afford, and paid him the respect, says one of the Conquerors, due to the ambassador of so great a monarch. Pizarro urged him to prolong his visit for some days, which the Indian envoy declined, but made the most of his time while there, by gleaning all the information he could in respect to the uses of every strange article which he saw, as well as the object of the white men's visit to the land, and the quarter whence they came.

The Spanish captain satisfied his curiosity in all these particulars. The intercourse with the natives, it may be here remarked, was maintained by means of two of the youths who had accom-

panied the Conquerors on their return home from their preceding voyage. They had been taken by Pizarro to Spain, and, as much pains had been bestowed on teaching them the Castilian, they now filled the office of interpreters, and opened an easy communication with their countrymen. It was of inestimable service; and well did the Spanish commander reap the fruits of his forecast.

On the departure of the Peruvian messenger, Pizarro presented him with a cap of crimson cloth, some cheap but showy ornaments of glass, and other toys, which he had brought for the purpose from Castile. He charged the envoy to tell his master, that the Spaniards came from a powerful prince, who dwelt far beyond the waters; that they had heard much of the fame of Atahualpa's victories, and were come to pay their respects to him, and to offer their services by aiding him with their arms against his enemies; and he might be assured, they would not halt on the road longer than was necessary, before presenting themselves before him.

Pizarro now received from Soto a full account of his late expedition. That chief, on entering Caxas, found the inhabitants mustered in hostile array, as if to dispute his passage. But the cavalier soon convinced them of his pacific intentions, and, laying aside their menacing attitude, they received the Spaniards with the same courtesy which had been shown them in most places on their march.

Here Soto found one of the royal officers, employed in collecting the tribute for the government. From this functionary he learned that the Inca was quartered with a large army at Caxamalca, a place of considerable size on the other side of the Cordilleras, where he was enjoying the luxury of the warm baths, supplied by natural springs, for which it was then famous, as it is at the present day. The cavalier gathered, also, much important information in regard to the resources and the general policy of government, the state maintained by the Inca, and the stern severity with which obedience to the law was everywhere enforced. He had some opportunity of observing this for himself, as, on entering the village, he saw several Indians hanging dead by their heels, having been executed for some violence offered to the Virgins of the Sun, of whom there was a convent in the neighbourhood.

From Caxas, De Soto had passed to the adjacent town of Guan-cabamba, much larger, more populous, and better built than the preceding. The houses, instead of being made of clay baked in the sun, were many of them constructed of solid stone, so nicely put together, that it was impossible to detect the line of junction. A river, which passed through the town, was traversed by a bridge, and the high road of the Incas, which crossed this district, was far superior to that which the Spaniards had seen on the sea-board. It was raised in many places like a causeway, paved with heavy stone flags, and bordered by trees that afforded a grateful shade to the passenger, while streams of water were conducted through aqueducts along the sides to slake his thirst. At certain distances, also, they noticed small houses, which, they were told, were for the accommodation of the traveller, who might thus pass, without inconvenience, from one end of the kingdom to the other. In another quarter they beheld one of those magazines destined for the army, filled with grain and with articles of clothing; and at the entrance of the town was a stone building, occupied by a public officer, whose business it was to collect the tolls or duties on various commodities brought into the place, or carried out of it.—These accounts of De Soto not only confirmed all that the Spaniards had heard of the Indian empire, but greatly raised their ideas of its resources and domestic policy. They might well have shaken the confidence of hearts less courageous.

Pizarro, before leaving his present quarters, despatched a messenger to San Miguel with particulars of his movements, sending, at the same time, the articles received from the Inca, as well as those obtained at different places on the route. The skill shown in the execution of some of these fabrics excited great admiration, when sent to Castile. The fine woollen cloths, especially with their rich embroidery, were pronounced equal to silk, from which it was not easy to distinguish them. It was probably the delicate wool of the vicuña, none of which had then been seen in Europe.

Pizarro, having now acquainted himself with the most direct route to Caxamalca,—the Caxamarca of the present day,—resumed his march, taking a direction nearly south. The first place of any size at which he halted was Motupe, pleasantly situated in a fruitful

valley, among hills of no great elevation, which cluster round the base of the Cordilleras. The place was deserted by its curaca, who, with three hundred of its warriors, had gone to join the standard of their Inca. Here the general, notwithstanding his avowed purpose to push forward without delay, halted four days. The tardiness of his movements can be explained only by the hope, which he may have still entertained, of being joined by further reinforcements before crossing the Cordilleras. None such appeared, however; and advancing across a country in which tracts of sandy plain were occasionally relieved by a broad expanse of verdant meadow, watered by natural streams and still more abundantly by those brought through artificial channels, the troops at length arrived at the borders of a river. It was broad and deep, and the rapidity of the current opposed more than ordinary difficulty to the passage. Pizarro, apprehensive lest this might be disputed by the natives on the opposite bank, ordered his brother Hernando to cross over with a small detachment under cover of night, and secure a safe landing for the rest of the troops. At break of day Pizarro made preparations for his own passage, by hewing timber in the neighbouring woods, and constructing a sort of floating bridge, on which before nightfall the whole company passed in safety, the horses swimming, being led by the bridle. It was a day of severe labour, and Pizarro took his own share in it freely, like a common soldier, having ever a word of encouragement to say to his followers.

On reaching the opposite side, they learned from their comrades that the people of the country, instead of offering resistance, had fled in dismay. One of them, having been taken and brought before Hernando Pizarro, refused to answer the questions put to him respecting the Inca and his army; till, being put to the torture, he stated that Atahualpa was encamped, with his whole force, in three separate divisions, occupying the high grounds and plains of Caxamalca. He further stated, that the Inca was aware of the approach of the white men and of their small number, and that he was purposely decoying them into his own quarters, that he might have them more completely in his power.

This account, when reported by Hernando to his brother,

caused the latter much anxiety. As the timidity of the peasantry, however, gradually wore off, some of them mingled with the troops, and among them the curaca, or principal person of the village. He had himself visited the royal camp, and he informed the general that Atahuallpa lay at the strong town of Guamachucho, twenty leagues or more south of Caxamalca, with an army of at least fifty thousand men.

These contradictory statements greatly perplexed the chieftain; and he proposed to one of the Indians who had borne him company during a great part of the march, to go as a spy into the Inca's quarters, and bring him intelligence of his actual position, and, as far as he could learn them, of his intentions towards the Spaniards. But the man positively declined this dangerous service, though he professed his willingness to go as an authorized messenger of the Spanish commander.

Pizarro acquiesced in this proposal, and instructed his envoy to assure the Inca that he was advancing with all convenient speed to meet him. He was to acquaint the monarch with the uniformly considerate conduct of the Spaniards towards his subjects, in their progress through the land, and to assure him that they were now coming in full confidence of finding in him the same amicable feelings towards themselves. The emissary was particularly instructed to observe if the strong passes on the road were defended, or if any preparations of a hostile character were to be discerned. This last intelligence he was to communicate to the general by means of two or three nimble-footed attendants, who were to accompany him on his mission.

Having taken this precaution, the wary commander again resumed his march, and at the end of three days reached the base of the mountain rampart, behind which lay the ancient town of Caxamalca. Before him rose the stupendous Andes, rock piled upon rock,—their skirts below dark with evergreen forests, varied here and there by terraced patches of cultivated garden, with the peasant's cottage clinging to their shaggy sides, and their crests of snow glittering high in the heavens,—presenting altogether such a wild chaos of magnificence and beauty, as no other mountain scenery in the world can show. Across this tremendous rampart,

through a labyrinth of passes, easily capable of defence by a handful of men against an army, the troops were now to march. To the right ran a broad and level road, with its border of friendly shades, and wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast. It was one of the great routes leading to Cuzco, and seemed by its pleasant and easy access to invite the wayworn soldier to choose it in preference to the dangerous mountain defiles. Many were accordingly of opinion that the army should take this course, and abandon the original destination to Caxamalca. But such was not the decision of Pizarro.

The Spaniards had everywhere proclaimed their purpose, he said, to visit the Inca in his camp. This purpose had been communicated to the Inca himself. To take an opposite direction now would only be to draw on them the imputation of cowardice, and to incur Atahualpa's contempt. No alternative remained but to march straight across the sierra to his quarters. "Let every one of you," said the bold cavalier, "take heart and go forward like a good soldier, nothing daunted by the smallness of your numbers. For in the greatest extremity God ever fights for his own; and doubt not he will humble the pride of the heathen, and bring him to the knowledge of the true faith, the great end and object of the Conquest."

Pizarro, like Cortés, possessed a good share of that frank and manly eloquence which touches the heart of the soldier more than the parade of rhetoric or the finest flow of elocution. He was a soldier himself, and partook in all the feelings of the soldier, his joys, his hopes, and his disappointments. He was not raised by rank and education above sympathy with the humblest of his followers. Every chord in their bosoms vibrated with the same pulsations as his own, and the conviction of this gave him a mastery over them. "Lead on," they shouted, as he finished his brief but animating address; "lead on wherever you think best! We will follow with good-will; and you shall see that we can do our duty in the cause of God and the King!" There was no longer hesitation. All thoughts were now bent on the instant passage of the Cordilleras.

CHAPTER III

1532

That night Pizarro held a council of his principal officers, and it was determined that he should lead the advance, consisting of forty horse and sixty foot, and reconnoitre the ground; while the rest of the company, under his brother Hernando, should occupy their present position till they received further orders.

At early dawn the Spanish general and his detachment were under arms, and prepared to breast the difficulties of the sierra. These proved even greater than had been foreseen. The path had been conducted in the most judicious manner round the rugged and precipitous sides of the mountains, so as best to avoid the natural impediments presented by the ground. But it was necessarily so steep in many places, that the cavalry were obliged to dismount, and, scrambling up as they could, to lead their horses by the bridle. In many places, too, where some huge crag or eminence overhung the road, this was driven to the very verge of the precipice; and the traveller was compelled to wind along the narrow ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for his single steed, where a mis-step would precipitate him hundreds, nay, thousands, of feet into the dreadful abyss! The wild passes of the sierra, practicable for the half-naked Indian, and even for the sure and circumspect mule,—an animal that seems to have been created for the roads of the Cordilleras,—were formidable to the man-at-arms, encumbered with his panoply of mail. The tremendous fissures, or *quebradas*, so frightful in this mountain chain, yawned open, as if the Andes had been split asunder by some terrible convulsion, showing a broad expanse of the primitive rock on their sides, partially mantled over with the spontaneous vegetation of ages; while their obscure depths furnished a channel for the torrents, that, rising in the hearts of the sierra, worked their way gradually into light, and spread over the savannas and green valleys of the *tierra caliente* on their way to the great ocean.

Many of these passes afforded obvious points of defence; and the Spaniards, as they entered the rocky defiles, looked with apprehension lest they might rouse some foe from his ambush. This apprehension was heightened, as, at the summit of a steep and narrow gorge, in which they were engaged, they beheld a strong work, rising like a fortress, and frowning, as it were, in gloomy defiance on the invaders. As they drew near this building, which was of solid stone, commanding an angle of the road, they almost expected to see the dusky forms of the warriors rise over the battlements, and to receive their tempest of missiles on their bucklers; for it was in so strong a position, that a few resolute men might easily have held there an army at bay. But they had the satisfaction to find the place untenanted; and their spirits were greatly raised by the conviction that the Indian monarch did not intend to dispute their passage, when it would have been easy to do so with success.

Pizarro now sent orders to his brother to follow without delay; and, after refreshing his men, continued his toilsome ascent, and before nightfall reached an eminence crowned by another fortress, of even greater strength than the preceding. It was built of solid masonry, the lower part excavated from the living rock, and the whole work executed with skill not inferior to that of the European architect.

Here Pizarro took up his quarters for the night. Without waiting for the arrival of the rear, on the following morning he resumed his march, leading still deeper into the intricate gorges of the sierra. The climate had gradually changed, and the men and horses, especially the latter, suffered severely from the cold, so long accustomed as they had been to the sultry climate of the tropics. The vegetation also had changed its character; and the magnificent timber which covered the lower level of the country had gradually given way to the funereal forest of pine, and, as they rose still higher, to the stunted growth of numberless Alpine plants, whose hardy natures found a congenial temperature in the icy atmosphere of the more elevated regions. These dreary solitudes seemed to be nearly abandoned by the brute creation as well as by man. The light-footed vicuña, roaming in its native state, might be sometimes seen looking down from some airy cliff,

where the foot of the hunter dare not venture. But instead of the feathered tribes whose gay plumage sparkled in the deep glooms of the tropical forests, the adventurers now beheld only the great bird of the Andes, the loathsome condor, who, sailing high above the clouds, followed with doleful cries in the track of the army, as if guided by instinct in the path of blood and carnage.

At length they reached the crest of the Cordillera, where it spreads out into a bold and bleak expanse with scarce the vestige of vegetation, except what is afforded by the *pajonal*, a dried yellow grass, which, as it is seen from below, encircling the base of the snow-covered peaks, looks, with its brilliant straw-colour lighted up in the rays of an ardent sun, like a setting of gold round pinnacles of burnished silver. The land was sterile, as usual in mining districts, and they were drawing near the once famous gold quarries on the way to Caxamalca:—

“Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise.”

Here Pizarro halted for the coming up of the rear. The air was sharp and frosty; and the soldiers, spreading their tents, lighted fires, and, huddling round them, endeavoured to find some repose after their laborious march.

They had not been long in these quarters, when a messenger arrived, one of those who had accompanied the Indian envoy sent by Pizarro, to Atahualpa. He informed the general that the road was free from enemies, and that an embassy from the Inca was on its way to the Castilian camp. Pizarro now sent back to quicken the march of the rear, as he was unwilling that the Peruvian envoy should find him with his present diminished numbers. The rest of the army were not far distant, and not long after reached the encampment.

In a short time the Indian embassy also arrived, which consisted of one of the Inca nobles and several attendants, bringing a welcome present of llamas to the Spanish commander. The Peruvian bore, also, the greetings of his master, who wished to know when the Spaniards would arrive at Caxamalca, that he might provide suitable refreshments for them. Pizarro learned that the Inca had

left Guamachucho, and was now lying with a small force in the neighbourhood of Caxamalca, at a place celebrated for its natural springs of warm water. The Peruvian was an intelligent person, and the Spanish commander gathered from him many particulars respecting the late contests which had distracted the empire.

As the envoy vaunted in lofty terms the military prowess and resources of his sovereign, Pizarro thought it politic to show that it had no power to overawe him. He expressed his satisfaction at the triumphs of Atahuallpa, who, he acknowledged, had raised himself high in the rank of Indian warriors. But he was as inferior, he added, with more policy than politeness, to the monarch who ruled over the white men, as the petty curacas of the country were inferior to him. This was evident from the ease with which a few Spaniards had overrun this great continent, subduing one nation after another, that had offered resistance to their arms. He had been led by the fame of Atahuallpa to visit his dominions, and to offer him his services in his wars; and, if he were received by the Inca in the same friendly spirit with which he came, he was willing, for the aid he could render him, to postpone awhile his passage across the country to the opposite seas. The Indian, according to the Castilian accounts, listened with awe to this strain of glorification from the Spanish commander. Yet it is possible that the envoy was a better diplomatist than they imagined; and that he understood it was only the game of brag at which he was playing with his more civilised antagonist.

On the succeeding morning, at an early hour, the troops were again on their march, and for two days were occupied in threading the airy defiles of the Cordilleras. Soon after beginning their descent on the eastern side, another emissary arrived from the Inca, bearing a message of similar import to the preceding, and a present, in like manner, of Peruvian sheep. This was the same noble that had visited Pizarro in the valley. He now came in more state, quaffing *chicha*—the fermented juice of the maize—from golden goblets borne by his attendants, which sparkled in the eyes of the rapacious adventurers.

While he was in the camp, the Indian messenger, originally sent by Pizarro to the Inca, returned, and no sooner did he behold the

Peruvian, and the honourable reception which he met with from the Spaniards, than he was filled with wrath, which would have vented itself in personal violence, but for the interposition of the bystanders. It was hard, he said, that this Peruvian dog should be thus courteously treated, when he himself had nearly lost his life on a similar mission among his countrymen. On reaching the Inca's camp, he had been refused admission to his presence, on the ground that he was keeping a fast, and could not be seen. They had paid no respect to his assertion that he came as an envoy from the white men, and would, probably, not have suffered him to escape with life, if he had not assured them that any violence offered to him would be retaliated in full measure on the persons of the Peruvian envoys, now in the Spanish quarters. There was no doubt, he continued, of the hostile intentions of Atahualpa; for he was surrounded with a powerful army, strongly encamped about a league from Caxamalca, while that city was entirely evacuated by its inhabitants.

To all this the Inca's envoy coolly replied, that Pizarro's messenger might have reckoned on such a reception as he had found, since he seemed to have taken with him no credentials of his mission. As to the Inca's fast, that was true; and, although he would doubtless have seen the messenger, had he known there was one from the strangers, yet it was not safe to disturb him at these solemn seasons, when engaged in his religious duties. The troops by whom he was surrounded were not numerous, considering that the Inca was at that time carrying on an important war; and as to Caxamalca, it was abandoned by the inhabitants in order to make room for the white men, who were so soon to occupy it.

This explanation, however plausible, did not altogether satisfy the general, for he had too deep a conviction of the cunning of Atahualpa, whose intentions towards the Spaniards he had long greatly distrusted. As he proposed, however, to keep on friendly relations with the monarch for the present, it was obviously not his cue to manifest suspicion. Affecting, therefore, to give full credit to the explanation of the envoy, he dismissed him with reiterated assurances of speedily presenting himself before the Inca.

The descent of the sierra, though the Andes are less precipitous on their eastern side than towards the west, was attended with difficulties almost equal to those of the upward march; and the Spaniards felt no little satisfaction when, on the seventh day, they arrived in view of the valley of Caxamalca, which, enamelled with all the beauties of cultivation, lay unrolled like a rich and variegated carpet of verdure in strong contrast with the dark forms of the Andes that rose up everywhere around it. The valley is of an oval shape, extending about five leagues in length by three in breadth. It was inhabited by a population of a superior character to any which the Spaniards had met on the other side of the mountains, as was argued by the superior style of their attire and the greater cleanliness and comfort visible both in their persons and dwellings. As far as the eye could reach, the level tract exhibited the show of a diligent and thrifty husbandry. A broad river rolled through the meadows, supplying facilities for copious irrigation by means of the usual canals and subterraneous aqueducts. The land, intersected with verdant hedge-rows, was chequered with patches of various cultivation; for the soil was rich, and the climate, if less stimulating than that of the sultry regions of the coast, was more favourable to the hardy products of the temperate latitudes. Below the adventurers, with its white houses glittering in the sun, lay the little city of Caxamalca, like a sparkling gem on the dark skirts of the sierra. At the distance of about a league farther across the valley might be seen columns of vapour rising up towards the heavens, indicating the place of the famous hot baths, much frequented by the Peruvian princes. And here too was a spectacle less grateful to the eyes of the Spaniards, for along the slope of the hills a white cloud of pavilions was seen covering the ground as thick as snow-flakes, for the space apparently of several miles. "It filled us all with amazement," exclaims one of the Conquerors, "to behold the Indians occupying so proud a position! So many tents so well appointed as were never seen in the Indies till now. The spectacle caused something like confusion and even fear in the stoutest bosom. But it was too late to turn back or to betray the least sign of weakness, since the natives in our own com-

pany would in such case have been the first to rise upon us. So with as bold a countenance as we could, after coolly surveying the ground, we prepared for our entrance into Caxamalca."

What were the feelings of the Peruvian monarch we are not informed, when he gazed on the martial cavalcade of the Christians, as with banners streaming and bright panoplies glistening in the rays of the evening sun it emerged from the dark depths of the sierra, and advanced in hostile array over the fair domain which, to this period, had never been trodden by other foot than that of the red man. It might be, as several of the reports had stated, that the Inca had purposely decoyed the adventurers into the heart of his populous empire that he might envelope them with his legions, and the more easily become master of their property and persons. Or was it from a natural feeling of curiosity, and relying on their professions of friendship, that he had thus allowed them without any attempt at resistance to come into his presence? At all events, he could hardly have felt such confidence in himself as not to look with apprehension mingled with awe on the mysterious strangers, who, coming from an unknown world and possessed of such wonderful gifts, had made their way across mountain and valley in spite of every obstacle which man and nature had opposed to them.

Pizarro, meanwhile, forming his little corps into three divisions, now moved forward at a more measured pace, and in order of battle, down the slopes that led towards the Indian city. As he drew near, no one came out to welcome him; and he rode through the streets without meeting with a living thing or hearing a sound, except the echoes sent back from the deserted dwellings of the tramp of the soldiery.

It was a place of considerable size, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, somewhat more probably than the population assembled at this day within the walls of the modern city of Caxamalca. The houses for the most part were built of clay hardened in the sun, the roofs thatched or of timber. Some of the more ambitious dwellings were of hewn stone; and there was a convent in the place occupied by the Virgins of the Sun, and a temple dedicated to the same tutelar deity, which last was hidden in the deep

embowering shades of a grove on the skirts of the city. On the quarter towards the Indian camp was a square—if square it might be called which was almost triangular in form—of an immense size, surrounded by low buildings. These consisted of capacious halls, with wide doors or openings communicating with the square. They were probably intended as a sort of barracks for the Inca's soldiers. At the end of the *plaza*, looking towards the country, was a fortress of stone, with a stairway leading from the city and a private entrance from the adjoining suburbs. There was still another fortress on the rising ground which commanded the town built of hewn stone, and encompassed by three circular walls, or rather one and the same wall, which wound up spirally around it. It was a place of great strength, and the workmanship showed a better knowledge of masonry, and gave a higher impression of the architectural science of the people, than anything the Spaniards had yet seen.

It was late in the afternoon of the 15th of November, 1532, when the Conquerors entered the city of Caxamalca. The weather, which had been fair during the day, now threatened a storm, and some rain mingled with hail—for it was unusually cold—began to fall. Pizarro, however, was so anxious to ascertain the dispositions of the Inca, that he determined to send an embassy, at once, to his quarters. He selected for this, Hernando de Soto with fifteen horse, and, after his departure, conceiving that the number was too small, in case of any unfriendly demonstrations by the Indians, he ordered his brother Hernando to follow with twenty additional troopers. This captain and one other of his party have left us an account of the excursion.

Between the city and the imperial camp was a causeway, built in a substantial manner across the meadow land that intervened. Over this the cavalry galloped at a rapid pace, and, before they had gone a league, they came in front of the Peruvian encampment, where it spread along the gentle slope of the mountains. The lances of the warriors were fixed in the ground before their tents, and the Indian soldiers were loitering without, gazing with silent astonishment at the Christian cavalcade, as with clangour of arms and shrill blast of trumpet it swept by, like some fearful apparition, on the wings of the wind.

The party soon came to a broad but shallow stream, which, winding through the meadow, formed a defence for the Inca's position. Across it was a wooden bridge; but the cavaliers, distrusting its strength, preferred to dash through the waters, and without difficulty gained the opposite bank. A battalion of Indian warriors was drawn up under arms on the farther side of the bridge, but they offered no molestation to the Spaniards; and these latter had strict orders from Pizarro—scarcely necessary in their present circumstances—to treat the natives with courtesy. One of the Indians pointed out the quarter occupied by the Inca.

It was an open court-yard, with a light building or pleasure house in the centre, having galleries running around it, and opening in the rear on a garden. The walls were covered with a shining plaster, both white and coloured, and in the area before the edifice was seen a spacious tank or reservoir of stone, fed by aqueducts that supplied it with both warm and cold water. A basin of hewn stone—it may be of a more recent construction—still bears, on the spot, the name of the "Inca's bath." The court was filled with Indian nobles, dressed in gaily ornamented attire, in attendance on the monarch, and with women of the royal household. Amidst this assembly it was not difficult to distinguish the person of Atahualpa, though his dress was simpler than that of his attendants. But he wore on his head the crimson *borla* or fringe, which, surrounding the forehead, hung down as low as the eyebrow. This was the well-known badge of Peruvian sovereignty, and had been assumed by the monarch only since the defeat of his brother Huascar. He was seated on a low stool or cushion, somewhat after the Morisco or Turkish fashion, and his nobles and principal officers stood around him, with great ceremony, holding the stations suited to their rank.

The Spaniards gazed with much interest on the prince, of whose cruelty and cunning they had heard so much, and whose valour had secured to him the possession of the empire. But his countenance exhibited neither the fierce passions nor the sagacity which had been ascribed to him; and, though in his bearing he showed a gravity and a calm consciousness of authority well becoming a king, he seemed to discharge all expression from his features, and

to discover only the apathy so characteristic of the American races. On the present occasion, this must have been in part, at least, assumed. For it is impossible that the Indian prince should not have contemplated with curious interest a spectacle so strange, and, in some respects, appalling, as that of these mysterious strangers, for which no previous description could have prepared him.

Hernando Pizarro and Soto, with two or three only of their followers, slowly rode up in front of the Inca; and the former, making a respectful obeisance, but without dismounting, informed Atahualpa that he came as an ambassador from his brother, the commander of the white men, to acquaint the monarch with their arrival in his city of Caxamalca. They were the subjects of a mighty prince across the waters, and had come, he said, drawn thither by the report of his great victories, to offer their services, and to impart to him the doctrines of the true faith which they professed; and he brought an invitation from the general to Atahualpa that the latter would be pleased to visit the Spaniards in their present quarters.

To all this the Inca answered not a word; nor did he make even a sign of acknowledgment that he comprehended it; though it was translated for him by Felipillo, one of the interpreters already noticed. He remained silent, with his eyes fastened on the ground; but one of his nobles, standing by his side, answered, "It is well." This was an embarrassing situation for the Spaniards, who seemed to be as wide from ascertaining the real disposition of the Peruvian monarch towards themselves, as when the mountains were between them.

In a courteous and respectful manner, Hernando Pizarro again broke silence by requesting the Inca to speak to them himself, and to inform them what was his pleasure. To this Atahualpa condescended to reply, while a faint smile passed over his features,— "Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast, which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him with my chieftains. In the meantime, let him occupy the public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done."

Soto, one of the party present at this interview, as before noticed, was the best mounted and perhaps the best rider in Pizarro's

troop. Observing that Atahualpa looked with some interest on the fiery steed that stood before him, champing the bit and pawing the ground with the natural impatience of a war-horse, the Spaniard gave him the rein, and striking his iron heel into his side, dashed furiously over the plain; then, wheeling him round and round, displayed all the beautiful movements of his charger, and his own excellent horsemanship. Suddenly checking him in full career, he brought the animal almost on his haunches, so near the person of the Inca, that some of the foam that flecked his horse's sides was thrown on the royal garments. But Atahualpa maintained the same marble composure as before, though several of his soldiers, whom De Soto passed in the course, were so much disconcerted by it, that they drew back in manifest terror: an act of timidity for which they paid dearly, *if*, as the Spaniards assert, Atahualpa caused them to be put to death that same evening for betraying such unworthy weakness to the strangers.

Refreshments were now offered by the royal attendants to the Spaniards, which they declined, being unwilling to dismount. They did not refuse, however, to quaff the sparkling chicha from golden vases of extraordinary size, presented to them by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem. Taking then a respectful leave of the Inca, the cavaliers rode back to Caxamalca, with many moody speculations on what they had seen; on the state and opulence of the Indian monarch; on the strength of his military array, their excellent appointments, and the apparent discipline in their ranks, —all arguing a much higher degree of civilisation, and consequently of power, than anything they had witnessed in the lower regions of the country. As they contrasted all this with their own diminutive force, too far advanced, as they now were, for succour to reach them, they felt they had done rashly in throwing themselves into the midst of so formidable an empire, and were filled with gloomy forebodings of the result. Their comrades in the camp soon caught the infectious spirit of despondency, which was not lessened as night came on, and they beheld the watch-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the sides of the mountains, and glittering in the darkness, “as thick,” says one who saw them, “as the stars of heaven.”

Yet there was one bosom in that little host which was not touched with the feeling either of fear or dejection. That was Pizarro's, who secretly rejoiced that he had now brought matters to the issue for which he had so long panted. He saw the necessity of kindling a similar feeling in his followers, or all would be lost. Without unfolding his plans, he went round among his men, beseeching them not to show faint hearts at this crisis, when they stood face to face with the foe whom they had been so long seeking. "They were to rely on themselves, and on that Providence which had carried them safe through so many fearful trials. It would not now desert them; and if numbers, however great, were on the side of their enemy, it mattered little when the arm of heaven was on theirs." The Spanish cavalier acted under the combined influence of chivalrous adventure and religious zeal. The latter was the most effective in the hour of peril; and Pizarro, who understood well the characters he had to deal with, by presenting the enterprise as a crusade, kindled the dying embers of enthusiasm in the bosoms of his followers, and restored their faltering courage.

He then summoned a council of his officers to consider the plan of operations, or rather to propose to them the extraordinary plan on which he had himself decided. This was to lay an ambuscade for the Inca, and take him prisoner in the face of his whole army! It was a project full of peril, bordering, as it might well seem, on desperation. But the circumstances of the Spaniards were desperate. Whichever way they turned, they were menaced by the most appalling dangers; and better was it bravely to confront the danger, than weakly to shrink from it, when there was no avenue for escape.

To fly was now too late. Whither could they fly? At the first signal of retreat, the whole army of the Inca would be upon them. Their movements would be anticipated by a foe far better acquainted with the intricacies of the sierra than themselves; the passes would be occupied, and they would be hemmed in on all sides; while the mere fact of this retrograde movement would diminish the confidence, and with it the effective strength of his own men, while it doubled that of his enemy.

Yet to remain long inactive in his present position seemed almost equally perilous. Even supposing that Atahualpa should entertain friendly feelings towards the Christians, they could not confide in the continuance of such feelings. Familiarity with the white men would soon destroy the idea of anything supernatural, or even superior, in their natures. He would feel contempt for their diminutive numbers. Their horses, their arms, and showy appointments, would be an attractive bait in the eye of the barbaric monarch, and when conscious that he had the power to crush their possessors, he would not be slow in finding a pretext for it. A sufficient one had already occurred in the high-handed measures of the Conquerors, on their march through his dominions.

But what reason had they to flatter themselves that the Inca cherished such a disposition towards them? He was a crafty and unscrupulous prince, and, if the accounts they had repeatedly received on their march were true, had ever regarded the coming of the Spaniards with an evil eye. It was scarcely possible he should do otherwise. His soft messages had only been intended to decoy them across the mountains, where, with the aid of his warriors, he might overpower them. They were entangled in the toils which the cunning monarch had spread for them.

Their only remedy, then, was to turn the Inca's arts against himself; to take him, if possible, in his own snare. There was no time to be lost; for any day might bring back the victorious legions who had recently won his battles at the south, and thus make the odds against the Spaniards far greater than now.

Yet to encounter Atahualpa in the open field would be attended with great hazard; and even if victorious, there would be little probability that the person of the Inca, of so much importance, would fall into the hands of the victors. The invitation he had so unsuspectingly accepted, to visit them in their quarters, afforded the best means for securing this desirable prize. Nor was the enterprise so desperate, considering the great advantages afforded by the character and weapons of the invaders, and the unexpectedness of the assault. The mere circumstance of acting on a concerted plan would alone make a small number more than a

match for a much larger one. But it was not necessary to admit the whole of the Indian force into the city before the attack; and the person of the Inca once secured, his followers, astounded by so strange an event, were they few or many, would have no heart for further resistance;—and with the Inca once in his power, Pizarro might dictate laws to the empire.

In this daring project of the Spanish chief, it was easy to see that he had the brilliant exploit of Cortés in his mind, when he carried off the Aztec monarch in his capital. But that was not by violence, —at least not by open violence,—and it received the sanction, compulsory though it were, of the monarch himself. It was also true that the results in that case did not altogether justify a repetition of the experiment; since the people rose in a body to sacrifice both the prince and his kidnappers. Yet this was owing, in part, at least, to the indiscretion of the latter. The experiment in the outset was perfectly successful; and could Pizarro once become master of the person of Atahualpa, he trusted to his own discretion for the rest. It would, at least, extricate him from his present critical position, by placing in his power an inestimable guarantee for his safety; and if he could not make his own terms with the Inca at once, the arrival of reinforcements from home would, in all probability, soon enable him to do so.

Pizarro having concerted his plans for the following day, the council broke up, and the chief occupied himself with providing for the security of the camp during the night. The approaches to the town were defended; sentinels were posted at different points, especially on the summit of the fortress, where they were to observe the position of the enemy, and to report any movement that menaced the tranquillity of the night. After these precautions, the Spanish commander and his followers withdrew to their appointed quarters,—but not to sleep. At least, sleep must have come late to those who were aware of the decisive plan for the morrow; that morrow which was to be the crisis of their fate,—to crown their ambitious schemes with full success, or consign them to irretrievable ruin!

CHAPTER IV

1532

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order; and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was

performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition: the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "*Exsurge Domine*," ("Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause"). One might have supposed them a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross, and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction, that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or, perhaps, disclose, in some measure his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca, that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on

their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose; and adding, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "the House of the Serpent."—No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality, and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much

richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for

salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—“my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.”

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, staid only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are

filling with Indians! Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some au-

thorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields

took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Pizarro's secretary says two thousand natives fell. A descendant of the Incas, a safer authority than Garcilasso—swells the number to ten thousand. Truth is generally found somewhere between the extremes. The slaughter was incessant, for there was nothing to check it. That there should have been no resistance will not appear strange, when we consider the fact that the wretched victims were without arms, and that their senses must have been completely overwhelmed by the strange and appalling spectacle which burst on them so unexpectedly. "What wonder was it," said an ancient Inca to a Spaniard, who repeats it, "what wonder that our countrymen lost their wits, seeing blood run like water, and the Inca, whose person we all of us adore, seized and carried off by a handful of men?" Yet though the massacre was incessant, it was short in duration. The whole time consumed by it, the brief twilight of the tropics, did not exceed half an hour; a short period indeed,—yet long enough to decide the fate of Peru, and to subvert the dynasty of the Incas.

That night Pizarro kept his engagement with the Inca, since he had Atahualpa to sup with him. The banquet was served in one of the halls facing the great square, which a few hours before had been the scene of slaughter, and the pavement of which was still encumbered with the dead bodies of the Inca's subjects. The captive monarch was placed next his conqueror. He seemed like one who did not yet fully comprehend the extent of his calamity. If he did, he showed an amazing fortitude. "It is the fortune of war," he said; and, if we may credit the Spaniards, he expressed his admiration of the adroitness with which they had contrived to entrap him in the midst of his own troops. He added, that he had been made acquainted with the progress of the white men from the hour of their landing; but that he had been led to undervalue

their strength from the insignificance of their numbers. He had no doubt he should be easily able to overpower them on their arrival at Caxamalca, by his superior strength; and, as he wished to see for himself what manner of men they were, he had suffered them to cross the mountains, meaning to select such as he chose for his own service, and getting possession of their wonderful arms and horses, put the rest to death.

That such may have been Atahualpa's purpose is not improbable. It explains his conduct in not occupying the mountain passes, which afforded such strong points of defence against invasion. But that a prince so astute, as by the general testimony of the Conquerors he is represented to have been, should have made so impolitic a disclosure of his hidden motives, is not so probable. The intercourse with the Inca was carried on chiefly by means of the interpreter Felipillo, or *little Philip*, as he was called from his assumed Christian name,—a malicious youth, as it appears, who bore no good will to Atahualpa, and whose interpretations were readily admitted by the Conquerors, eager to find some pretext for their bloody reprisals.

Atahualpa, as elsewhere noticed, was, at this time, about thirty years of age. He was well made, and more robust than usual with his countrymen. His head was large, and his countenance might have been called handsome, but that his eyes, which were blood-shot, gave a fierce expression to his features. He was deliberate in speech, grave in manner, and towards his own people stern even to severity; though with the Spaniards he showed himself affable, sometimes even indulging in sallies of mirth.

Pizarro paid every attention to his royal captive, and endeavoured to lighten, if he could not dispel, the gloom which, in spite of his assumed equanimity, hung over the monarch's brow. He besought him not to be cast down by his reverses, for his lot had only been that of every prince who had resisted the white men. They had come into the country to proclaim the Gospel, the religion of Jesus Christ, and it was no wonder they had prevailed, when his shield was over them. Heaven had permitted that Atahualpa's pride should be humbled, because of his hostile intentions towards the Spaniards, and the insults he had offered to the

sacred volume. But he bade the Inca take courage and confide in him, for the Spaniards were a generous race, warring only against those who made war on them, and showing grace to all who submitted!—Atahualpa may have thought the massacre of that day an indifferent commentary on this vaunted lenity.

Before retiring for the night, Pizarro briefly addressed his troops on their present situation. When he had ascertained that not a man was wounded, he bade them offer up thanksgiving to Providence for so great a miracle; without its care they could never have prevailed so easily over the host of their enemies; and he trusted their lives had been reserved for still greater things. But if they would succeed, they had much to do for themselves. They were in the heart of a powerful kingdom, encompassed by foes deeply attached to their own sovereign. They must be ever on their guard, therefore, and be prepared at any hour to be roused from their slumbers by the call of the trumpet. Having then posted his sentinels, placed a strong guard over the apartment of Atahualpa, and taken all the precautions of a careful commander, Pizarro withdrew to repose; and, if he could really feel, that, in the bloody scenes of the past day, he had been fighting only the good fight of the Cross, he doubtless slept sounder than on the night preceding the seizure of the Inca.

On the following morning the first commands of the Spanish chief were to have the city cleansed of its impurities: and the prisoners, of whom there were many in the camp, were employed to remove the dead, and give them decent burial. His next care was to despatch a body of about thirty horse to the quarters lately occupied by Atahualpa at the baths, to take possession of the spoil, and disperse the remnant of the Peruvian forces which still hung about the place.

Before noon, the party which he had detached on this service returned with a large troop of Indians, men and women, among the latter of whom were many of the wives and attendants of the Inca. The Spaniards had met with no resistance, since the Peruvian warriors, though so superior in number, excellent in appointments, and consisting mostly of able-bodied young men,—for the greater part of the veteran forces were with the Inca's generals at the south,

—lost all heart from the moment of their sovereign's captivity. There was no leader to take his place; for they recognised no authority but that of the Child of the Sun, and they seemed to be held by a sort of invisible charm near the place of his confinement, while they gazed with superstitious awe on the white men, who could achieve so audacious an enterprise.

The number of Indian prisoners was so great, that some of the Conquerors were for putting them all to death, or at least, cutting off their hands, to disable them from acts of violence, and to strike terror into their countrymen. The proposition, doubtless, came from the lowest and most ferocious of the soldiery. But that it should have been made at all, shows what materials entered into the composition of Pizarro's company. The chief rejected it at once, as no less impolitic than inhuman, and dismissed the Indians to their several homes, with the assurance that none should be harmed who did not offer resistance to the white men. A sufficient number, however, was retained to wait on the Conquerors, who were so well provided, in this respect, that the most common soldier was attended by a retinue of menials that would have better suited the establishment of a noble.

The Spaniards had found immense droves of llamas under the care of their shepherds in the neighbourhood of the baths, destined for the consumption of the Court. Many of them were now suffered to roam abroad among their native mountains; though Pizarro caused a considerable number to be reserved for the use of the army. And this was no small quantity, if, as one of the Conquerors says, a hundred and fifty of the Peruvian sheep were frequently slaughtered in a day. Indeed, the Spaniards were so improvident in their destruction of these animals, that, in a few years, the superb flocks, nurtured with so much care by the Peruvian government, had almost disappeared from the land.

The party sent to pillage the Inca's pleasure-house brought back a rich booty in gold and silver, consisting chiefly of plate for the royal table, which greatly astonished the Spaniards by its size and weight. These, as well as some large emeralds obtained there, together with the precious spoils found on the bodies of the Indian nobles who had perished in the massacre, were placed in safe cus-

today, to be hereafter divided. In the city of Caxamalca, the troops also found magazines stored with goods, both cotton and woollen, far superior to any they had seen, for fineness of texture, and the skill with which the various colours were blended. They were piled from the floors to the very roofs of the buildings, and in such quantity, that after every soldier had provided himself with what he desired, it made no sensible diminution of the whole amount.

Pizarro would now gladly have directed his march on the Peruvian capital. But the distance was great, and his force was small. This must have been still further crippled by the guard required for the Inca, and the chief feared to involve himself deeper in a hostile empire so populous and powerful, with a prize so precious in his keeping. With much anxiety, therefore, he looked for reinforcements from the colonies; and he despatched a courier to San Miguel, to inform the Spaniards there of his recent successes, and to ascertain if there had been any arrival from Panamá. Meanwhile he employed his men in making Caxamalca a more suitable residence for a Christian host, by erecting a church, or, perhaps, appropriating some Indian edifice to this use, in which mass was regularly performed by the Dominican fathers, with great solemnity. The dilapidated walls of the city were also restored in a more substantial manner than before, and every vestige was soon effaced of the hurricane that had so recently swept over it.

It was not long before Atahualpa discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in most of their bosoms than either religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his own freedom. The critical posture of his affairs made it important that this should not be long delayed. His brother Huascar, ever since his defeat, had been detained as a prisoner, subject to the victor's orders. He was now at Andamarca, at no great distance from Caxamalca, and Atahualpa feared, with good reason, that, when his own imprisonment was known, Huascar would find it easy to corrupt his guards, make his escape, and put himself at the head of the contested empire, without a rival to dispute it.

In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose by appealing to the

avarice of his keepers, he one day told Pizarro, that, if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and, as the Inca received no answer, he said, with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahualpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the Inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect, at once, all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahualpa's offer, and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of small dimensions twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish all this.

No sooner was this arrangement made, than the Inca despatched couriers to Cuzco and the other principal places in the kingdom, with orders that the gold ornaments and utensils should be removed from the royal palaces, and from the temples and other public buildings, and transported without loss of time to Caxamalca. Meanwhile he continued to live in the Spanish quarters,

treated with the respect due to his rank, and enjoying all the freedom that was compatible with the security of his person. Though not permitted to go abroad, his limbs were unshackled, and he had the range of his own apartments under the jealous *surveillance* of a guard, who knew too well the value of the royal captive to be remiss. He was allowed the society of his favourite wives, and Pizarro took care that his domestic privacy should not be violated. His subjects had free access to their sovereign, and every day he received visits from the Indian nobles, who came to bring presents, and offer condolence to their unfortunate master. On such occasions, the most potent of these great vassals never ventured into his presence, without first stripping off their sandals, and bearing a load on their backs in token of reverence. The Spaniards gazed with curious eyes on these acts of homage, or rather of slavish submission, on the one side, and on the air of perfect indifference with which they were received, as a matter of course, on the other; and they conceived high ideas of the character of a prince who, even in his present helpless condition, could inspire such feelings of awe in his subjects. The royal levee was so well attended, and such devotion was shown by his vassals to the captive monarch, as did not fail, in the end, to excite some feelings of distrust in his keepers.

Pizarro did not neglect the opportunity afforded him of communicating the truths of revelation to his prisoner, and both he and his chaplain, Father Valverde, laboured in the same good work. Atahualpa listened with composure and apparent attention. But nothing seemed to move him so much as the argument with which the military polemic closed his discourse,—that it could not be the true God whom Atahualpa worshipped, since he had suffered him to fall into the hands of his enemies. The unhappy monarch assented to the force of this, acknowledging that his Deity had indeed deserted him in his utmost need.

Yet his conduct towards his brother Huascar, at this time, too clearly proves that, whatever respect he may have shown for the teachers, the doctrines of Christianity had made little impression on his heart. No sooner had Huascar been informed of the capture of his rival, and of the large ransom he had offered for his deliver-

ance, than, as the latter had foreseen, he made every effort to regain his liberty, and sent or attempted to send, a message to the Spanish commander, that he would pay a much larger ransom than that promised by Atahualpa, who, never having dwelt in Cuzco, was ignorant of the quantity of treasure there, and where it was deposited.

Intelligence of all this was secretly communicated to Atahualpa by the persons who had his brother in charge; and his jealousy thus roused, was further heightened by Pizarro's declaration, that he intended to have Huascar brought to Caxamalca, where he would himself examine into the controversy, and determine which of the two had best title to the sceptre of the Incas. Pizarro perceived from the first the advantages of a competition which would enable him, by throwing his sword into the scale he preferred, to give it a preponderance. The party who held the sceptre by his nomination would henceforth be a tool in his hands, with which to work his pleasure more effectually than he could well do in his own name. It was the game, as every reader knows, played by Edward I. in the affairs of Scotland, and by many a monarch both before and since,—and though their examples may not have been familiar to the unlettered soldier, Pizarro was too quick in his perceptions to require, in this matter at least, the teachings of history.

Atahualpa was much alarmed by the Spanish commander's determination to have the suit between the rival candidates brought before him; for he feared that, independently of the merits of the case, the decision would be likely to go in favour of Huascar, whose mild and ductile temper would make him a convenient instrument in the hands of his conquerors. Without further hesitation he determined to remove this cause of jealousy for ever, by the death of his brother.

His orders were immediately executed, and the unhappy prince was drowned, as was commonly reported, in the river of Andamarca, declaring with his dying breath that the white men would avenge his murder, and that his rival would not long survive him.—Thus perished the unfortunate Huascar, the legitimate heir of the throne of the Incas, in the very morning of life, and the commencement of his reign; a reign, however, which had been long

enough to call forth the display of many excellent and amiable qualities, though his nature was too gentle to cope with the bold and fiercer temper of his brother. Such is the portrait we have of him from the Indian and Castilian chroniclers, though the former, it should be added, were the kinsmen of Huascar, and the latter certainly bore no good-will to Atahuallpa.

The prince received the tidings of Huascar's death with every mark of surprise and indignation. He immediately sent for Pizarro, and communicated the event to him with expressions of the deepest sorrow. The Spanish commander refused, at first, to credit the unwelcome news, and bluntly told the Inca that his brother could not be dead, and that he should be answerable for his life. To this Atahuallpa replied by renewed assurances of the fact, adding that the deed had been perpetrated, without his privity, by Huascar's keepers, fearful that he might take advantage of the troubles of the country to make his escape. Pizarro, on making further inquiries, found that the report of his death was but too true. That it should have been brought about by Atahuallpa's officers, without his express command, would only show that, by so doing, they had probably anticipated their master's wishes. The crime, which assumes in our eyes a deeper dye from the relation of the parties, had not the same estimation among the Incas, in whose multitudinous families the bonds of brotherhood must have sat loosely,—much too loosely to restrain the arm of the despot from sweeping away any obstacle that lay in his path.

CHAPTER V

1533

Several weeks had now passed since Atahuallpa's emissaries had been despatched for the gold and silver that were to furnish his ransom to the Spaniards. But the distances were great, and the returns came in slowly: they consisted for the most part of massive pieces of plate, some of which weighed two or three *arrobas*,—a Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds. On some days articles of the value of thirty or forty thousand *pesos de oro* were brought in,

and occasionally of the value of fifty or even sixty thousand *pesos*. The greedy eyes of the Conquerors gloated on the shining heaps of treasure, which were transported on the shoulders of the Indian porters; and, after being carefully registered, were placed in a safe deposit under a strong guard. They now began to believe that the magnificent promises of the Inca would be fulfilled; but as their avarice was sharpened by the ravishing display of wealth, such as they had hardly dared to imagine, they became more craving and impatient. They made no allowance for the distance and the difficulties of the way, and loudly inveighed against the tardiness with which the royal commands were executed. They even suspected Atahualpa of devising this scheme only to gain a pretext for communicating with his subjects in distant places, and of proceeding as dilatorily as possible in order to secure time for the execution of his plans. Rumours of a rising among the Peruvians were circulated, and the Spaniards were in apprehension of some general and sudden assault on their quarters. Their new acquisitions gave them additional cause for solicitude: like a miser, they trembled in the midst of their treasures.

Pizarro reported to his captive the rumours that were in circulation among the soldiers, naming as one of the places pointed out for the rendezvous of the Indians the neighbouring city of Guamachucho. Atahualpa listened with undisguised astonishment, and indignantly repelled the charge as false from beginning to end. "No one of my subjects," said he, "would dare to appear in arms, or to raise his finger, without my orders. You have me," he continued, "in your power. Is not my life at your disposal? and what better security can you have for my fidelity?" He then represented to the Spanish commander that the distances of many of the places were very great; that to Cuzco, the capital, although a message might be sent by post through a succession of couriers in five days from Caxamalca, it would require weeks for a porter to travel over the same ground with a heavy load on his back. "But, that you may be satisfied I am proceeding in good faith," he added, "I desire you will send some of your own people to Cuzco. I will give them a safe-conduct; and, when there, they can superintend the execution of the commission, and see with their own eyes that no

hostile movements are intended." It was a fair offer; and Pizarro, anxious to get more precise and authentic information of the state of the country, gladly availed himself of it.

Before the departure of these emissaries, the general had despatched his brother Hernando, with about twenty horse and a small body of infantry, to the neighbouring town of Guamachucho, in order to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain if there was any truth in the report of an armed force having assembled there. Hernando found everything quiet, and met with a kind reception from the natives; but, before leaving the place, he received further orders from his brother to continue his march to Pachacamac, a town situated on the coast, at least a hundred leagues distant from Caxamalca. It was consecrated as the seat of the great temple of the deity of that name, whom the Peruvians worshipped as the Creator of the world. It is said that they found there altars raised to this god, on their first occupation of the country; and, such was the veneration in which he was held by the natives, that the Incas, instead of attempting to abolish his worship, deemed it more prudent to sanction it conjointly with that of their own deity, the Sun. Side by side the two temples rose on the heights that overlooked the city of Pachacamac, and prospered in the offerings of their respective votaries. "It was a cunning arrangement," says an ancient writer, "by which the great enemy of man secured to himself a double harvest of souls."

But the temple of Pachacamac continued to maintain its ascendancy; and the oracles, delivered from its dark and mysterious shrine, were held in no less repute among the natives of *Tavantisuyu*, (or, "the four quarters of the world," as Peru under the Incas was called,) than the oracles of Delphi obtained among the Greeks. Pilgrimages were made to the hallowed spot from the most distant regions, and the city of Pachacamac became among the Peruvians what Mecca was among the Mahometans, or Cholula with the people of Anahuac. The shrine of the deity, enriched by the tributes of the pilgrims, gradually became one of the most opulent in the land: and Atahualpa, anxious to collect his ransom as speedily as possible, urged Pizarro to send a detachment in

that direction, to secure the treasures before they could be secreted by the priests of the temple.

It was a journey of considerable difficulty. Two-thirds of the route lay along the table-land of the Cordilleras, intersected occasionally by crests of the mountain range, that imposed no slight impediment to their progress. Fortunately, much of the way they had the benefit of the great road to Cuzco, and "nothing in Christendom," exclaims Hernando Pizarro, "equals the magnificence of this road across the sierra." In some places, the rocky ridges were so precipitous, that steps were cut in them for the travellers; and though the sides were protected by heavy stone balustrades or parapets, it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses were enabled to scale them. The road was frequently crossed by streams, over which bridges of wood and sometimes of stone were thrown; though occasionally, along the declivities of the mountains, the waters swept down in such furious torrents, that the only method of passing them was by the swinging bridges of osier, of which, till now, the Spaniards had had little experience. They were secured on either bank to heavy buttresses of stone. But, as they were originally designed for nothing heavier than the foot-passenger and the llama, and as they had something exceedingly fragile in their appearance, the Spaniards hesitated to venture on them with their horses. Experience, however, soon showed they were capable of bearing a much greater weight; and though the traveller, made giddy by the vibration of the long avenue, looked with a reeling brain into the torrent that was tumbling at the depth of a hundred feet or more below him, the whole of the cavalry effected their passage without an accident. At these bridges, it may be remarked, they found persons stationed, whose business it was to collect toll for the government from all travellers.

The Spaniards were amazed by the number as well as magnitude of the flocks of llamas which they saw browsing on the stunted herbage that grows in the elevated regions of the Andes. Sometimes they were gathered in enclosures, but more usually were roaming at large under the conduct of their Indian shepherds; and the Conquerors now learned for the first time that these ani-

imals were tended with as much care, and their migrations as nicely regulated, as those of the vast flocks of merinos in their own country.

The table-land and its declivities were thickly sprinkled with hamlets and towns, some of them of considerable size; and the country in every direction bore the marks of a thrifty husbandry. Fields of Indian corn were to be seen in all its different stages, from the green and tender ear to the yellow ripeness of harvest time. As they descended into the valleys and deep ravines that divided the crests of the Cordilleras, they were surrounded by the vegetation of a warmer climate, which delighted the eye with the gay livery of a thousand bright colours, and intoxicated the senses with its perfumes. Everywhere the natural capacities of the soil were stimulated by a minute system of irrigation, which drew the fertilizing moisture from every stream and rivulet that rolled down the declivities of the Andes; while the terraced sides of the mountains were clothed with gardens and orchards that teemed with fruits of various latitudes. The Spaniards could not sufficiently admire the industry with which the natives had availed themselves of the bounty of Nature, or had supplied the deficiency where she had dealt with a more parsimonious hand.

Whether from the commands of the Inca, or from the awe which their achievements had spread throughout the land, the Conquerors were received in every place through which they passed with hospitable kindness. Lodgings were provided for them, with ample refreshments from the well-stored magazines, distributed at intervals along the route. In many of the towns the inhabitants came out to welcome them with singing and dancing: and when they resumed their march, a number of able-bodied porters were furnished to carry forward their baggage.

At length, after some weeks of travel, severe even with all these appliances, Hernando Pizarro arrived before the city of Pachacamac. It was a place of considerable population, and the edifices were, many of them, substantially built. The temple of the tutelary deity consisted of a vast stone building, or rather pile of buildings, which, clustering around a conical hill, had the air of a fortress rather than a religious establishment. But though the walls were of stone, the roof was composed of a light thatch, as usual in coun-

tries where rain seldom or never falls, and where defence consequently is wanted chiefly against the rays of the sun.

Presenting himself at the lower entrance of the temple, Hernando Pizarro was refused admittance by the guardians of the portal; but, exclaiming that "he had come too far to be stayed by the arm of an Indian priest," he forced his way into the passage, and, followed by his men, wound up in the gallery which led to an area on the summit of the mount, at one end of which stood a sort of chapel. This was the sanctuary of the dread deity. The door was garnished with ornaments of crystal, and with turquoises and bits of coral. Here again the Indians would have dissuaded Pizarro from violating the consecrated precincts; when at that moment the shock of an earthquake, that made the ancient walls tremble to their foundation, so alarmed the natives, both those of Pizarro's own company and the people of the place, that they fled in dismay, nothing doubting that their incensed deity would bury the invaders under the ruins, or consume them with his lightnings. But no such terror found its way into the breasts of the Conquerors, who felt that here at least they were fighting the good fight of the Faith.

Tearing open the door, Pizarro and his party entered; but, instead of a hall blazing as they had fondly imagined with gold and precious stones, offerings of the worshippers of Pachacamac, they found themselves in a small and obscure apartment, or rather den, from the floor and sides of which steamed up the most offensive odours, like those of a slaughter-house. It was the place of sacrifice. A few pieces of gold and some emeralds were discovered on the ground; and, as their eyes became accommodated to the darkness, they discerned in the most retired corner of the room the figure of the deity. It was an uncouth monster, made of wood, with the head resembling that of a man. This was the god, through whose lips Satan had breathed forth the far-famed oracles which had deluded his Indian votaries!

Tearing the idol from its recess, the indignant Spaniards dragged it into the open air, and there broke it into a hundred fragments. The place was then purified, and a large cross, made of stone and plaster, was erected on the spot. In a few years the walls of the

temple were pulled down by the Spanish settlers, who found there a convenient quarry for their own edifices. But the cross still remained, spreading its broad arms over the ruins. It stood where it was planted, in the very heart of the stronghold of Heathendom; and, while all was in ruins around it, it proclaimed the permanent triumphs of the Faith.

The simple natives, finding that Heaven had no bolts in store for the Conquerors, and that their god had no power to prevent the profanation of his shrine, came in gradually and tendered their homage to the strangers, whom they now regarded with feelings of superstitious awe. Pizarro profited by this temper to wean them, if possible, from their idolatry; and though no preacher himself, as he tells us, he delivered a discourse, as edifying doubtless as could be expected from the mouth of a soldier; and, in conclusion, he taught them the sign of the cross, as an inestimable talisman to secure them against the future machinations of the devil.

But the Spanish commander was not so absorbed in his spiritual labours as not to have an eye to those temporal concerns for which he came into this quarter. He now found to his chagrin that he had come somewhat too late, and that the priests of Pachacamac, being advised of his mission, had secured much the greater part of the gold, and decamped with it before his arrival. A quantity was afterwards discovered buried in the grounds adjoining. Still the amount obtained was considerable, falling little short of eighty thousand castellanos, a sum which once would have been deemed a compensation for greater fatigues than they had encountered. But the Spaniards had become familiar with gold; and their imaginations, kindled by the romantic adventures in which they had of late been engaged, indulged in visions which all the gold of Peru would scarcely have realised.

One prize, however, Hernando obtained by his expedition, which went far to console him for the loss of his treasure. While at Pachacamac, he learned that the Indian commander Chalcuchima lay with a large force in the neighbourhood of Xauxa, a town of some strength, at a considerable distance among the mountains. This man, who was nearly related to Atahualpa, was his most experienced general, and, together with Quizquiz, now at Cuzco, had

achieved those victories at the south which placed the Inca on the throne. From his birth, his talents, and his large experience, he was accounted second to no subject in the kingdom. Pizarro was aware of the importance of securing his person. Finding that the Indian noble declined to meet him on his return, he determined to march at once on Xauxa and take the chief in his own quarters. Such a scheme, considering the enormous disparity of numbers, might seem desperate even for Spaniards; but success had given them such confidence that they hardly condescended to calculate chances.

The road across the mountains presented greater difficulties than those on the former march. To add to the troubles of the cavalry, the shoes of their horses were worn out, and their hoofs suffered severely on the rough and stony ground. There was no iron at hand, nothing but gold and silver. In the present emergency they turned even these to account; and Pizarro caused the horses of the whole troop to be shod with silver. The work was done by the Indian smiths, and it answered so well, that in this precious material they found a substitute for iron during the remainder of the march.

Xauxa was a large and populous place; though we shall hardly credit the assertion of the Conquerors, that a hundred thousand persons assembled habitually in the great square of the city. The Peruvian commander was encamped, it was said, with an army of five-and-thirty thousand men, at only a few miles' distance from the town. With some difficulty he was persuaded to an interview with Pizarro: the latter addressed him courteously, and urged his return with him to the Castilian quarters in Caxamalca, representing it as the command of the Inca. Ever since the capture of his master, Challcuchima had remained uncertain what course to take. The capture of the Inca in this sudden and mysterious manner, by a race of beings who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and that too in the very hour of his triumph, had entirely bewildered the Peruvian chief. He had concerted no plan for the rescue of Atahualpa, nor indeed did he know whether any such movement would be acceptable to him. He now acquiesced in his commands, and was willing at all events to have a personal interview with his sovereign. Pizarro gained his end without being

obliged to strike a single blow to effect it. The barbarian, when brought into contact with the white man, would seem to have been rebuked by his superior genius, in the same manner as the wild animal of the forest is said to quail before the steady glance of the hunter.

Challcuchima came attended by a numerous retinue. He was borne in his sedan on the shoulders of his vassals; and, as he accompanied the Spaniards on their return through the country, received everywhere from the inhabitants the homage paid only to the favourite of a monarch. Yet all this pomp vanished on his entering the presence of the Inca, whom he approached with his feet bare; while a light burden, which he had taken from one of the attendants, was laid on his back. As he drew near, the old warrior, raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed, "Would that I had been here! this would not then have happened;" then kneeling down he kissed the hands and feet of his royal master, and bathed them with his tears. Atahualpa, on his part, betrayed not the least emotion, and showed no other sign of satisfaction at the presence of his favourite counsellor, than by simply bidding him welcome. The cold demeanour of the monarch contrasted strangely with the loyal sensibility of the subject.

The rank of the Inca placed him at an immeasurable distance above the proudest of his vassals; and the Spaniards had repeated occasion to admire the ascendancy which, even in his present fallen fortunes, he maintained over his people, and the awe with which they approached him. Pedro Pizarro records an interview, at which he was present, between Atahualpa and one of his great nobles, who had obtained leave to visit some remote part of the country on condition of returning by a certain day. He was detained somewhat beyond the appointed time; and, on entering the presence with a small propitiatory gift for his sovereign, his knees shook so violently, that it seemed, says the chronicler, as if he would have fallen to the ground. His master, however, received him kindly, and dismissed him without a word of rebuke.

Atahualpa in his confinement continued to receive the same respectful treatment from the Spaniards as hitherto. They taught him to play with dice, and the more intricate game of chess, in

which the royal captive became expert, and loved to beguile with it the tedious hours of his imprisonment. Towards his own people he maintained as far as possible his wonted state and ceremonial. He was attended by his wives and the girls of his harem, who, as was customary, waited on him at table, and discharged the other menial offices about his person. A body of Indian nobles was stationed in the ante-chamber, but never entered the presence unbidden; and, when they did enter it, they submitted to the same humiliating ceremonies imposed on the greatest of his subjects. The service of his table was gold and silver plate. His dress, which he often changed, was composed of the wool of the vicuña wrought into mantles, so fine that it had the appearance of silk. He sometimes exchanged these for a robe made of the skins of bats, as soft and sleek as velvet. Round his head he wore the *llautu*, a woollen turban or shawl of the most delicate texture, wreathed in folds of various bright colours; and he still continued to encircle his temples with the *borla*, the crimson threads of which, mingled with gold, descended so as partly to conceal his eyes. The image of royalty had charms for him when its substance had departed. No garment or utensil that had once belonged to the Peruvian sovereign could ever be used by another. When he laid it aside it was carefully deposited in a chest kept for the purpose, and afterwards burned. It would have been sacrilege to apply to vulgar uses that which had been consecrated by the torch of the Inca.

Not long after the arrival of the party from Pachacamac in the latter part of May, the three emissaries returned from Cuzco. They had been very successful in their mission. Owing to the Inca's order, and the awe which the white men now inspired throughout the country, the Spaniards had everywhere met with a kind reception. They had been carried on the shoulders of the natives in the *hamacas*, or sedans, of the country; and, as they had travelled all the way to the capital on the great imperial road, along which relays of Indian carriers were established at stated intervals, they performed this journey, of more than six hundred miles, not only without inconvenience, but with the most luxurious ease. They passed through many populous towns, and always found the simple natives disposed to venerate them as beings of a superior

nature. In Cuzco they were received with public festivities, were sumptuously lodged, and had every want anticipated by the obsequious devotion of the inhabitants.

Their accounts of the capital confirmed all that Pizarro had before heard of the wealth and population of the city. Though they had remained more than a week in this place, the emissaries had not seen the whole of it. The great temple of the Sun they found literally covered with plates of gold. They had entered the interior and beheld the royal mummies, seated each in his gold-embossed chair, and in robes profusely covered with ornaments. The Spaniards had the grace to respect these, as they had been previously enjoined by the Inca; but they required that the plates which garnished the walls should be all removed. The Peruvians most reluctantly acquiesced in the commands of their sovereign to desecrate the national temple, which every inhabitant of the city regarded with peculiar pride and veneration. With less reluctance they assisted the Conquerors in stripping the ornaments from some of the other edifices, where the gold, however, being mixed with a large proportion of alloy, was of much less value.

The number of plates they tore from the temple of the Sun was seven hundred; and, though of no great thickness probably, they are compared in size to the lid of a chest, ten or twelve inches wide. A cornice of pure gold encircled the edifice, but so strongly set in the stone that it fortunately defied the efforts of the spoilers. The Spaniards complained of the want of alacrity shown by the Indians in the work of destruction, and said that there were other parts of the city containing buildings rich in gold and silver which they had not been allowed to see. In truth their mission, which at best was a most ungrateful one, had been rendered doubly annoying by the manner in which they had executed it. The emissaries were men of a very low stamp; and, puffed up by the honours conceded to them by the natives, they looked on themselves as entitled to these, and contemned the poor Indians as a race immeasurably beneath the European. They not only showed the most disgusting rapacity, but treated the highest nobles with wanton insolence. They even went so far, it is said, as to violate the privacy of the convents, and to outrage the religious sentiments of the

Peruvians by their scandalous amours with the Virgins of the Sun. The people of Cuzco were so exasperated that they would have laid violent hands on them, but for the habitual reverence for the Inca, in whose name the Spaniards had come there. As it was, the Indians collected as much gold as was necessary to satisfy their unworthy visitors, and got rid of them as speedily as possible. It was a great mistake in Pizarro to send such men; there were persons, even in his company, who, as other occasions showed, had some sense of self-respect, if not respect for the natives.

The messengers brought with them, besides silver, full two hundred *cargas*, or loads of gold. This was an important accession to the contributions of Atahualpa; and, although the treasure was still considerably below the mark prescribed, the monarch saw with satisfaction the time drawing nearer for the completion of his ransom.

Not long before this, an event had occurred which changed the condition of the Spaniards, and had an unfavourable influence on the fortunes of the Inca. This was the arrival of Almagro at Caxamalca with a strong reinforcement. That chief had succeeded, after great efforts, in equipping three vessels, and assembling a body of one hundred and fifty men, with which he sailed for Panamá the latter part of the preceding year. On his voyage he was joined by a small additional force from Nicaragua, so that his whole strength amounted to one hundred and fifty foot, and fifty horse, well provided with the munitions of war. His vessels were steered by the old pilot Ruiz; but, after making the bay of St. Matthew, he crept slowly along the coast, baffled as usual by winds and currents, and experiencing all the hardships incident to that protracted navigation. From some cause or other he was not so fortunate as to obtain tidings of Pizarro; and so disheartened were his followers, most of whom were raw adventurers, that, when arrived at Puerto Viejo, they proposed to abandon the expedition and return at once to Panamá. Fortunately, one of the little squadron which Almagro had sent forward to Tumbes, brought intelligence of Pizarro, and of the colony he had planted at San Miguel. Cheered by the tidings, the cavalier resumed his voyage, and succeeded at length, to-

wards the close of December, 1532, in bringing his whole party safe to the Spanish settlement.

He there received the account of Pizarro's march across the mountains, his seizure of the Inca, and, soon afterwards, of the enormous ransom offered for his liberation. Almagro and his companions listened with undisguised amazement to this account of his associate, and of a change in his fortunes so rapid and wonderful that it seemed little less than magic. At the same time he received a caution from some of the colonists not to trust himself in the power of Pizarro, who was known to bear him no good will.

Not long after Almagro's arrival at San Miguel, advices were sent of it to Caxamalca, and a private note from his secretary, Perez, informed Pizarro that his associate had come with no purpose of co-operating with him, but with the intention to establish an independent government. Both of the Spanish captains seem to have been surrounded by mean and turbulent spirits who sought to embroil them with each other, trusting, doubtless, to find their own account in the rupture. For once, however, their malicious machinations failed.

Pizarro was overjoyed at the arrival of so considerable a reinforcement, which would enable him to push his fortunes as he had desired, and go forward with the conquest of the country. He laid little stress on the secretary's communication; since, whatever might have been Almagro's original purpose, Pizarro knew that the richness of the vein he had now opened in the land would be certain to secure his co-operation in working it. He had the magnanimity, therefore,—for there is something magnanimous in being able to stifle the suggestions of a petty rivalry in obedience to sound policy,—to send at once to his ancient comrade, and invite him, with many assurances of friendship, to Caxamalca. Almagro, who was of a frank and careless nature, received the communication in the spirit in which it was made; and, after some necessary delay, directed his march into the interior. But before leaving San Miguel, having become acquainted with the treacherous conduct of his secretary, he recompensed his treason by hanging him on the spot.

Almagro reached Caxamalca about the middle of February,

1533. The soldiers of Pizarro came out to welcome their countrymen, and the two captains embraced each other with every mark of cordial satisfaction. All past differences were buried in oblivion, and they seemed only prepared to aid one another in following up the brilliant career now opened to them in the conquest of an empire.

There was one person in Caxamalca on whom this arrival of the Spaniards produced a very different impression from that made on their own countrymen. This was the Inca Atahualpa. He saw in the newcomers only a new swarm of locusts to devour his unhappy country; and he felt that, with his enemies thus multiplying around him, the chances were diminished of recovering his freedom, or of maintaining it if recovered. A little circumstance, insignificant in itself, but magnified by superstition into something formidable, occurred at this time to cast an additional gloom over his situation.

A remarkable appearance, somewhat of the nature of a meteor, or it may have been a comet, was seen in the heavens by some soldiers, and pointed out to Atahualpa. He gazed on it with fixed attention for some minutes, and then exclaimed, with a dejected air, that "a similar sign had been seen in the skies a short time before the death of his father Huayna Capac." From this day a sadness seemed to take possession of him, as he looked with doubt and undefined dread to the future. Thus it is that in seasons of danger the mind, like the senses, becomes morbidly acute in its perceptions: and the least departure from the regular course of nature, that would have passed unheeded in ordinary times, to the superstitious eye seems pregnant with meaning, as in some way or other connected with the destiny of the individual.

CHAPTER VI

1533

The arrival of Almagro produced a considerable change in Pizarro's prospects, since it enabled him to resume active operations, and push forward his conquests in the interior. The only obstacle

in his way was the Inca's ransom, and the Spaniards had patiently waited, till the return of the emissaries from Cuzco swelled the treasure to a large amount, though still below the stipulated limit. But now their avarice got the better of their forbearance, and they called loudly for the immediate division of the gold. To wait longer would only be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the treasure remained uncounted, no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own portion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home, and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety. But these were few, while much the larger part were only anxious to leave their present quarters, and march at once to Cuzco. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital, than they could get here by prolonging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their treasures, of which design they had already given indication.

Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that, without the capital, he could not hope to become master of the empire. Without further delay, the division of the treasure was agreed upon.

Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whole to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters at its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude conquerors of Peru.

Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was selected, to the amount of a hundred thousand ducats, and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and, at the same time that he laid the treasures before him, he was to give an account of the proceedings of the Conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

No man in the army was better qualified for this mission, by his address and knowledge of affairs, than Hernando Pizarro; no one would be so likely to urge his suit with effect at the haughty Castilian court. But other reasons influenced the selection of him at the present juncture.

His former jealousy of Almagro still rankled in his bosom, and he had beheld that chief's arrival at the camp with feelings of disgust, which he did not care to conceal. He looked on him as coming to share the spoils of victory, and defraud his brother of his legitimate honours. Instead of exchanging the cordial greeting proffered by Almagro at their first interview, the arrogant cavalier held back in sullen silence. His brother Francis was greatly displeased at a conduct which threatened to renew their ancient feud, and he induced Hernando to accompany him to Almagro's quarters, and make some acknowledgment for his uncourteous behaviour. But, notwithstanding this show of reconciliation, the general thought the present a favourable opportunity to remove his brother from the scene of operations, where his factious spirit more than counterbalanced his eminent services.

The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night, but such was the quantity to be recast, that it consumed a full month. When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hun-

dred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos de oro*, which, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, would be equivalent probably, at the present time, to near *three millions and a half of pounds sterling*, or somewhat less than *fifteen millions and a half of dollars*. The quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks. History affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the Conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the French, or the Dutch, on the shores of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark, that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by diverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them among the poorest of the nations of Christendom.

A new difficulty now arose in respect to the division of the treasure. Almagro's followers claimed to be admitted to a share of it, which, as they equalled, and, indeed, somewhat exceeded in number Pizarro's company, would reduce the gains of these last very materially. "We were not here, it is true," said Almagro's soldiers to their comrades, "at the seizure of the Inca, but we have taken our turn in mounting guard over him since his capture, have helped you to defend your treasures, and now give you the means of going forward and securing your conquests. It is a common cause," they urged, "in which all are equally embarked, and the gains should be shared equally between us."

But this way of viewing the matter was not at all palatable to Pizarro's company, who alleged that Atahualpa's contract had been made exclusively with them; that they had seized the Inca, had secured the ransom, had incurred, in short, all the risk of the enterprise, and were not now disposed to share the fruits of it with every one who came after them. There was much force, it could not be denied, in this reasoning, and it was finally settled between the leaders that Almagro's followers should resign their preten-

sions for a stipulated sum of no great amount, and look to the career now opened to them for carving out their fortunes for themselves.

This delicate affair being thus harmoniously adjusted, Pizarro prepared, with all solemnity, for a division of the imperial spoil. The troops were called together in the great square, and the Spanish commander "with the fear of God before his eyes," says the record, "invoked the assistance of Heaven to do the work before him conscientiously and justly." The appeal may seem somewhat out of place at the distribution of spoil so unrighteously acquired; yet, in truth, considering the magnitude of the treasure, and the power assumed by Pizarro to distribute it according to the respective deserts of the individuals, there were few acts of his life involving a heavier responsibility. On his present decision might be said to hang the future fortunes of each one of his followers,—poverty or independence during the remainder of his days.

The royal fifth was first deducted, including the remittance already sent to Spain. The share appropriated by Pizarro amounted to fifty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-two *pesos* of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. He had besides this the great chair or throne of the Inca, of solid gold, and valued at twenty-five thousand *pesos de oro*. To his brother Hernando were paid thirty-one thousand and eighty *pesos* of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. De Soto received seventeen thousand seven hundred and forty *pesos* of gold, and seven hundred and twenty-four marks of silver. Most of the remaining cavalry, sixty in number, received each eight thousand eight hundred and eighty *pesos* of gold, and three hundred and sixty-two marks of silver, though some had more, and a few considerably less. The infantry mustered in all one hundred and five men. Almost one fifth of them were allowed, each, four thousand four hundred and forty *pesos* of gold, and one hundred and eighty marks of silver, half of the compensation of the troopers. The remainder received one fourth part less, though here again there were exceptions, and some were obliged to content themselves with a much smaller share of the spoil.

The new church of San Francisco, the first Christian temple in

Peru, was endowed with two thousand two hundred and twenty *pesos* of gold. The amount assigned to Almagro's company was not excessive, if it was not more than twenty thousand *pesos*, and that reserved for the colonists of San Miguel, which amounted only to fifteen thousand *pesos*, was unaccountably small. There were among them certain soldiers, who, at an early period of the expedition, as the reader may remember, abandoned the march, and returned to San Miguel. These, certainly, had little claim to be remembered in the division of booty. But the greater part of the colony consisted of invalids, men whose health had been broken by their previous hardships, but who still, with a stout and willing heart, did good service in their military post on the sea-coast. On what grounds they had forfeited their claims to a more ample remuneration, it is not easy to explain.

Nothing is said, in the partition, of Almagro himself, who, by the terms of the original contract, might claim an equal share of the spoil with his associate. As little notice is taken of Luque, the remaining partner. Luque himself was, indeed, no longer to be benefited by worldly treasure. He had died a short time before Almagro's departure from Panamá; too soon to learn the full success of the enterprise, which, but for his exertions, must have failed; too soon to become acquainted with the achievements and the crimes of Pizarro. But the Licentiate Espinosa, whom he represented, and who, it appears, had advanced the funds for the expedition, was still living at St. Domingo, and Luque's pretensions were explicitly transferred to him. Yet it is unsafe to pronounce, at this distance of time, on the authority of mere negative testimony; and it must be admitted to form a strong presumption in favour of Pizarro's general equity in the distribution, that no complaint of it has reached us from any of the parties present, nor from contemporary chroniclers.

The division of the ransom being completed by the Spaniards, there seemed to be no further obstacle to their resuming active operations, and commencing the march to Cuzco. But what was to be done with Atahualpa? In the determination of this question, whatever was expedient was just. To liberate him would be to set at large the very man who might prove their most dangerous

enemy; one whose birth and royal station would rally round him the whole nation, place all the machinery of government at his control, and all its resources,—one, in short, whose bare word might concentrate all the energies of his people against the Spaniards, and thus delay for a long period, if not wholly defeat, the conquest of the country. Yet to hold him in captivity was attended with scarcely less difficulty; since to guard so important a prize would require such a division of their force as must greatly cripple its strength, and how could they expect by any vigilance, to secure their prisoner against rescue in the perilous passes of the mountains?

The Inca himself now loudly demanded his freedom. The proposed amount of the ransom had, indeed, not been fully paid. It may be doubted whether it ever would have been, considering the embarrassments thrown in the way by the guardians of the temples, who seemed disposed to secrete the treasures, rather than despoil these sacred depositories to satisfy the cupidity of the strangers. It was unlucky, too, for the Indian monarch, that much of the gold, and that of the best quality, consisted of flat plates or tiles, which, however valuable, lay in a compact form that did little towards swelling the heap. But an immense amount had been already realised, and it would have been a still greater one, the Inca might allege, but for the impatience of the Spaniards. At all events, it was a magnificent ransom, such as was never paid by prince or potentate before.

These considerations Atahualpa urged on several of the cavaliers, and especially on Hernando de Soto, who was on terms of more familiarity with him than Pizarro. De Soto reported Atahualpa's demands to his leader; but the latter evaded a direct reply. He did not disclose the dark purposes over which his mind was brooding. Not long afterward he caused the notary to prepare an instrument, in which he fully acquitted the Inca of further obligation in respect to the ransom. This he commanded to be publicly proclaimed in the camp, while at the same time he openly declared that the safety of the Spaniards required that the Inca should be detained in confinement until they were strengthened by additional reinforcements.

Meanwhile the old rumours of a meditated attack by the natives began to be current among the soldiers. They were repeated from one to another, gaining something by every repetition. An immense army, it was reported, was mustering at Quito, the land of Atahualpa's birth, and thirty thousand Caribs were on their way to support it. The Caribs were distributed by the early Spaniards rather indiscriminately over the different parts of America, being invested with peculiar horrors as a race of cannibals.

It was not easy to trace the origin of these rumours. There was in the camp a considerable number of Indians, who belonged to the party of Huascar, and who were, of course, hostile to Atahualpa. But his worst enemy was Felipillo, the interpreter from Tumbez, already mentioned in these pages. This youth had conceived a passion for, or, as some say, had been detected in an intrigue with, one of the royal concubines. The circumstance had reached the ears of Atahualpa, who felt himself deeply outraged by it. "That such an insult should have been offered by so base a person was an indignity," he said, "more difficult to bear than his imprisonment;" and he told Pizarro, "that, by the Peruvian law, it could be expiated, not by the criminal's own death alone, but by that of his whole family and kindred." But Felipillo was too important to the Spaniards to be dealt with so summarily; nor did they probably attach such consequence to an offence which, if report be true, they had countenanced by their own example. Felipillo, however, soon learned the state of the Inca's feelings toward himself, and from that moment he regarded him with deadly hatred. Unfortunately, his malignant temper found ready means for its indulgence.

The rumours of a rising among the natives pointed to Atahualpa as the author of it. Challcuchima was examined on the subject, but avowed his entire ignorance of any such design, which he pronounced a malicious slander. Pizarro next laid the matter before the Inca himself, repeating to him the stories in circulation, with the air of one who believed them. "What treason is this," said the general, "that you have meditated against me,—me, who have ever treated you with honour, confiding in your words, as in those of a brother?" "You jest," replied the Inca, who, perhaps, did not

feel the weight of this confidence; "you are always jesting with me. How could I or my people think of conspiring against men so valiant as the Spaniards? Do not jest with me thus, I beseech you." "This," continues Pizarro's secretary, "he said in the most composed and natural manner, smiling all the while to dissemble his falsehood, so that we were all amazed to find such cunning in a barbarian."

But it was not with cunning, but with the consciousness of innocence, as the event afterwards proved, that Atahualpa thus spoke to Pizarro. He readily discerned, however, the causes, perhaps the consequences, of the accusation. He saw a dark gulf opening beneath his feet; and he was surrounded by strangers, on none of whom he could lean for counsel or protection. The life of the captive monarch is usually short; and Atahualpa might have learned the truth of this, when he thought of Huascar. Bitterly did he now lament the absence of Hernando Pizarro, for, strange as it may seem, the haughty spirit of this cavalier had been touched by the condition of the royal prisoner, and he had treated him with a deference which won for him the peculiar regard and confidence of the Indian. Yet the latter lost no time in endeavouring to efface the general's suspicions, and to establish his own innocence. "Am I not," said he to Pizarro, "a poor captive in your hands? How could I harbour the designs you impute to me, when I should be the first victim of the outbreak? And you little know my people, if you think that such a movement would be made without my orders; when the very birds in my dominions," said he, with somewhat of an hyperbole, "would scarcely venture to fly contrary to my will."

But these protestations of innocence had little effect on the troops, among whom the story of a general rising of the natives continued to gain credit every hour. A large force, it was said, was already gathered at Guamachucho, not a hundred miles from the camp, and their assault might be hourly expected. The treasure which the Spaniards had acquired afforded a tempting prize, and their own alarm was increased by the apprehension of losing it. The patrols were doubled. The horses were kept saddled and bridled. The soldiers slept on their arms; Pizarro went the rounds

regularly to see that every sentinel was on his post. The little army, in short, was in a state of preparation for instant attack.

Men suffering from fear are not likely to be too scrupulous as to the means of removing the cause of it. Murmurs, mingled with gloomy menaces, were now heard against the Inca, the author of these machinations. Many began to demand his life as necessary to the safety of the army. Among these, the most vehement were Almagro and his followers. They had not witnessed the seizure of Atahualpa. They had no sympathy with him in his fallen state. They regarded him only as an incumbrance, and their desire now was to push their fortunes in the country, since they had got so little of the gold of Caxamalca. They were supported by Riquelme the treasurer, and by the rest of the royal officers. These men had been left at San Miguel by Pizarro, who did not care to have such official spies on his movements. But they had come to the camp with Almagro, and they loudly demanded the Inca's death as indispensable to the tranquillity of the country, and the interests of the Crown.

To these dark suggestions Pizarro turned—or seemed to turn—an unwilling ear, showing visible reluctance to proceed to extreme measures with his prisoner. There were some few, and among others Hernando de Soto, who supported him in these views, and who regarded such measures as not at all justified by the evidence of Atahualpa's guilt. In this state of things the Spanish commander determined to send a small detachment to Guamachucho to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain what ground there was for the rumours of an insurrection. De Soto was placed at the head of the expedition, which, as the distance was not great, would occupy but a few days.

After that cavalier's departure, the agitation among the soldiers, instead of diminishing, increased to such a degree, that Pizarro, unable to resist their importunities, consented to bring Atahualpa to instant trial. It was but decent, and certainly safer, to have the forms of a trial. A court was organised, over which the two captains, Pizarro and Almagro, were to preside as judges. An attorney-general was named to prosecute for the Crown, and counsel was assigned to the prisoner.

The charges preferred against the Inca, drawn up in the form of interrogatories, were twelve in number. The most important were, that he had usurped the crown and assassinated his brother Huascar; that he had squandered the public revenues since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, and lavished them on his kindred and his minions; that he was guilty of idolatry and of adulterous practices, indulging openly in a plurality of wives; finally, that he had attempted to incite an insurrection against the Spaniards.

These charges, most of which had reference to national usages, or to the personal relations of the Inca, over which the Spanish Conquerors had clearly no jurisdiction, are so absurd, that they might well provoke a smile, did they not excite a deeper feeling. The last of the charges was the only one of moment in such a trial; and the weakness of this may be inferred from the care taken to bolster it up with the others. The mere specification of the articles must have been sufficient to show that the doom of the Inca was already sealed.

A number of Indian witnesses were examined, and their testimony filtrated through the interpretation of Felipillo, received, it is said, when necessary, a very different colouring from that of the original. The examination was soon ended, and "a warm discussion," as we are assured by one of Pizarro's own secretaries, "took place in respect to the probable good or evil that would result from the death of Atahualpa." It was a question of expediency. He was found guilty,—whether of all the crimes alleged we are not informed,—and he was sentenced to be burnt alive in the great square of Caxamalca. The sentence was to be carried into execution that very night. They were not even to wait for the return of De Soto, when the information he would bring would go far to establish the truth or the falsehood of the reports respecting the insurrection of the natives. It was desirable to obtain the countenance of Father Valverde to these proceedings, and a copy of the judgment was submitted to the friar for his signature, which he gave without hesitation, declaring that, "in his opinion, the Inca, at all events, deserved death."

Yet there were some few in that martial conclave who resisted

these high-handed measures. They considered them as a poor requital of all the favours bestowed on them by the Inca, who hitherto had received at their hands nothing but wrong. They objected to the evidence as wholly insufficient; and they denied the authority of such a tribunal to sit in judgment on a sovereign prince in the heart of his own dominions. If he were to be tried, he should be sent to Spain, and his cause brought before the Emperor, who alone had power to determine it.

But the great majority—and they were ten to one—overruled these objections, by declaring there was no doubt of Atahualpa's guilt, and they were willing to assume the responsibility of his punishment. A full account of the proceedings would be sent to Castile, and the Emperor should be informed who were the loyal servants of the Crown, and who were its enemies. The dispute ran so high, that for a time it menaced an open and violent rupture; till, at length, convinced that resistance was fruitless, the weaker party, silenced, but not satisfied, contented themselves with entering a written protest against these proceedings, which would leave an indelible stain on the names of all concerned in them.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, he was greatly overcome by it. He had, indeed, for some time looked to such an issue as probable, and had been heard to intimate as much to those about him. But the probability of such an event is very different from its certainty,—and that, too, so sudden and speedy. For a moment the overwhelming conviction of it unmanned him, and he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes,—“What have I done, or my children, that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too,” said he, addressing Pizarro; “you who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands!” In the most piteous tones he then implored that his life might be spared, promising any guarantee that might be required for the safety of every Spaniard in the army,—promising double the ransom he had already paid, if time were only given him to obtain it.

An eye-witness assures us that Pizarro was visibly affected, as

he turned away from the Inca, to whose appeal he had no power to listen, in opposition to the voice of the army, and to his own sense of what was due to the security of the country. Atahualpa, finding he had no power to turn his conqueror from his purpose, recovered his habitual self-possession, and from that moment submitted himself to his fate with the courage of an Indian warrior.

The doom of the Inca was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the great square of Caxamalca; and, two hours after sunset, the Spanish soldiery assembled by torch-light in the *plaza* to witness the execution of the sentence. It was on the 29th of August, 1533. Atahualpa was led out chained hand and foot,—for he had been kept in irons ever since the great excitement had prevailed in the army respecting an assault. Father Vicente de Valverde was at his side, striving to administer consolation, and, if possible, to persuade him at this last hour to abjure his superstition, and embrace the religion of his conquerors. He was willing to save the soul of his victim from the terrible expiation in the next world, to which he had so cheerfully consigned his mortal part in this.

During Atahualpa's confinement, the friar had repeatedly expounded to him the Christian doctrines, and the Indian monarch discovered much acuteness in apprehending the discourse of his teacher. But it had not carried conviction to his mind, and though he listened with patience, he had shown no disposition to renounce the faith of his fathers. The Dominican made a last appeal to him in this solemn hour; and, when Atahualpa was bound to the stake, with the faggots that were to kindle his funeral pile lying around him, Valverde, holding up the cross, besought him to embrace it, and be baptised, promising that, by so doing, the painful death to which he had been sentenced, should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrote*,—a mode of punishment by strangulation, used for criminals in Spain.

The unhappy monarch asked if this were really so, and, on its being confirmed by Pizarro, he consented to abjure his own religion, and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Father Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahualpa, the name of Juan being conferred in honour of John the Baptist, on whose day the event took place.

Atahualpa expressed a desire that his remains might be transported to Quito, the place of his birth, to be preserved with those of his maternal ancestors. Then turning to Pizarro, as a last request, he implored him to take compassion on his young children, and receive them under his protection. Was there no one in that dark company who stood grimly around him, to whom he could look for the protection of his offspring? Perhaps he thought there was no other so competent to afford it, and that the wishes so solemnly expressed in that hour might meet with respect even from his conqueror. Then, recovering his stoical bearing, which for a moment had been shaken, he submitted himself calmly to his fate: while the Spaniards, gathering around, muttered their *credos* for the salvation of his soul! Thus, by the death of a vile malefactor perished the last of the Incas!

I have already spoken of the person and the qualities of Atahualpa. He had a handsome countenance, though with an expression somewhat too fierce to be pleasing. His frame was muscular and well-proportioned, his air commanding, and his deportment in the Spanish quarters had a degree of refinement, the more interesting that it was touched with melancholy. He is accused of having been cruel in his wars, and bloody in his revenge. It may be true, but the pencil of an enemy would be likely to overcharge the shadows of the portrait. He is allowed to have been bold, high-minded and liberal. All agree that he showed singular penetration and quickness of perception. His exploits as a warrior had placed his valour beyond dispute. The best homage to it is the reluctance shown by the Spaniards to restore him to freedom. They dreaded him as an enemy, and they had done him too many wrongs to think that he could be their friend. Yet his conduct towards them from the first had been most friendly; and they repaid it with imprisonment, robbery, and death.

The body of the Inca remained on the place of execution through the night. The following morning it was removed to the church of San Francisco, where his funeral obsequies were performed with great solemnity. Pizarro and the principal cavaliers went into mourning, and the troops listened with devout attention to the service of the dead from the lips of Father Valverde. The ceremony

was interrupted by the sound of loud cries and wailing, as of many voices, at the doors of the church. These were suddenly thrown open, and a number of Indian women, the wives and sisters of the deceased, rushing up the great aisle, surrounded the corpse. This was not the way, they cried, to celebrate the funeral rites of an Inca; and they declared their intention to sacrifice themselves on his tomb, and bear him company to the land of spirits. The audience, outraged by this frantic behaviour, told the intruders that Atahualpa had died in the faith of a Christian, and that the God of the Christians abhorred such sacrifices. They then caused the women to be excluded from the church, and several, retiring to their own quarters, laid violent hands on themselves, in the vain hope of accompanying their beloved lord to the bright mansions of the sun.

Atahualpa's remains, notwithstanding his request, were laid in the cemetery of San Francisco. But from thence, as is reported, after the Spaniards left Caxamalca, they were secretly removed, and carried, as he had desired, to Quito. The colonists of a later time supposed that some treasures might have been buried with the body. But, on excavating the ground, neither treasure nor remains were to be discovered.

A day or two after these tragic events, Hernando de Soto returned from his excursion. Great was his astonishment and indignation at learning what had been done in his absence. He sought out Pizarro at once, and found him, says the chronicler, "with a great felt hat, by way of mourning, slouched over his eyes," and in his dress and demeanour exhibiting all the show of sorrow. "You have acted rashly," said De Soto to him bluntly; "Atahualpa has been basely slandered. There was no enemy at Guamachucho; no rising among the natives. I have met with nothing on the road but demonstrations of good-will, and all is quiet. If it was necessary to bring the Inca to trial, he should have been taken to Castile and judged by the Emperor. I would have pledged myself to see him safe on board the vessel." Pizarro confessed that he had been precipitate, and said that he had been deceived by Riquelme, Valverde, and the others. These charges soon reached the ears of the treasurer and the Dominican, who, in their turn, exculpated them-

selves, and upbraided Pizarro to his face, as the only one responsible for the deed. The dispute ran high; and the parties were heard by the by-standers to give one another the lie! This vulgar squabble among the leaders, so soon after the event, is the best commentary on the iniquity of their own proceedings, and the innocence of the Inca.

The treatment of Atahualpa, from first to last, forms undoubtedly one of the darkest chapters in Spanish colonial history. There may have been massacres perpetrated on a more extended scale, and executions accompanied with a greater refinement of cruelty. But the blood-stained annals of the Conquest afford no such example of cold-hearted and systematic persecution, not of an enemy, but of one whose whole deportment had been that of a friend and a benefactor.

From the hour that Pizarro and his followers had entered within the sphere of Atahualpa's influence, the hand of friendship had been extended to them by the natives. Their first act, on crossing the mountains, was to kidnap the monarch and massacre his people. The seizure of his person might be vindicated, by those who considered the end as justifying the means, on the ground that it was indispensable to secure the triumphs of the Cross. But no such apology can be urged for the massacre of the unarmed and helpless population,—as wanton as it was wicked.

The long confinement of the Inca had been used by the Conquerors to wring from him his treasures with the hard gripe of avarice. During the whole of this dismal period, he had conducted himself with singular generosity and good faith. He had opened a free passage to the Spaniards through every part of his empire; and had furnished every facility for the execution of their plans. When these were accomplished, and he remained an incumbrance on their hands, notwithstanding their engagement, expressed or implied, to release him,—and Pizarro, as we have seen, by a formal act, acquitted his captive of any further obligation on the score of the ransom,—he was arraigned before a mock tribunal, and under pretences equally false and frivolous, was condemned to an excruciating death. From first to last, the policy of the Spanish Con-

querors towards their unhappy victim is stamped with barbarity and fraud.

It is not easy to acquit Pizarro of being in a great degree responsible for this policy. His partisans have laboured to show, that it was forced on him by the necessity of the case, and that in the death of the Inca, especially, he yielded reluctantly to the importunities of others. But weak as is this apology, the historian who has the means of comparing the various testimony of the period will come to a different conclusion. To him it will appear that Pizarro had probably long felt the removal of Atahualpa as essential to the success of his enterprise. He foresaw the odium that would be incurred by the death of his royal captive without sufficient grounds; while he laboured to establish these, he still shrunk from the responsibility of the deed, and preferred to perpetuate it in obedience to the suggestions of others, rather than his own. Like many an unprincipled politician, he wished to reap the benefit of a bad act, and let others take the blame of it.

Almagro and his followers are reported by Pizarro's secretaries to have first insisted on the Inca's death. They were loudly supported by the treasurer and the royal officers, who considered it as indispensable to the interests of the Crown; and, finally, the rumours of a conspiracy raised the same cry among the soldiers, and Pizarro, with all his tenderness for his prisoner, could not refuse to bring him to trial.—The form of a trial was necessary to give an appearance of fairness to the proceedings. That it was only form is evident from the indecent haste with which it was conducted,—the examination of evidence, the sentence, and the execution, being all on the same day. The multiplication of the charges, designed to place the guilt of the accused on the strongest ground, had, from their very number, the opposite effect, proving only the determination to convict him. If Pizarro had felt the reluctance to his conviction which he pretended, why did he send De Soto, Atahualpa's best friend, away, when the inquiry was to be instituted? Why was the sentence so summarily executed as not to afford opportunity, by that cavalier's return, of disproving the truth of the principal charge,—the only one, in fact, with which the Spaniards had any concern? The solemn farce of mourning and deep sorrow

affected by Pizarro, who by these honours to the dead would intimate the sincere regard he had entertained for the living, was too thin a veil to impose on the most credulous.

It is not intended by these reflections to exculpate the rest of the army, and especially its officers, from their share in the infamy of the transaction. But Pizarro, as commander of the army, was mainly responsible for its measures; for he was not a man to allow his own authority to be wrested from his grasp, or to yield timidly to the impulses of others. He did not even yield to his own. His whole career shows him, whether for good or for evil, to have acted with a cool and calculating policy.

A story has been often repeated, which refers the motives of Pizarro's conduct, in some degree at least, to personal resentment. The Inca had requested one of the Spanish soldiers to write the name of God on his nail. This the monarch showed to several of his guards successively, and as they read it, and each pronounced the same word, the sagacious mind of the barbarian was delighted with what seemed to him little short of a miracle,—to which the science of his own nation afforded no analogy. On showing the writing to Pizarro, that chief remained silent; and the Inca, finding he could not read, conceived a contempt for the commander, who was even less informed than his soldiers. This he did not wholly conceal, and Pizarro, aware of the cause of it, neither forgot nor forgave it. The anecdote is reported not on the highest authority. It may be true; but it is unnecessary to look for the motives of Pizarro's conduct in personal pique, when so many proofs are to be discerned of a dark and deliberate policy.

Yet the arts of the Spanish chieftain failed to reconcile his countrymen to the atrocity of his proceedings. It is singular to observe the difference between the tone assumed by the first chroniclers of the transaction while it was yet fresh, and that of those who wrote when the lapse of a few years had shown the tendency of public opinion. The first boldly avow the deed as demanded by expediency, if not necessity; while they deal in no measured terms of reproach with the character of their unfortunate victim. The latter, on the other hand, while they extenuate the errors of the Inca, and do justice to his good faith, are unreserved in their condemnation

of the Conquerors, on whose conduct, they say, Heaven set the seal of its own reprobation, by bringing them all to an untimely and miserable end. The sentence of contemporaries has been fully ratified by that of posterity; and the persecution of Atahualpa is regarded with justice as having left a stain, never to be effaced, on the Spanish arms in the New World.

CHAPTER VII

1533-1534

The Inca of Peru was its sovereign in a peculiar sense. He received an obedience from his vassals more implicit than that of any despot; for his authority reached to the most secret conduct, to the thoughts of the individual. He was revered as more than human. He was not merely the head of the state, but the point to which all its institutions converged as to a common centre,—the keystone of the political fabric, which must fall to pieces by its own weight when that was withdrawn. So it fared on the death of Atahualpa. His death not only left the throne vacant, without any certain successor, but the manner of it announced to the Peruvian people that a hand stronger than that of their Incas had now seized the sceptre, and that the dynasty of the Children of the Sun had passed away for ever.

The natural consequences of such a conviction followed. The beautiful order of the ancient institutions was broken up, as the authority which controlled it was withdrawn. The Indians broke out into greater excesses from the uncommon restraint to which they had been before subjected. Villages were burnt, temples and palaces were plundered, and the gold they contained was scattered or secreted. Gold and silver acquired an importance in the eyes of the Peruvian when he saw the importance attached to them by his conquerors. The precious metals, which before served only for purposes of state or religious decoration, were now hoarded up and buried in caves and forests. The gold and silver concealed by the natives were affirmed greatly to exceed in quantity that which fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The remote provinces now

shook off their allegiance to the Incas. Their great captains, at the head of distant armies, set up for themselves. Ruminavi, a commander on the borders of Quito, sought to detach that kingdom from the Peruvian empire, and to re-assert its ancient independence. The country, in short, was in that state in which old things are passing away, and the new order of things has not yet been established. It was in a state of revolution.

The authors of the revolution, Pizarro and his followers, remained meanwhile at Caxamalca. But the first step of the Spanish commander was to name a successor to Atahualpa. It would be easier to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahualpa, and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. We know nothing of the character of the young Toparca, who probably resigned himself without reluctance to a destiny which, however humiliating in some points of view, was more exalted than he could have hoped to obtain in the regular course of events. The ceremonies attending a Peruvian coronation were observed as well as time would allow; the brows of the young Inca were encircled with the imperial *borla* by the hands of his conqueror, and he received the homage of his Indian vassals. They were the less reluctant to pay it as most of those in the camp belonged to the faction of Quito.

All thoughts were now eagerly turned towards Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure, early in September, from Caxamalca,—a place ever memorable as the theatre of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits,—the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Al-

magro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors." The young Inca and the old chief Chalcuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the ground. Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys, which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveller; at other times it followed the course of a mountain stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small space for the foothold: at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all further progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.

But although managed with great address it was a formidable passage for the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing. The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal which seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions, the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on rafts, swimming their horses by the bridle.

All along the route they found post-houses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals; and

magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Guamachucho and Guanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras, which occasionally obstructed their path,—a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain passes they found some inconvenience from the cold; since to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents. The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers; but the poor Indians, more scantily clothed and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered most severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the Conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading, as they best could, to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defences, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wing to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilised by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandman drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas.

But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead, the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favourable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while, at the same time, it afforded an easy communication with the sea-coast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoitre the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.

That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives, in a mountain defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed, as they had been of late, to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay, and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcaconga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the further side of it before nightfall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war-cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain tor-

rents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavoured to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw, that unless he gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle-cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and, gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors, and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses; and the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still doubtful when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bow-shot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen; one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-axe, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon, and of the arm that used it. Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience; perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco, with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier, as he was, strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded, and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much easier would it be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succour.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support,—unencumbered by infantry that he might move the lighter. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road; and was so fortunate as to reach the foot of the sierra of Vilcaconga the very night of the engagement.

There hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward without halting, though his horses were spent with travel. The night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbling on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto information of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till the notes winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke the slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music in their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, and soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host, when the morning light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks of the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an enemy who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed to multiply his num-

bers at will. Without further attempt to renew the fight they availed themselves of a thick fog which hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retreat, and left the passes open to the invaders. The two cavaliers then continued their march until they extricated their forces from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they proposed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.

The commander-in-chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, where he was greatly disturbed by the rumours which reached him of the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had gone forward so smoothly, that he was no better prepared than his lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He did not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at last be roused by oppression; and that the massacre of their Inca, whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would be likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apathy.

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of the Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be said, and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which had shown itself thus favourable to the Christians throughout this mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a Crusader. He was, in the sixteenth century, what *Cœur de Lion* and his brave knights were in the twelfth, with this difference; the cavalier of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold and the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit of chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; but the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright under the quilted mail of the American Conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organised, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives, and suspicion fell on the captive chief Chalcuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude towards the Spaniards who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms, and tender

their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that in his present state of confinement, at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further. But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons. It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahualpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards in the death of their creature, the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Challcuchima, now selected as the scape-goat for all the offences of his nation. It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taken them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and Pizarro, having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguama, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil, and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer. Yet the centre of the valley was disfigured by the quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days while he refreshed

his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challcuchima to trial; if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challcuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people designed to secure his country's freedom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else." Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish Conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colours the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise. It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he "did not understand the religion of the white men." He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking the name of Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he an-

nounced his pretensions to the throne, and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march; but finding resistance ineffectual he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master, the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown, and to punish the usurpation of his rival.

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighbouring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit, and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter, at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late, that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the centre, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The

suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy, and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun: and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground-floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held there *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though, during the first few weeks, they remained under their tents in the open *plaza* with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the Court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skilful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially

their head-gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colours, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards, were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort—and they were very numerous—were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences; as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of coloured marble. “In the delicacy of the stone-work,” says another of the Conquerors, “the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art. The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defence against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground,—all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles: and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the high roads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble. Through the heart of

the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco, in the times of the Incas, was undoubtedly the great temple, dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors—all but the frieze of gold, which, embedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth, so greedily circulated among the Spaniards, greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavoured to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchres, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors, and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labours.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas, and ten

or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and several of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities; richly tinted robes, of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the Crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahualpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less,—not ex-

ceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the Crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards, that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil, and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other,—perhaps because of its superior fineness,—was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "Play away the sun before sunrise."

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper sold for ten *pesos de oro*: a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred,—sometimes more: a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things

in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

Chapter VIII

1534-1535

The first care of the Spanish general, after the division of the booty, was to place Manco on the throne, and to obtain for him the recognition of his countrymen. He, accordingly, presented the young prince to them as their future sovereign, the legitimate son of Huayna Capac, and the true heir of the Peruvian sceptre. The annunciation was received with enthusiasm by the people attached to the memory of his illustrious father, and pleased that they were still to have a monarch rule over them of the ancient line of Cuzco.

Everything was done to maintain the illusion with the Indian population. The ceremonies of a coronation were studiously observed. The young prince kept the prescribed fasts and vigils; and on the appointed day the nobles and the people with the whole Spanish soldiery assembled in the great square of Cuzco to witness the concluding ceremony. Mass was publicly performed by Father Valverde, and the Inca Manco received the fringed diadem of Peru, not from the hand of the high priest of his nation, but from his Conqueror, Pizarro. The Indian lords then tendered their obeisance in the customary form; after which the royal notary read aloud the instrument asserting the supremacy of the Castilian Crown, and requiring the homage of all present to its authority. This address was explained by an interpreter, and the ceremony of homage was performed by each one of the parties waving the royal banner of Castile twice or thrice with his hands. Manco then pledged the Spanish commander in a golden goblet of the sparkling *chica*; and, the latter having cordially embraced

the new monarch, the trumpets announced the conclusion of the ceremony. But it was not the note of triumph, but of humiliation; for it proclaimed that the armed foot of the stranger was in the halls of the Peruvian Incas; that the ceremony of coronation was a miserable pageant; that their prince himself was but a puppet in the hands of his Conquerors; and that the glory of the Children of the Sun had departed for ever!

Yet the people readily gave in to the illusion, and seemed willing to accept this image of their ancient independence. The accession of the young monarch was greeted by all the usual *fêtes* and rejoicings. The mummies of his royal ancestors, with such ornaments as were still left to them, were paraded in the great square. They were attended each by his own numerous retinue, who performed all the menial offices, as if the object of them were alive and could feel their import. Each ghostly form took its seat at the banquet-table—now, alas! stripped of the magnificent service with which it was wont to blaze at these high festivals—and the guests drank deep to the illustrious dead. Dancing succeeded the carousal, and the festivities, prolonged to a late hour, were continued night after night by the giddy population, as if their conquerors had not been intrenched in the capital!—What a contrast to the Aztecs in the conquest of Mexico!

Pizarro's next concern was to organise a municipal government for Cuzco, like those in the cities of the parent country. Two *alcaldes* were appointed, and eight *regidores*, among which last functionaries were his brothers Gonzalo and Juan. The oaths of office were administered with great solemnity, on the 24th of March, 1534, in presence both of Spaniards and Peruvians in the public square; as if the general were willing by this ceremony to intimate to the latter, that, while they retained the semblance of their ancient institutions, the real power was henceforth vested in their conquerors. He invited Spaniards to settle in the place by liberal grants of land and houses, for which means were afforded by the numerous palaces and public buildings of the Incas; and many a cavalier who had been too poor in his own country to find a place to rest in, now saw himself the proprietor of a spacious mansion that might have entertained the retinue of a prince.

From this time, says an old chronicler, Pizarro, who had hitherto been distinguished by his military title of "Captain-General," was addressed by that of "Governor." Both had been bestowed on him by the royal grant.

Nor did the chief neglect the interests of religion. Father Valverde, whose nomination as Bishop of Cuzco not long afterwards received the Papal sanction, prepared to enter on the duties of his office. A place was selected for the cathedral of his diocese facing the *plaza*. A spacious monastery subsequently rose on the ruins of the gorgeous House of the Sun; its walls were constructed of the ancient stones; the altar was raised on the spot where shone the bright image of the Peruvian deity, and the cloisters of the Indian temple were trodden by the friars of St. Dominic. To make the metamorphosis more complete, the House of the Virgins of the Sun was replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery. Christian churches and monasteries gradually supplanted the ancient edifices, and such of the latter as were suffered to remain despoiled of their heathen insignia were placed under the protection of the Cross.

The Fathers of St. Dominic, the Brethren of the Order of Mercy, and other missionaries, now busied themselves in the good work of conversion. We have seen that Pizarro was required by the Crown to bring out a certain number of these holy men in his own vessels; and every succeeding vessel brought an additional reinforcement of ecclesiastics. They were not all like the Bishop of Cuzco, with hearts so seared by fanaticism as to be closed against sympathy with the unfortunate natives. They were, many of them, men of singular humility, who followed in the track of the conqueror to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and, with disinterested zeal devoted themselves to the propagation of the Gospel. Thus did their pious labours prove them the true soldiers of the Cross, and showed that the object so ostentatiously avowed of carrying its banner among the heathen nations was not an empty vaunt.

The effort to Christianise the heathen is an honourable characteristic of the Spanish conquests. The Puritan, with equal religious zeal, did comparatively little for the conversion of the

Indian, content, as it would seem, with having secured to himself the inestimable privilege of worshipping God in his own way. Other adventurers who have occupied the New World have often had too little regard for religion themselves, to be very solicitous about spreading it among the savages. But the Spanish missionary from first to last has shown a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives. Under his auspices churches on a magnificent scale have been erected, schools for elementary instruction founded, and every rational means taken to spread the knowledge of religious truth, while he has carried his solitary mission into remote and almost inaccessible regions, or gathered his Indian disciples into communities, like the good Las Casas in Cumaná, or the Jesuits in California and Paraguay. At all times the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror, and the no less wasting cupidity of the colonist; and when his remonstrances, as was too often the case, have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and a happier existence. In reviewing the blood-stained records of Spanish colonial history, it is but fair, and at the same time cheering to reflect, that the same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence, and spread the light of Christian civilisation over the farthest regions of the New World.

While the Governor, as we are henceforth to style him, lay at Cuzo, he received repeated accounts of a considerable force in the neighbourhood, under the command of Atahualpa's officer, Quizquiz. He accordingly detached Almagro, with a small body of horse, and a large Indian force under the Inca Manco, to disperse the enemy, and if possible to capture their leader. Manco was the more ready to take part in the expedition, as the enemy were soldiers of Quito, who, with their commander, bore no good-will to himself.

Almagro, moving with his characteristic rapidity, was not long in coming up with the Indian chieftain. Several sharp encounters followed, as the army of Quito fell back on Xauxa, near which a

general engagement decided the fate of the war by the total discomfiture of the natives. Quizquiz fled to the elevated plains of Quito, where he still held out with undaunted spirit against a Spanish force in that quarter, till at length his own soldiers, wearied by these long and ineffectual hostilities, massacred their commander in cold blood. Thus fell the last of the two great officers of Atahuallpa, who, if their nation had been animated by a spirit equal to their own, might long have successfully maintained their soil against the invader.

Some time before this occurrence, the Spanish governor while in Cuzco, received tidings of an event much more alarming to him than any Indian hostilities. This was the arrival on the coast of a strong Spanish force under the command of Don Pedro de Alvarado, the gallant officer who had served under Cortés with such renown in the war of Mexico. That cavalier, after forming a brilliant alliance in Spain, to which he was entitled by his birth and military rank, had returned to his government of Guatemala, where his avarice had been roused by the magnificent reports he daily received of Pizarro's conquests. These conquests, he learned had been confined to Peru; while the northern kingdom of Quito, the ancient residence of Atahuallpa, and, no doubt, the principal depositary of his treasures, yet remained untouched. Affecting to consider this country as falling without the Governor's jurisdiction, he immediately turned a large fleet, which he had intended for the Spice Islands, in the direction of South America; and in March, 1534, he landed in the bay of Caraques, with five hundred followers, of whom half were mounted, and all admirably provided with arms and ammunition. It was the best equipped and most formidable array that had yet appeared in the southern seas.

Although manifestly an invasion of the territory conceded to Pizarro by the Crown, the reckless cavalier determined to march at once on Quito. With the assistance of an Indian guide, he proposed to take the direct route across the mountains, a passage of exceeding difficulty, even at the most favourable season.

After crossing the Rio Dable, Alvarado's guide deserted him, so that he was soon entangled in the intricate mazes of the sierra; and, as he rose higher and higher into the regions of winter, he

became surrounded with ice and snow, for which his men, taken from the warm countries of Guatemala, were but ill prepared. As the cold grew more intense, many of them were so benumbed, that it was with difficulty they could proceed. The infantry, compelled to make exertions, fared best. Many of the troopers were frozen stiff in their saddles. The Indians, still more sensible to the cold, perished by hundreds. As the Spaniards huddled round their wretched bivouacs, with such scanty fuel as they could glean, and almost without food, they waited in gloomy silence the approach of morning. Yet the morning light, which gleamed coldly on the cheerless waste, brought no joy to them. It only revealed more clearly the extent of their wretchedness. Still struggling on through the winding Puertos Nevados, or Snowy Passes, their track was dismally marked by fragments of dress, broken harness, golden ornaments, and other valuables plundered on their march,—by the dead bodies of men, or by those less fortunate, who were left to die alone in the wilderness. As for the horses, their carcasses were not suffered long to cumber the ground, as they were quickly seized and devoured half raw by the starving soldiers, who, like the famished condors, now hovering in troops above their heads, greedily banqueted on the most offensive offal to satisfy the gnawings of hunger.

Alvarado, anxious to secure the booty which had fallen into his hands at an earlier period of his march, encouraged every man to take what gold he wanted from the common heap, reserving only the royal fifth. But they only answered with a ghastly smile of derision, "that food was the only gold for them." Yet in this extremity, which might seem to have dissolved the very ties of nature, there are some affecting instances recorded of self-devotion; of comrades who lost their lives in assisting others; and of parents and husbands, (for some of the cavaliers were accompanied by their wives), who, instead of seeking their own safety, chose to remain and perish in the snows with the objects of their love.

To add to their distress, the air was filled for several days with thick clouds of earthy particles and cinders, which blinded the men, and made respiration exceedingly difficult. This phenomenon, it seems probable, was caused by an eruption of the distant

Cotopaxi, which, about twelve leagues south-east of Quito, rears up its colossal and perfectly symmetrical cone far above the limits of eternal snow,—the most beautiful and the most terrible of the American volcanoes. At the time of Alvarado's expedition, it was in a state of eruption, the earliest instance of the kind on record, though doubtless not the earliest. Since that period, it has been in frequent commotion, sending up its sheets of flame to the height of half a mile, spouting forth cataracts of lava that have overwhelmed towns and villages in their career, and shaking the earth with subterraneous thunders, that, at the distance of more than a hundred leagues, sounded like the reports of artillery! Alvarado's followers, unacquainted with the cause of the phenomenon, as they wandered over tracts buried in snow,—the sight of which was strange to them,—in an atmosphere laden with ashes, became bewildered by this confusion of the elements, which nature seemed to have contrived purposely for their destruction. Some of these men were the soldiers of Cortés, steeled by many a painful march, and many a sharp encounter with the Aztecs. But this war of the elements, they now confessed, was mightier than all.

At length, Alvarado, after sufferings which even the most hardy probably could have endured but a few days longer, emerged from the Snowy Pass, and came on the elevated tableland, which spreads out, at the height of more than nine thousand feet above the ocean, in the neighbourhood of Riobamba. But one-fourth of his gallant army had been left to feed the condor in the wilderness, besides the greater part, at least two thousand, of his Indian auxiliaries. A great number of his horses, too, had perished; and the men and horses that escaped were all of them more or less injured by the cold and the extremity of suffering. Such was the terrible passage of the Puertos Nevados, which I have only briefly noticed as an episode to the Peruvian conquest, but the account of which, in all its details, though it occupied but a few weeks in duration, would give one a better idea of the difficulties encountered by the Spanish cavaliers, than volumes of ordinary narrative.

As Alvarado, after halting some time to restore his exhausted troops, began his march across the broad plateau, he was astonished by seeing the prints of horses' hoofs on the soil. Spaniards, then,

had been there before him, and, after all his toil and suffering, others had forestalled him in the enterprise against Quito! It is necessary to say a few words in explanation of this.

When Pizarro quitted Caxamalca, being sensible of the growing importance of San Miguel, the only port of entry then in the country, he dispatched a person in whom he had great confidence to take charge of it. This person was Sebastian Benalcazar, a cavalier who afterwards placed his name in the first rank of the South American conquerors, for courage, capacity,—and cruelty. But this cavalier had hardly reached his government, when, like Alvarado, he received such accounts of the riches of Quito, that he determined, with the force at his command, though without orders, to undertake its reduction.

At the head of about a hundred and forty soldiers, horse and foot, and a stout body of Indian auxiliaries, he marched up the broad range of the Andes, to where it spreads out into the tableland of Quito, by a road safer and more expeditious than that taken by Alvarado. On the plains of Riobamba, he encountered the Indian general Ruminavi. Several engagements followed, with doubtful success, when, in the end, science prevailed where courage was well matched, and the victorious Benalcazar planted the standard of Castile on the ancient towers of Atahualpa. The city, in honour of his general, Francis Pizarro, he named San Francisco del Quito. But great was his mortification on finding that either the stories of its riches had been fabricated, or that these riches were secreted by the natives. The city was all that he gained by his victories,—the shell without the pearl of price which gave it its value. While devouring his chagrin as he best could, the Spanish captain received tidings of the approach of his superior, Almagro.

No sooner had the news of Alvarado's expedition reached Cuzco than Almagro left the place with a small force for San Miguel, proposing to strengthen himself by a reinforcement from that quarter, and to march at once against the invaders. Greatly was he astonished, on his arrival in that city, to learn the departure of its commander. Doubting the loyalty of his motives, Almagro, with the buoyancy of spirit which belongs to youth, though in truth some-

what enfeebled by the infirmities of age, did not hesitate to follow Benalcazar at once across the mountains.

With his wonted energy the intrepid veteran, overcoming all the difficulties of his march, in a few weeks placed himself and his little company on the lofty plains which spread around the Indian city of Riobamba; though in his progress he had more than one hot encounter with the natives, whose courage and perseverance formed a contrast sufficiently striking to the apathy of the Peruvians. But the fire only slumbered in the bosom of the Peruvian. His hour had not yet come.

At Riobamba, Almagro was soon joined by the commander of San Miguel, who disclaimed, perhaps sincerely, any disloyal intent in his unauthorised expedition. Thus reinforced, the Spanish captain coolly awaited the coming of Alvarado. The forces of the latter, though in a less serviceable condition, were much superior in number and appointments to those of his rival. As they confronted each other on the broad plains of Riobamba, it seemed probable that a fierce struggle must immediately follow, and the natives of the country have the satisfaction to see their wrongs avenged by the very hands that inflicted them. But it was Almagro's policy to avoid such an issue.

Negotiations were set on foot, in which each party stated his claims to the country. Meanwhile Alvarado's men mingled freely with their countrymen in the opposite army, and heard there such magnificent reports of the wealth and wonders of Cuzco, that many of them were inclined to change their present service for that of Pizarro. Their own leader, too, satisfied that Quito held out no recompense worth the sacrifices he had made, and was like to make, by insisting on his claim, became now more sensible of the rashness of a course which must doubtless incur the censure of his sovereign. In this temper, it was not difficult for them to effect an adjustment of difficulties; and it was agreed, as the basis of it, that the governor should pay one hundred thousand *pesos de oro* to Alvarado, in consideration of which the latter was to resign to him his fleet, his forces, and all his stores and munitions. His vessels, great and small, amounted to twelve in number, and the sum he

received, though large, did not cover his expenses. This treaty being settled, Alvarado proposed, before leaving the country, to have an interview with Pizarro.

The governor, meanwhile, had quitted the Peruvian capital for the sea-coast, from his desire to repel any invasion that might be attempted in that direction by Alvarado, with whose real movements he was still unacquainted. He left Cuzco in charge of his brother Juan, a cavalier whose manners were such as he thought would be likely to gain the good-will of the native population. Pizarro also left ninety of his troops as the garrison of the capital, and the nucleus of his future colony. Then, taking the Inca Manco with him, he proceeded as far as Xauxa. At this place he was entertained by the Indian prince with the exhibition of a great national hunt,—such as has been already described in these pages,—in which immense numbers of wild animals were slaughtered, and the vicuñas, and other races of Peruvian sheep, which roam over the mountains, driven into inclosures and relieved of their delicate fleeces.

The Spanish governor then proceeded to Pachacamac, where he received the grateful intelligence of the accommodation with Alvarado; and not long afterward he was visited by that cavalier himself previous to his embarkation.

The meeting was conducted with courtesy, and a show, at least, of good-will on both sides, as there was no longer real cause for jealousy between the parties; and each, as may be imagined, looked on the other with no little interest, as having achieved such distinction in the bold path of adventure. In the comparison, Alvarado had somewhat the advantage; for Pizarro, though of commanding presence, had not the brilliant exterior, the free and joyous manner, which, no less than his fresh complexion and sunny locks, had won for the conqueror of Guatemala, in his campaigns against the Aztecs, the *sobriquet* of *Tonatiuh*, or, "Child of the Sun."

Blithe were the revels that now rang through the ancient city of Pachacamac; where, instead of songs, and of the sacrifices so often seen there in honour of the Indian deity, the walls echoed to the noise of tourneys and Moorish tilts of reeds, with which the mar-

tial adventurers loved to recall the sports of their native land. When these were concluded, Alvarado re-embarked for his government of Guatemala, where his restless spirit soon involved him in other enterprises that cut short his adventurous career. His expedition to Peru was eminently characteristic of the man. It was founded in injustice, conducted with rashness, and ended in disaster.

The reduction of Peru might now be considered as, in a manner, accomplished. Some barbarous tribes in the interior, it is true, still held out, and Alonso de Alvarado, a prudent and able officer, was employed to bring them into subjection. Benalcazar was still at Quito, of which he was subsequently appointed governor by the Crown. There he was laying deeper the foundation of the Spanish power, while he advanced the line of conquest still higher towards the north. But Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Indian monarchy, had submitted. The armies of Atahuallpa had been beaten and scattered. The empire of the Incas was dissolved; and the prince who now wore the Peruvian diadem was but the shadow of a king, who held his commission from his conqueror.

The first act of the governor was to determine on the site of the future capital of this vast colonial empire. Cuzco, withdrawn among the mountains, was altogether too far removed from the sea-coast for a commercial people. The little settlement of San Miguel lay too far to the north. It was desirable to select some more central position, which could be easily found in one of the fruitful valleys that bordered the Pacific. Such was that of Pachacamac, which Pizarro now occupied. But, on further examination, he preferred the neighbouring valley of Rimac, which lay to the north, and which took its name, signifying in the Quichua tongue "one who speaks," from a celebrated idol, whose shrine was much frequented by the Indians for the oracles it delivered. Through the valley flowed a broad stream, which, like a great artery, was made as usual by the natives to supply a thousand finer veins that meandered through the beautiful meadows.

On this river, Pizarro fixed the site of his new capital, at somewhat less than two leagues' distance from its mouth, which expanded into a commodious haven for the commerce that the pro-

phetic eye of the founder saw would one day—and no very distant one—float on its waters. The central situation of the spot recommended it as a suitable residence for the Peruvian viceroy, whence he might hold easy communication with the different parts of the country, and keep vigilant watch over his Indian vassals. The climate was delightful, and, though only twelve degrees south of the line, was so far tempered by the cool breezes that generally blow from the Pacific, or from the opposite quarter down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras, that the heat was less than in corresponding latitudes on the continent. It never rained on the coast; but this dryness was corrected by a vaporous cloud, which, through the summer months, hung like a curtain over the valley, sheltering it from the rays of a tropical sun, and imperceptibly distilling a refreshing moisture that clothed the fields in the brightest verdure.

The name bestowed on the infant capital was *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or city of the Kings, in honour of the day, being the 6th of January, 1535,—the festival of Epiphany,—when it was said to have been founded, or more probably when its site was determined, as its actual foundation seems to have been twelve days later. But the Castilian name ceased to be used even within the first generation, and was supplanted by that of Lima, into which the original Indian name of Rimac was corrupted by the Spaniards.

The city was laid out on a very regular plan. The streets were to be much wider than usual in Spanish towns, and perfectly straight, crossing one another at right angles, and so far asunder as to afford ample space for gardens, to the dwellings, and for public squares. It was arranged in a triangular form, having the river for its base, the waters of which were to be carried by means of stone conduits, through all the principal streets, affording facilities for irrigating the grounds around the houses.

No sooner had the governor decided on the site and on the plan of the city, than he commenced operations with his characteristic energy. The Indians were collected from the distance of more than a hundred miles to aid in the work. The Spaniards applied themselves with vigour to the task, under the eye of their chief. The sword was exchanged for the tool of the artisan. The camp was converted into a hive of diligent labourers; and the sounds of war

were succeeded by the peaceful hum of a busy population. The *plaza*, which was extensive, was to be surrounded by the cathedral, the palace of the viceroy, that of the municipality, and other public buildings; and their foundations were laid on a scale, and with a solidity, which defied the assaults of time, and in some instances, even the more formidable shock of earthquakes, that, at different periods, have laid portions of the fair capital in ruins.

While these events were going on, Almagro, the Marshal, as he is usually termed by chroniclers of the time, had gone to Cuzco, whither he was sent by Pizarro to take command of that capital. He received also instructions to undertake, either by himself or by his captains, the conquest of the countries towards the south, forming part of Chile. Almagro, since his arrival at Caxamalca, had seemed willing to smother his ancient feelings of resentment towards his associate, or, at least, to conceal the expression of them, and had consented to take command under him in obedience to the royal mandate. He had even, in his despatches, the magnanimity to make honourable mention of Pizarro, as one anxious to promote the interests of government. Yet he did not so far trust his companion, as to neglect the precaution of sending a confidential agent to represent his own services, when Hernando Pizarro undertook his mission to the mother country.

That cavalier, after touching at St. Domingo, had arrived without accident at Seville, in January, 1534. Besides the royal fifth, he took with him gold to the value of half a million of *pesos*, together with a large quantity of silver, the property of private adventurers, some of whom, satisfied with their gains, had returned to Spain in the same vessel with himself. The custom-house was filled with solid ingots, and with vases of different forms, imitations of animals, flowers, fountains, and other objects, executed with more or less skill, and all of pure gold, to the astonishment of the spectators, who flocked from the neighbouring country to gaze on these marvellous productions of Indian art. Most of the manufactured articles were the property of the Crown; and Hernando Pizarro, after a short stay at Seville, selected some of the most gorgeous specimens, and crossed the country to Calatayud, where the emperor was holding the *cortés* of Aragon.

Hernando was instantly admitted to the royal presence, and obtained a gracious audience. He was more conversant with courts than either of his brothers, and his manners, when in situations that imposed a restraint on the natural arrogance of his temper, were graceful and even attractive. In a respectful tone, he now recited the stirring adventures of his brother and his little troop of followers, the fatigues they had endured, the difficulties they had overcome, their capture of the Peruvian Inca, and his magnificent ransom. He had not to tell of the massacre of the unfortunate prince, for that tragic event, which had occurred since his departure from the country, was still unknown to him. The cavalier expatiated on the productiveness of the soil, and on the civilisation of the people, evinced by their proficiency in various mechanic arts; in proof of which he displayed the manufactures of wool and cotton, and the rich ornaments of gold and silver. The monarch's eyes sparkled with delight as he gazed on these last. He was too sagacious not to appreciate the advantages of a conquest which secured to him a country so rich in agricultural resources. But the returns from these must necessarily be gradual and long deferred; and he may be excused for listening with still greater satisfaction to Pizarro's tales of its mineral stores; for his ambitious projects had drained the imperial treasury, and he saw in the golden tide thus unexpectedly poured in upon him the immediate means of replenishing it.

Charles made no difficulty, therefore, in granting the petitions of the fortunate adventurer. All the previous grants to Francis Pizarro and his associates were confirmed in the fullest manner; and the boundaries of the governor's jurisdiction were extended seventy leagues further towards the south. Nor did Almagro's services, this time, go unrequited. He was empowered to discover and occupy the country for the distance of two hundred leagues, beginning at the southern limit of Pizarro's territory. Charles, in proof, still further, of his satisfaction, was graciously pleased to address a letter to the two commanders, in which he complimented them on their prowess, and thanked them for their services. This act of justice to Almagro would have been highly honourable to Hernando Pizarro, considering the unfriendly relations in which they stood

to each other, had it not been made necessary by the presence of the marshal's own agents at Court, who, as already noticed, stood ready to supply any deficiency in the statements of the emissary.

In this display of the royal bounty, the envoy, as will readily be believed, did not go without his reward. He was lodged as an attendant of the Court; was made a knight of Santiago, the most prized of the chivalric orders in Spain; was empowered to equip an armament, and to take command of it; and the royal officers at Seville were required to aid him in his views and facilitate his embarkation for the Indies.

The arrival of Hernando Pizarro in the country, and the reports spread by him and his followers, created a sensation among the Spaniards such as had not been felt since the first voyage of Columbus. The discovery of the New World had filled the minds of men with indefinite expectations of wealth, of which almost every succeeding expedition had proved the fallacy. The conquest of Mexico, though calling forth general admiration as a brilliant and wonderful exploit, had as yet failed to produce those golden results which had been so fondly anticipated. The splendid promises held out by Francis Pizarro on his recent visit to the country had not revived the confidence of his countrymen, made incredulous by repeated disappointment. All that they were assured of was the difficulties of the enterprise; and their distrust of its results was sufficiently shown by the small number of followers, and those only of the most desperate stamp, who were willing to take their chance in the adventure.

But now these promises were realised. It was no longer the golden reports that they were to trust; but the gold itself, which was displayed in such profusion before them. All eyes were now turned towards the West. The broken spendthrift saw in it the quarter where he was to repair his fortunes as speedily as he had ruined them. The merchant, instead of seeking the precious commodities of the East, looked in the opposite direction, and counted on far higher gains, where the most common articles of life commanded so exorbitant prices. The cavalier, eager to win both gold and glory at the point of his lance, thought to find a fair field for his prowess on the mountain plains of the Andes. Ferdinand Pi-

zarro found that his brother had judged rightly in allowing as many of his company as chose to return home, confident that the display of their wealth would draw ten to his banner for every one that quitted it.

In a short time that cavalier saw himself at the head of one of the most numerous and well-appointed armaments, probably, that had left the shores of Spain since the great fleet of Ovando, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was scarcely more fortunate than this. Hardly had Ferdinand put to sea, when a violent tempest fell on the squadron, and compelled him to return to port and refit. At length he crossed the ocean, and reached the little harbour of Nombre de Dios in safety. But no preparations had been made for his coming, and, as he was detained here some time before he could pass the mountains, his company suffered greatly from scarcity of food. In their extremity the most unwholesome articles were greedily devoured, and many a cavalier spent his little savings to procure himself a miserable subsistence. Disease, as usual, trod closely in the track of famine, and numbers of the unfortunate adventurers, sinking under the unaccustomed heats of the climate, perished on the very threshold of discovery.

It was the tale often repeated in the history of Spanish enterprise. A few, more lucky than the rest, stumble on some unexpected prize, and hundreds, attracted by their success, press forward in the same path. But the rich spoil which lay on the surface has been already swept away by the first comers, and those who follow are to win their treasure by long-protracted and painful exertion. Broken in spirit and in fortune many returned in disgust to their native shores, while others remained where they were to die in despair. They thought to dig for gold; but they dug only their graves.

Yet it fared not thus with all Pizarro's company. Many of them, crossing the Isthmus with him to Panamá, came in time to Peru, where, in the desperate chances of its revolutionary struggles, some few arrived at posts of profit and distinction. Among those who first reached the Peruvian shore was an emissary sent by Almagro's agents to inform him of the important grant made to him by the Crown. The tidings reached him just as he was making his entry

into Cuzco, where he was received with all respect by Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, who, in obedience to their brother's commands, instantly resigned the government of the capital into the marshal's hands. But Almagro was greatly elated on finding himself now placed by his sovereign in a command that made him independent of the man who had so deeply wronged him; and he intimated that in the exercise of his present authority he acknowledged no superior. In this lordly humour he was confirmed by several of his followers, who insisted that Cuzco fell to the south of the territory ceded to Pizarro, and consequently came within that now granted to the marshal. Among these followers were several of Alvarado's men, who, though of better condition than the soldiers of Pizarro, were under much worse discipline, and had acquired, indeed, a spirit of unbridled licence under that unscrupulous chief. They now evinced little concern for the native population of Cuzco; and, not content with the public edifices, seized on the dwellings of individuals, where it suited their convenience, appropriating their contents without ceremony,—showing as little respect, in short, for person or property, as if the place had been taken by storm.

While these events were passing in the ancient Peruvian capital, the governor was still at Lima, where he was greatly disturbed by the accounts he received of the new honours conferred on his associate. He did not know that his own jurisdiction had been extended seventy leagues further to the south, and he entertained the same suspicion with Almagro that the capital of the Incas did not rightly come within its present limits. He saw all the mischief likely to result from this opulent city falling into the hands of his rival, who would thus have an almost indefinite means of gratifying his own cupidity, and that of his followers. He felt, that, under the present circumstances, it was not safe to allow Almagro to anticipate the possession of power to which, as yet, he had no legitimate right; for the despatches containing the warrant for it still remained with Hernando Pizarro at Panamá, and all that had reached Peru was a copy of a garbled extract.

Without loss of time, therefore, he sent instructions to Cuzco, for his brothers to resume the government, while he defended the

measure to Almagro on the ground, that, when he should hereafter receive his credentials, it would be unbecoming to be found already in possession of the post. He concluded by urging him to go forward without delay in his expedition to the south.

But neither the marshal nor his friends were pleased with the idea of so soon relinquishing the authority which they now considered as his right. The Pizarros on the other hand were pertinacious in reclaiming it. The dispute grew warmer and warmer. Each party had its supporters; the city was split into factions: and the municipality, the soldiers, and even the Indian population, took sides in the struggle for power. Matters were proceeding to extremity, menacing the capital with violence and bloodshed, when Pizarro himself appeared among them.

On receiving tidings of the fatal consequences of his mandates, he had posted in all haste to Cuzco, where he was greeted with undisguised joy by the natives, as well as by the more temperate Spaniards, anxious to avert the impending storm. The governor's first interview was with Almagro, whom he embraced with a seeming cordiality in his manner; and, without any show of resentment, inquired into the cause of the present disturbances. To this the marshal replied by throwing the blame on Pizarro's brothers; but, although the governor reprimanded them with some asperity for their violence, it was soon evident that his sympathies were on their side, and the dangers of a feud between the two associates seemed greater than ever. Happily, it was postponed by the intervention of some common friends, who showed more discretion than their leaders. With their aid a reconciliation was at length effected, on the grounds substantially of their ancient compact.

It was agreed that their friendship should be maintained inviolate; and, by a stipulation that reflects no great credit on the parties, it was provided that neither should malign nor disparage the other, especially in their despatches to the Emperor; and that neither should hold communication with the government without the knowledge of his confederate; lastly, that both the expenditures and the profits of future discovery should be shared equally by the associates. The wrath of Heaven was invoked by the most solemn imprecations on the head of whichever should violate this

compact, and the Almighty was implored to visit the offender with loss of property and of life in this world, and with eternal perdition in that to come! The parties further bound themselves to the observance of this contract by a solemn oath taken on the sacrament as it was held in the hands of Father Bartolomé de Segovia, who concluded the ceremony by performing mass. The whole proceeding, and the articles of agreement, were carefully recorded by the notary, in an instrument bearing date June 12, 1535, and attested by a long list of witnesses.

Thus did these two ancient comrades, after trampling on the ties of friendship and honour, hope to knit themselves to each other by the holy bands of religion. That it should have been necessary to resort to so extraordinary a measure might have furnished them with the best proof of its inefficacy.

Not long after this accommodation of their differences, the marshal raised his standard for Chili; and numbers, won by his popular manners, and by his liberal largesses,—liberal to prodigality,—eagerly joined in the enterprise, which they fondly trusted would lead even to greater riches than they had found in Peru. Two Indians, Paulo Topa, a brother of the Inca Manco, and Villac Umu, the high priest of the nation, were sent in advance, with three Spaniards, to prepare the way for the little army. A detachment of a hundred and fifty men, under an officer named Saavedra, next followed. Almagro remained behind to collect further recruits; but before his levies were completed he began his march, feeling himself insecure with his diminished strength in the neighbourhood of Pizarro! The remainder of his forces when mustered were to follow him.

Thus relieved of the presence of his rival, the governor returned without further delay to the coast to resume his labours in the settlement of the country. Besides the principal city of "The Kings," he established others along the Pacific, destined to become hereafter the flourishing marts of commerce. The most important of these, in honour of his birth-place, he named Truxillo, planting it on a site already indicated by Almagro. He made also numerous *repartimientos* both of lands and Indians among his followers, in the usual manner of the Spanish Conquerors;—

though here the ignorance of the real resources of the country led to very different results from what he had intended, as the territory smallest in extent, not unfrequently, from the hidden treasures in its bosom, turned out greatest in value.

But nothing claimed so much of Pizarro's care as the rising metropolis of Lima; and so eagerly did he press forward the work, and so well was he seconded by the multitude of labourers at his command, that he had the satisfaction to see his young capital, with its stately edifices and its pomp of gardens, rapidly advancing towards completion. It is pleasing to contemplate the softer features in the character of the rude soldier as he was thus occupied with healing up the ravages of war, and laying broad the foundations of an empire more civilised than that which he had overthrown. This peaceful occupation formed a contrast to the life of incessant turmoil in which he had been hitherto engaged. It seemed, too, better suited to his own advancing age, which naturally invited to repose. And, if we may trust his chroniclers, there was no part of his career in which he took greater satisfaction. It is certain there is no part which has been viewed with greater satisfaction by posterity; and, amidst the woe and desolation which Pizarro and his followers brought on the devoted land of the Incas, Lima, the beautiful City of the Kings, still survives as the most glorious work of his creation, the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific.

Chapter IX

1535—1536

While the absence of his rival Almagro relieved Pizarro from all immediate disquietude from that quarter, his authority was menaced in another, where he had least expected it. This was from the native population of the country. Hitherto, the Peruvians had shown only a tame and submissive temper, that inspired their conquerors with too much contempt to leave room for apprehension. They had passively acquiesced in the usurpation of the invaders; had seen one monarch butchered, another placed on the

vacant throne, their temples despoiled of their treasures, their capital and country appropriated and parceled out among the Spaniards; but with the exception of an occasional skirmish in the mountain passes, not a blow had been struck in defence of their rights. Yet this was the warlike nation which had spread its conquests over so large a part of the continent!

In his career, Pizarro, though he scrupled at nothing to effect his object, had not usually countenanced such superfluous acts of cruelty as had too often stained the arms of his countrymen in other parts of the continent, and which, in the course of a few years, had exterminated nearly a whole population in Hispaniola. He had struck one astounding blow, by the seizure of Atahualpa, and he seemed willing to rely on this to strike terror into the natives. He even affected some respect for the institutions of the country, and had replaced the monarch he had murdered by another of the legitimate line. Yet this was but a pretext. The kingdom had experienced a revolution of the most decisive kind. Its ancient institutions were subverted. Its heaven-descended aristocracy was levelled almost to the condition of the peasant. The people became the serfs of the Conquerors. Their dwellings in the capital—at least, after the arrival of Alvarado's officers—were seized and appropriated. The temples were turned into stables; the royal residences into barracks for the troops. The sanctity of the religious houses was violated. Thousands of matrons and maidens, who, however erroneous their faith, lived in chaste seclusion in the conventual establishments, were now turned abroad, and became the prey of a licentious soldiery. A favourite wife of the young Inca was debauched by the Castilian officers. The Inca, himself treated with contemptuous indifference, found that he was a poor dependent, if not a tool, in the hands of his conquerors.

Yet the Inca Manco was a man of a lofty spirit and a courageous heart; such a one as might have challenged comparison with the bravest of his ancestors in the prouder days of the empire. Stung to the quick by the humiliations to which he was exposed, he repeatedly urged Pizarro to restore him to the real exercise of power, as well as to the show of it. But Pizarro evaded a request so incompatible with his own ambitious schemes, or, indeed, with

the policy of Spain, and the young Inca and his nobles were left to brood over their injuries in secret, and await patiently the hour of vengeance. The dissensions among the Spaniards themselves seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for this. The Peruvian chiefs held many conferences together on the subject, and the high-priest Villac Umu urged the necessity of a rising as soon as Almagro had withdrawn his forces from the city. It would then be comparatively easy, by assaulting the invaders on their several posts, scattered as they were over the country, to overpower them by superior numbers, and shake off their detested yoke before the arrival of fresh reinforcements should rivet it for ever on the necks of his countrymen. A plan for a general rising was formed, and it was in conformity to it that the priest was selected by the Inca to bear Almagro company on the march, that he might secure the co-operation of the natives in the country, and then secretly return—as in fact he did—to take part in the insurrection.

To carry their plans into effect it became necessary that the Inca Manco should leave the city and present himself among his people. He found no difficulty in withdrawing from Cuzco, where his presence was scarcely heeded by the Spaniards, as his nominal power was held in little deference by the haughty and confident Conquerors. But in the capital there was a body of Indian allies more jealous of his movements. These were from the tribe of the Cañares, a warlike race of the north, too recently reduced by the Incas to have much sympathy with them or their institutions. There were about a thousand of this people in the place, and, as they had conceived some suspicion of the Inca's purposes, they kept an eye on his movements, and speedily reported his absence to Juan Pizarro.

That cavalier, at the head of a small body of horse, instantly marched in pursuit of the fugitive, whom he was so fortunate as to discover in a thicket of reeds, in which he sought to conceal himself, at no great distance from the city. Manco was arrested, brought back a prisoner to Cuzco, and placed under a strong guard in the fortress. The conspiracy seemed now at an end; and nothing was left to the unfortunate Peruvians but to hewail their ruined hopes, and to give utterance to their disappointment in

doleful ballads, which rehearsed the captivity of their Inca, and the downfall of his royal house.

While these things were in progress, Hernando Pizarro returned to Ciudad de los Reyes, bearing with him the royal commission for the extension of his brother's powers, as well as of those conceded to Almagro. The envoy also brought the royal patent conferring on Francisco Pizarro the title of *Marques de los Atavillos*,—a province in Peru. Thus was the fortunate adventurer placed in the ranks of the proud aristocracy of Castile, few of whose members could boast—if they had the courage to boast—their elevation from so humble an origin, as still fewer could justify it by a show of greater services to the Crown.

The new marquess resolved not to forward the commission, at present, to the marshal, whom he designed to engage still deeper in the conquest of Chili, that his attention might be diverted from Cuzco, which, however, his brother assured him, now fell without doubt, within the newly extended limits of his own territory. To make more sure of this important prize, he dispatched Hernando to take the government of the capital into his own hands, as the one of his brothers on whose talents and practical experience he placed greatest reliance.

Hernando, notwithstanding his arrogant bearing towards his countrymen, had ever manifested a more than ordinary sympathy with the Indians. He had been the friend of Atahualpa, to such a degree, indeed, that it was said, if he had been in the camp at the time, the fate of that unhappy monarch would probably have been averted. He now showed a similar friendly disposition towards his successor, Manco. He caused the Peruvian prince to be liberated from confinement, and gradually admitted him into some intimacy with himself. The crafty Indian availed himself of his freedom to mature his plans for the rising, but with so much caution, that no suspicion of them crossed the mind of Hernando. Secrecy and silence are characteristic of the American, almost as invariably as the peculiar colour of his skin. Manco disclosed to his conqueror the existence of several heaps of treasure, and the places where they had been secreted; and when he had thus won his confidence, he stimulated his cupidity still further by an ac-

count of a statue of pure gold of his father Huayna Capac, which the wily Peruvian requested leave to bring from a secret cave in which it was deposited, among the neighbouring Andes. Hernando, blinded by his avarice, consented to the Inca's departure.

He sent with him two Spanish soldiers, less as a guard than to aid him in the object of his expedition. A week elapsed, and yet he did not return, nor were there any tidings to be gathered of him. Hernando now saw his error, especially as his own suspicions were confirmed by the unfavourable reports of his Indian allies. Without further delay, he dispatched his brother Juan, at the head of sixty horse, in quest of the Peruvian prince, with orders to bring him back once more a prisoner to his capital.

That cavalier, with his well-armed troops, soon traversed the environs of Cuzco without discovering any vestige of the fugitive. The country was remarkably silent and deserted, until, as he approached the mountain range that hems in the valley of Yucay, about six leagues from the city, he was met by the two Spaniards who had accompanied Manco. They informed Pizarro that it was only at the point of the sword he could recover the Inca, for the country was all in arms, and the Peruvian chief at its head was preparing to march on the capital. Yet he had offered no violence to their persons, but had allowed them to return in safety.

The Spanish captain found this story fully confirmed when he arrived at the river Yucay, on the opposite bank of which were drawn up the Indian battalions to the number of many thousand men, who with their young monarch at their head, prepared to dispute his passage. It seemed that they could not feel their position sufficiently strong, without placing a river, as usual, between them and their enemy. The Spaniards were not checked by this obstacle. The stream, though deep, was narrow; and, plunging in, they swam their horses boldly across, amidst a tempest of stones and arrows that rattled thick as hail upon their harness, finding occasionally some crevice or vulnerable point, although the wounds thus received only goaded them to more desperate efforts. The barbarians fell back as the cavaliers made good their landing; but, without allowing the latter time to form, they returned with a spirit which they had hitherto seldom displayed, and enveloped

them on all sides with their greatly superior numbers. The fight now raged fiercely. Many of the Indians were armed with lances headed with copper tempered almost to the hardness of steel, and with huge maces and battle-axes of the same metal. Their defensive armour, also, was, in many respects, excellent, consisting of stout doublets of quilted cotton, shields covered with skins, and casques richly ornamented with gold and jewels, or sometimes made like those of the Mexicans, in the fantastic shape of the heads of wild animals, garnished with rows of teeth that grinned horribly above the visage of the warrior. The whole army wore an aspect of martial ferocity, under the control of much higher military discipline than the Spaniards had before seen in the country.

The little band of cavaliers, shaken by the fury of the Indian assault, were thrown at first into some disorder, but at length, cheering on one another with the old war-cry of "St. Jago," they formed in solid column, and charged boldly into the thick of the enemy. The latter, incapable of withstanding the shock, gave way, or were trampled down under the feet of the horses, or pierced by the lances of the riders. Yet their flight was conducted with some order; and they turned at intervals, to let off a volley of arrows, or to deal furious blows with their pole-axes and war-clubs. They fought as if conscious that they were under the eye of their Inca.

It was evening before they had entirely quitted the level ground, and withdrawn into the fastnesses of the lofty range of hills which belt round the beautiful valley of Yucay. Juan Pizarro and his little troop encamped on the level at the base of the mountains. He had gained a victory, as usual, over immense odds; but he had never seen a field so well disputed, and his victory had cost him the lives of several men and horses, while many more had been wounded, and were nearly disabled by the fatigues of the day. But he trusted the severe lesson he had inflicted on the enemy, whose slaughter was great, would crush the spirit of resistance. He was deceived.

The following morning, great was his dismay to see the passes of the mountains filled up with dark lines of warriors, stretching

as far as the eye could penetrate into the depths of the sierra, while dense masses of the enemy were gathered like thunder-clouds along the slopes and summits, as if ready to pour down in fury on the assailants. The ground, altogether unfavourable to the manœuvres of cavalry, gave every advantage to the Peruvians, who rolled down huge rocks from their elevated position, and sent off incessant showers of missiles on the heads of the Spaniards. Juan Pizarro did not care to entangle himself further in the perilous defile; and, though he repeatedly charged the enemy, and drove them back with considerable loss, the second night found him with men and horses wearied and wounded, and as little advanced in the object of his expedition as on the preceding evening. From this embarrassing position, after a day or two more spent in unprofitable hostilities, he was surprised by a summons from his brother to return with all expedition to Cuzco, which was now besieged by the enemy.

Without delay, he began his retreat, recrossed the valley, the recent scene of slaughter, swam the river Yucay, and, by a rapid countermarch, closely followed by the victorious enemy, who celebrated their success with songs or rather yells of triumph, he arrived before nightfall in sight of the capital.

But very different was the sight which there met his eye from what he had beheld on leaving it a few days before. The extensive environs, as far as the eye could reach, were occupied by a mighty host, which an indefinite computation swelled to the number of two hundred thousand warriors. The dusky lines of the Indian battalions stretched out to the very verge of the mountains; while, all around, the eye saw only the crests and waving banners of chieftains, mingled with rich panoplies of feather-work, which reminded some few who had served under Cortés of the military costume of the Aztecs. Above all rose a forest of long lances and battle-axes edged with copper, which tossed to and fro in wild confusion, glittering in the rays of the setting sun, like light playing on the surface of a dark and troubled ocean. It was the first time that the Spaniards had beheld an Indian army in all its terrors; such an army as the Incas led to battle, when the banner of the Sun was borne triumphant over the land.

Yet the bold hearts of the cavaliers, if for a moment dismayed by the sight, soon gathered courage as they closed up their files, and prepared to open a way for themselves through the beleaguering host. But the enemy seemed to shun the encounter; and falling back at their approach, left a free entrance into the capital. The Peruvians were probably not unwilling to draw as many victims as they could into the toils, conscious that the greater the number the sooner they would become sensible to the approaches of famine.

Hernando Pizarro greeted his brother with no little satisfaction; for he brought an important addition to his force, which now, when all were united, did not exceed two hundred, horse and foot, besides a thousand Indian auxiliaries; an insignificant number, in comparison with the countless multitudes that were swarming at the gates. That night was passed by the Spaniards with feelings of the deepest anxiety, as they looked forward with natural apprehension to the morrow. It was early in February, 1536, when the siege of Cuzco commenced; a siege memorable as calling out the most heroic displays of Indian and European valour, and bringing the two races in deadlier conflict with each other than had yet occurred in the conquest of Peru.

The numbers of the enemy seemed no less formidable during the night than by the light of day; far and wide their watch-fires were to be seen gleaming over valley and hill-top, as thickly scattered, says an eye-witness, as "the stars of heaven in a cloudless summer-night." Before these fires had become pale in the light of the morning, the Spaniards were roused by the hideous clamour of conch, trumpet, and atabal, mingled with the fierce war-cries of the barbarians, as they let off volleys of missiles of every description, most of which fell harmless within the city. But others did more serious execution. These were burning arrows and red-hot stones wrapped in cotton that had been steeped in some bituminous substance, which, scattering long trains of light through the air, fell on the roofs of the buildings, and speedily set them on fire. These roofs, even of the better sort of edifices, were uniformly of thatch, and were ignited as easily as tinder. In a moment the flames burst forth from the most opposite quarters of the city.

They quickly communicated to the wood-work in the interior of the buildings, and broad sheets of flame mingled with smoke rose up towards the heavens, throwing a fearful glare over every object. The rarefied atmosphere heightened the previous impetuosity of the wind, which fanning the rising flames, they rapidly spread from dwelling to dwelling, till the whole fiery mass, swayed to and fro by the tempest, surged and roared with the fury of a volcano. The heat became intense, and clouds of smoke, gathering like a dark pall over the city, produced a sense of suffocation, and almost blindness in those quarters where it was driven by the winds.

The Spaniards were encamped in the great square, partly under awnings, and partly in the hall of the Inca Viracocha, on the ground since covered by the cathedral. Three times in the course of that dreadful day, the roof of the building was on fire; but, although no efforts were made to extinguish it, the flames went out without doing much injury. This miracle was ascribed to the Blessed Virgin, who was distinctly seen by several of the Christian combatants, hovering over the spot on which was to be raised the temple dedicated to her worship.

Fortunately, the open space around Hernando's little company separated them from the immediate scene of conflagration. It afforded a means of preservation similar to that employed by the American hunter, who endeavours to surround himself with a belt of wasted land, when overtaken by a conflagration in the prairies. All day the fire continued to rage, and at night the effect was even more appalling; for by the lurid flames the unfortunate Spaniards could read the consternation depicted in each other's ghastly countenances, while in the suburbs, along the slopes of the surrounding hills, might be seen the throng of besiegers gazing with fiendish exultation on the work of destruction. High above the town to the north, rose the gray fortress, which now showed ruddy in the glare, looking grimly down on the ruins of the fair city which it was no longer able to protect; and in the distance were to be discerned the shadowy forms of the Andes, soaring up in solitary grandeur, into the regions of eternal silence, far beyond the wild tumult that raged so fearfully at their base.

Such was the extent of the city, that it was several days before the fury of the fire was spent. Tower and temple, hut, palace, and hall, went down before it. Fortunately among the buildings that escaped were the magnificent House of the Sun and the neighbouring Convent of the Virgins. Their insulated position afforded the means, of which the Indians from motives of piety were willing to avail themselves, for their preservation. Full one half of the capital, so long the chosen seat of Western civilisation, the pride of the Incas, and the bright abode of their tutelar deity, was laid in ashes by the hands of his own children. It was some consolation for them to reflect, that it burned over the heads of its conquerors, —their trophy and their tomb!

During the long period of the conflagration, the Spaniards made no attempt to extinguish the flames. Such an attempt would have availed nothing. Yet they did not tamely submit to the assaults of the enemy, and they sallied forth from time to time to repel them. But the fallen timbers and scattered rubbish of the houses presented serious impediments to the movements of horse; and, when these were partially cleared away by the efforts of the infantry and the Indian allies, the Peruvians planted stakes and threw barricades across the path, which proved equally embarrassing. To remove them was a work of time and no little danger, as the pioneers were exposed to the whole brunt of the enemy's archery, and the aim of the Peruvian was sure. When at length the obstacles were cleared away, and a free course was opened to the cavalry, they rushed with irresistible impetuosity on their foes, who, falling back in confusion, were cut to pieces by the riders, or pierced through with their lances. The slaughter on these occasions was great; but the Indians, nothing disheartened, usually returned with renewed courage to the attack, and while fresh reinforcements met the Spaniards in front, others lying in ambush among the ruins, threw the troops into disorder by assailing them on the flanks. The Peruvians were expert both with bow and sling; and these encounters, notwithstanding the superiority of their arms, cost the Spaniards more lives than in their crippled condition they could afford to spare,—a loss poorly compensated by that of tenfold the number of the enemy. One weapon peculiar to South American warfare,

was used with some effect by the Peruvians. This was the *lasso*,—a long rope with a noose at the end, which they adroitly threw over the rider, or entangled with it the legs of his horse, so as to bring them both to the ground. More than one Spaniard fell into the hands of the enemy by this expedient.

Thus harassed, sleeping on their arms, with their horses picketed by their sides, ready for action at any and every hour, the Spaniards had no rest by night or by day. To add to their troubles, the fortress which overlooked the city, and completely commanded the great square in which they were quartered, had been so feebly garrisoned in their false sense of security, that, on the approach of the Peruvians, it had been abandoned without a blow in its defence. It was now occupied by a strong body of the enemy, who, from his elevated position, sent down showers of missiles, from time to time, which added greatly to the annoyance of the besieged. Bitterly did their captain now repent the improvident security which had led him to neglect a post so important.

Their distresses were still further aggravated by the rumours which continually reached their ears of the state of the country. The rising, it was said, was general throughout the land; the Spaniards living on their insulated plantations had all been massacred; Lima and Truxillo and the principal cities were besieged, and must soon fall into the enemy's hands; the Peruvians were in possession of the passes, and all communications were cut off, so that no relief was to be expected from their countrymen on the coast. Such were the dismal stories, (which, however exaggerated, had too much foundation in fact,) that now found their way into the city from the camp of the besiegers. And to give greater credit to the rumours, eight or ten human heads were rolled into the *plaza*, in whose blood-stained visages the Spaniards recognised with horror the lineaments of their companions, who they knew had been dwelling in solitude on their estates.

Overcome by these horrors, many were for abandoning the passage at once, as no longer tenable, and for opening a place for themselves to the coast with their own good swords. There was a daring in the enterprise which had a charm for the adventurous spirit of the Castilian. Better, they said, to perish in a manly strug-

gle for life, than to die thus ignominiously, pent up like foxes in their holes, to be suffocated by the hunter.

But the Pizarros, De Rojas, and some other of the principal cavaliers, refused to acquiesce in a measure which, they said, must cover them with dishonour. Cuzco had been the great prize for which they had contended; it was the ancient seat of empire, and, though now in ashes, would again rise from its ruins as glorious as before. All eyes would be turned on them, as its defenders, and their failure, by giving confidence to the enemy, might decide the fate of their countrymen throughout the land. They were placed in that post as the post of honour, and better would it be to die there than to desert it.

There seemed, indeed, no alternative; for every avenue to escape was cut off by an enemy who had perfect knowledge of the country, and possession of all its passes. But this state of things could not last long. The Indian could not, in the long run, contend with the white man. The spirit of insurrection would die out of itself. Their great army would melt away, unaccustomed as the natives were to the privations incident to a protracted campaign. Reinforcements would be daily coming in from the colonies; and, if the Castilians would be but true to themselves for a season, they would be relieved by their own countrymen, who would never suffer them to die like outcasts among the mountains.

The cheering words and courageous bearing of the cavaliers went to the hearts of their followers; for the soul of the Spaniard readily responded to the call of honour, if not of humanity. All now agreed to stand by their leader to the last. But, if they would remain longer in their present position, it was absolutely necessary to dislodge the enemy from the fortress; and before venturing on this dangerous service, Hernando Pizarro resolved to strike such a blow as should intimidate the besiegers from further attempt to molest his present quarters.

He communicated his plan of attack to his officers; and, forming his little troop into three divisions, he placed them under command of his brother Gonzalo, of Gabriel de Rojas, an officer in whom he reposed great confidence, and Hernan Ponce de Leon. The Indian pioneers were sent forward to clear away the rubbish,

and the several divisions moved simultaneously up the principal avenues towards the camp of the besiegers. Such stragglers as they met in their way were easily cut to pieces, and the three bodies, bursting impetuously on the disordered lines of the Peruvians, took them completely by surprise. For some moments there was little resistance, and the slaughter was terrible. But the Indians gradually rallied, and, coming into something like order, returned to the fight with the courage of men who had long been familiar with danger. They fought hand to hand with their copper-headed war-clubs and pole-axes, while a storm of darts, stones, and arrows rained on the well-defended bodies of the Christians.

The barbarians showed more discipline than was to have been expected; for which, it is said, they were indebted to some Spanish prisoners, from several of whom the Inca, having generously spared their lives, took occasional lessons in the art of war. The Peruvians had also learned to manage with some degree of skill the weapons of their conquerors; and they were seen armed with bucklers, helmets, and swords of European workmanship, and, even in a few instances, mounted on the horses which they had taken from the white men. The young Inca, in particular, accoutred in the European fashion, rode a war-horse, which he managed with considerable address; and, with a long lance in his hand, led on his followers to the attack. This readiness to adopt the superior arms and tactics of the Conquerors intimates a higher civilisation than that which belonged to the Aztec, who, in his long collision with the Spaniards, was never so far divested of his terrors for the horse as to venture to mount him.

But a few days or weeks of training were not enough to give familiarity with weapons, still less with tactics, so unlike those to which the Peruvians had been hitherto accustomed. The fight, on the present occasion, though hotly contested, was not of long duration. After a gallant struggle, in which the natives threw themselves fearlessly on the horsemen, endeavouring to tear them from the saddles, they were obliged to give way before the repeated shock of their charges. Many were trampled under foot, others cut down by the Spanish broadswords, while the arquebusiers, supporting the cavalry, kept up a running fire that did

terrible execution on the flanks and rear of the fugitives. At length, sated with slaughter, and trusting that the chastisement he had inflicted on the enemy would secure him from further annoyance for the present, the Castilian general drew back his forces to their quarters in the capital.

His next step was the recovery of the citadel. It was an enterprise of danger. The fortress, which overlooked the northern section of the city, stood high on a rocky eminence, so steep as to be inaccessible on this quarter, where it was defended only by a single wall. Towards the open country it was more easy of approach; but there it was protected by two semicircular walls, each about twelve hundred feet in length, and of great thickness. They were built of massive stones, or rather rocks, put together without cement, so as to form a kind of rustic work. The level of the ground between these lines of defence was raised up so as to enable the garrison to discharge its arrows at the assailants, while their own persons were protected by the parapet. Within the interior wall was the fortress, consisting of three strong towers, one of great height, which, with a smaller one, was now held by the enemy, under the command of an Inca noble, a warrior of well-tried valour, prepared to defend it to the last extremity.

This perilous enterprise was entrusted by Hernando Pizarro to his brother Juan, a cavalier, in whose bosom burned the adventurous spirit of a knight-errant of romance. As the fortress was to be approached through the mountain passes, it became necessary to divert the enemy's attention to another quarter. A little while before sunset Juan Pizarro left the city with a picked corps of horsemen, and took a direction opposite to that of the fortress, that the besieging army might suppose the object was a foraging expedition. But secretly counter-marching in the night, he fortunately found the passes unprotected, and arrived before the outer wall of the fortress, without giving the alarm to the garrison.

The entrance was through a narrow opening in the centre of the rampart; but this was now closed up with heavy stones, that seemed to form one solid work with the rest of the masonry. It was an affair of time to dislodge these huge masses, in such a manner as not to rouse the garrison. The Indian nations, who rarely

attacked in the night, were not sufficiently acquainted with the art of war even to provide against surprise by posting sentinels. When the task was accomplished, Juan Pizarro and his gallant troop rode through the gateway, and advanced towards the second parapet.

But their movements had not been conducted so secretly as to escape notice, and they now found the interior court swarming with warriors, who, as the Spaniards drew near, let off clouds of missiles that compelled them to come to a halt. Juan Pizarro, aware that no time was to be lost, ordered one-half of his corps to dismount, and, putting himself at their head, prepared to make a breach as before in the fortifications. He had been wounded some days previously in the jaw, so that, finding his helmet caused him pain, he rashly dispensed with it, and trusted for protection to his buckler. Leading on his men, he encouraged them in the work of demolition, in the face of such a storm of stones, javelins, and arrows, as might have made the stoutest heart shrink from encountering it. The good mail of the Spaniards did not always protect them: but others took the place of such as fell, until a breach was made, and the cavalry, pouring in, rode down all who opposed them.

The parapet was now abandoned, and the enemy, hurrying with disorderly flight across the enclosure, took refuge on a kind of platform or terrace, commanded by the principal tower. Here rallying, they shot off fresh volleys of missiles against the Spaniards, while the garrison in the fortress hurled down fragments of rock and timber on their heads. Juan Pizarro, still among the foremost, sprang forward on the terrace, cheering on his men by his voice and example; but at this moment he was struck by a large stone on the head, not then protected by his buckler, and was stretched on the ground. The dauntless chief still continued to animate his followers by his voice, till the terrace was carried, and its miserable defenders were put to the sword. His sufferings were then too much for him, and he was removed to the town below, where, notwithstanding every exertion to save him, he survived the injury but a fortnight, and died in great agony. To say that he was a Pizarro, is enough to attest his claim to valour. But

it is his praise, that his valour was tempered by courtesy. His own nature appeared mild by contrast with the haughty temper of his brothers, and his manners made him a favourite of the army. He had served in the conquest of Peru from the first, and no name on the roll of its conquerors is less tarnished by the reproach of cruelty, or stands higher in all the attributes of a true and valiant knight.

Though deeply sensible to his brother's disaster, Hernando Pizarro saw that no time was to be lost in profiting by the advantages already gained. Committing the charge of the town to Gonzalo, he put himself at the head of the assailants, and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One surrendered after a short resistance. The other and more formidable of the two still held out under the brave Inca noble who commanded it. He was a man of an athletic frame, and might be seen striding along the battlements, armed with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and in his hand wielding a formidable mace, garnished with points or knobs of copper. With this terrible weapon he struck down all who attempted to force a passage into the fortress. Some of his own followers who proposed a surrender he is said to have slain with his own hand. Hernando prepared to carry the place by escalade. Ladders were planted against the walls, but no sooner did a Spaniard gain the topmost round, than he was hurled to the ground by the strong arm of the Indian warrior. His activity was equal to his strength; and he seemed to be at every point the moment that his presence was needed.

The Spanish commander was filled with admiration at this display of valour; for he could admire valour even in an enemy. He gave orders that the chief should not be injured, but be taken alive, if possible. This was not easy. At length numerous ladders having been planted against the tower, the Spaniards scaled it on several quarters at the same time, and, leaping into the place, overpowered the few combatants who still made a show of resistance. But the Inca chieftain was not to be taken; and, finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and, casting away his war-club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit. He died like

an ancient Roman. He had struck his last stroke for the freedom of his country, and he scorned to survive her dishonour. The Castilian commander left a small force in garrison to secure his conquest, and returned in triumph to his quarters.

Week after week rolled away, and no relief came to the beleaguered Spaniards. They had long since begun to feel the approaches of famine. Fortunately, they were provided with water from the streams which flowed through the city. But, though they had well husbanded their resources, their provisions were exhausted, and they had for some time depended on such scanty supplies of grain as they could gather from the ruined magazines and dwellings, mostly consumed by the fire, or from the produce of some successful foray. This latter resource was attended with no little difficulty; for every expedition led to a fierce encounter with the enemy, which usually cost the lives of several Spaniards, and inflicted a much heavier injury on the Indian allies. Yet it was at least one good result of such loss, that it left fewer to provide for. But the whole number of the besieged was so small, that any loss greatly increased the difficulties of defence by the remainder.

As months passed away without bringing any tidings of their countrymen, their minds were haunted with still gloomier apprehensions as to their fate. They well knew that the governor would make every effort to rescue them from their desperate condition. That he had not succeeded in this made it probable that his own situation was no better than theirs, or, perhaps, he and his followers had already fallen victims to the fury of the insurgents. It was a dismal thought, that they alone were left in the land, far from all human succour, to perish miserably by the hands of the barbarians among the mountains.

Yet the actual state of things, though gloomy in the extreme, was not quite so desperate as their imaginations had painted it. The insurrection, it is true, had been general throughout the country, at least that portion of it occupied by the Spaniards. It had been so well concerted, that it broke out almost simultaneously, and the Conquerors, who were living in careless security on their estates, had been massacred to the number of several

hundreds. An Indian force had sat down before Xauxa, and a considerable army had occupied the valley of Rimac and laid siege to Lima. But the country around that capital was of an open, level character, very favourable to the action of cavalry. Pizarro no sooner saw himself menaced by the hostile array, than he sent such a force against the Peruvians as speedily put them to flight; and, following up his advantage, he inflicted on them such severe chastisement, that, although they still continued to hover in the distance and cut off his communications with the interior, they did not care to trust themselves on the other side of the Rimac.

The accounts that the Spanish commander now received of the state of the country filled him with the most serious alarm. He was particularly solicitous for the fate of the garrison at Cuzco, and he made repeated efforts to relieve that capital. Four several detachments, amounting to more than four hundred men in all, half of them cavalry, were sent by him at different times, under some of his bravest officers. But none of them reached their place of destination. The wily natives permitted them to march into the interior of the country, until they were fairly entangled in the passes of the Cordilleras. They then enveloped them with greatly superior numbers, and, occupying the heights, showered down their fatal missiles on the heads of the Spaniards, or crushed them under the weight of fragments of rock which they rolled on them from the mountains. In some instances, the whole detachment was cut off to a man. In others, a few stragglers only survived to return and tell the bloody tale to their countrymen at Lima.

Pizarro was now filled with consternation. He had the most dismal forebodings of the fate of the Spaniards dispersed throughout the country, and even doubted the possibility of maintaining his own foothold in it without assistance from abroad. He dispatched a vessel to the neighbouring colony at Truxillo, urging them to abandon the place, with all their effects, and to repair to him at Lima. The measure was, fortunately, not adopted. Many of his men were for availing themselves of the vessel which rode at anchor in the port to make their escape from the country at once, and take refuge at Panamá. Pizarro would not hearken to do so dastardly a counsel, which involved the desertion of the

brave men in the interior who still looked to him for protection. He cut off the hopes of these timid spirits, by dispatching all the vessels then in port on a very different mission. He sent letters by them to the governors of Panamá, Nicaragua, Guatemala, and Mexico, representing the gloomy state of his affairs, and invoking their aid. His epistle to Alvarado, then established at Guatemala, is preserved. He conjures him by every sentiment of honour and patriotism to come to his assistance, and this before it was too late. Without assistance, the Spaniards could no longer maintain their footing in Peru, and that great empire would be lost to the Castilian Crown. He finally engages to share with him such conquests as they may make with their united arms. Such concessions, to the very man whose absence from the country, but a few months before, Pizarro would have been willing to secure at almost any price, are sufficient evidence of the extremity of his distress. The succours thus earnestly solicited arrived in time, not to quell the Indian insurrection, but to aid him in a struggle quite as formidable with his own countrymen.

It was now August. More than five months had elapsed since the commencement of the siege of Cuzco, yet the Peruvian legions still lay encamped around the city. The siege had been protracted much beyond what was usual in Indian warfare, and showed the resolution of the natives to exterminate the white men. But the Peruvians themselves had for some time been straitened by the want of provisions. It was no easy matter to feed so numerous a host; and the obvious resource of the magazines of grain, so providently prepared by the Incas, did them but little service, since their contents had been most prodigally used, and even dissipated, by the Spaniards on their first occupation of the country. The season for planting had now arrived, and the Inca well knew, that, if his followers were to neglect it, they would be visited by a scourge even more formidable than their invaders. Disbanding the greater part of his forces, therefore, he ordered them to withdraw to their homes, and, after the labours of the field were over, to return and resume the blockade of the capital. The Inca reserved a considerable force to attend on his own person, with which he retired to Tambo, a strongly fortified place

south of the valley of Yucay, the favourite residence of his ancestors. He also posted a large body as a corps of observation in the environs of Cuzco, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to intercept supplies.

The Spaniards beheld with joy the mighty host which had so long encompassed the city, now melting away. They were not slow in profiting by the circumstance, and Hernando Pizarro took advantage of the temporary absence to send out foraging parties to scour the country, and bring back supplies to his famishing soldiers. In this he was so successful that on one occasion no less than two thousand head of cattle—the Peruvian sheep—were swept away from the Indian plantations and brought safely to Cuzco. This placed the army above all apprehensions on the score of want for the present.

Yet these forays were made at the point of the lance, and many a desperate contest ensued, in which the best blood of the Spanish chivalry was shed. The contests, indeed, were not confined to large bodies of troops, but skirmishes took place between smaller parties, which sometimes took the form of personal combats. Nor were the parties so unequally matched as might have been supposed in these single rencontres; and the Peruvian warrior, with his sling, his bow, and his *lasso*, proved no contemptible antagonist for the mailed horseman, whom he sometimes even ventured to encounter, hand to hand, with his formidable battle-axe. The ground around Cuzco became a battle-field, like the *vega* of Granada, in which Christian and Pagan displayed the characteristics of their peculiar warfare; and many a deed of heroism was performed, which wanted only the song of the minstrel to shed around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslem of Spain.

But Hernando Pizarro was not content to act wholly on the defensive; and he meditated a bold stroke by which at once to put an end to the war. This was the capture of the Inca Manco, whom he hoped to surprise in his quarters at Tambo.

For this service he selected about eighty of his best-mounted cavalry, with a small body of foot; and making a large détour through the less frequented mountain defiles, he arrived before

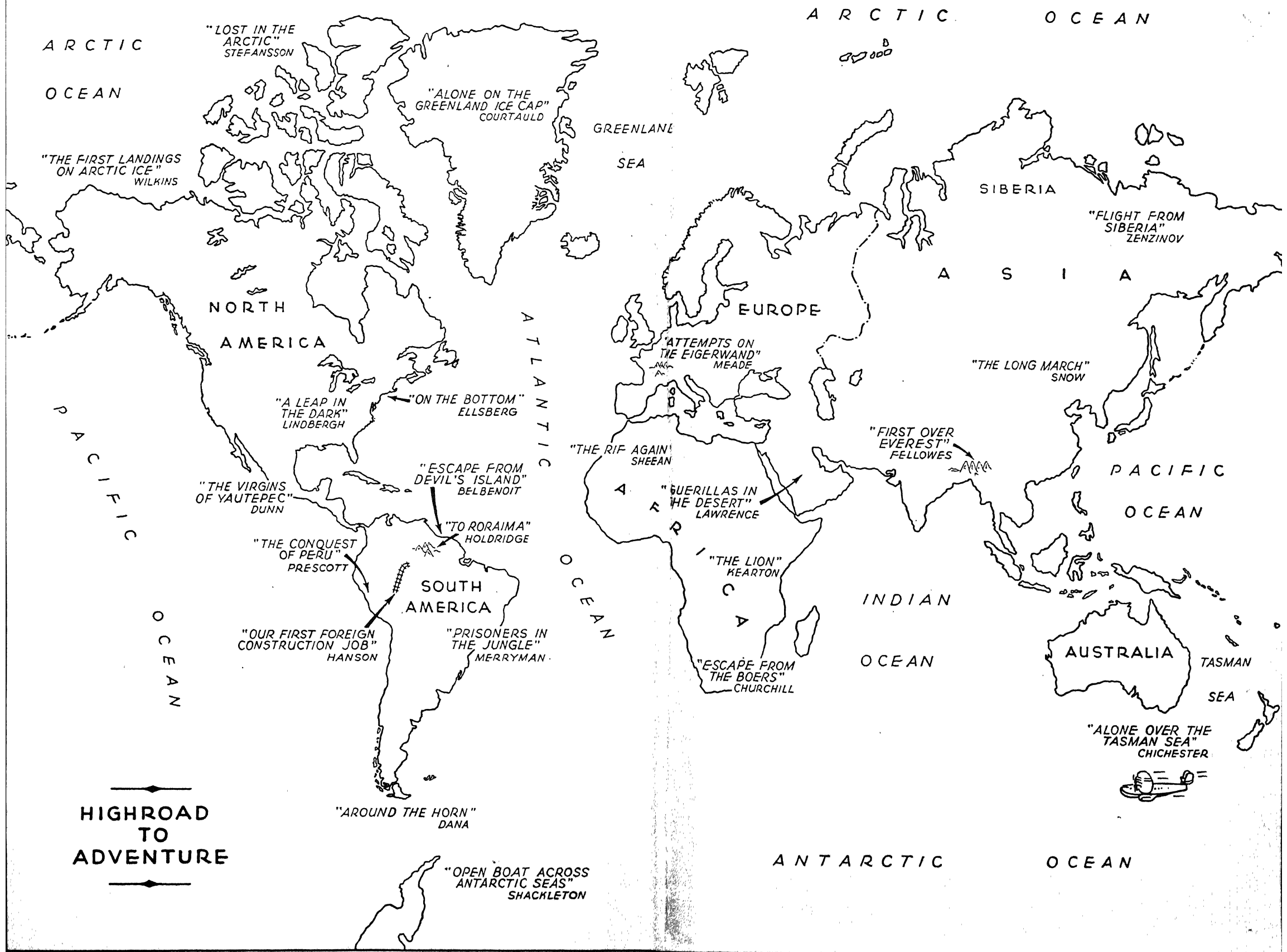
Tambo without alarm to the enemy. He found the place more strongly fortified than he had imagined. The palace, or rather fortress, of the Incas stood on a lofty eminence, the steep sides of which, on the quarter where the Spaniards approached, were cut into terraces, defended by strong walls of stone and sunburnt brick. The place was impregnable on this side. On the opposite, it looked towards the Yucay, and the ground descended by a gradual declivity towards the plain through which rolled its deep but narrow current. This was the quarter on which to make the assault.

Crossing the stream without much difficulty, the Spanish commander advanced up the smooth *glacis* with as little noise as possible. The morning light had hardly broken on the mountains; and Pizarro, as he drew near the outer defences, which, as in the fortress of Cuzco, consisted of a stone parapet of great strength drawn round the enclosure, moved quickly forward, confident that the garrison were still buried in sleep. But thousands of eyes were upon him; and as the Spaniards came within bow-shot, a multitude of dark forms suddenly rose above the rampart, while the Inca, with his lance in hand, was seen on horseback in the enclosure, directing the operations of his troops. At the same moment the air was darkened with innumerable missiles, stones, javelins, and arrows, which fell like a hurricane on the troops, and the mountains rang to the wild war-whoop of the enemy. The Spaniards, taken by surprise, and many of them sorely wounded, were staggered; and, though they quickly rallied, and made two attempts to renew the assault, they were at length obliged to fall back, unable to endure the violence of the storm. To add to their confusion, the lower level in their rear was flooded by the waters, which the natives, by opening the sluices, had diverted from the bed of the river, so that their position was no longer tenable. A council of war was then held, and it was decided to abandon the attack as desperate, and to retreat in as good order as possible.

The day had been consumed in these ineffectual operations; and Hernando, under cover of the friendly darkness, sent forward his infantry and baggage, taking command of the centre himself, and trusting the rear to his brother Gonzalo. The river

was happily re-crossed without accident, although the enemy, now confident in their strength, rushed out of their defences, and followed up the retreating Spaniards, whom they annoyed with repeated discharges of arrows. More than once they pressed so closely on the fugitives, that Gonzalo and his cavalry were compelled to turn and make one of those desperate charges that effectually punished their audacity, and stayed the tide of pursuit. Yet the victorious foe still hung on the rear of the discomfited cavaliers, till they had emerged from the mountain passes, and come within sight of the blackened walls of the capital. It was the last triumph of the Inca.

THE END



ARCTIC
OCEAN

ARCTIC OCEAN

"THE FIRST LANDINGS
ON ARCTIC ICE"
WILKINS

"LOST IN THE
ARCTIC"
STEFANSSON

"ALONE ON THE
GREENLAND ICE CAP"
COURTAULD

GREENLAND
SEA

NORTH
AMERICA

"A LEAP IN
THE DARK"
LINDBERGH

"ON THE BOTTOM"
ELLSBERG

"THE VIRGINS
OF YAUTEPEC"
DUNN

"THE CONQUEST
OF PERU"
PRESCOTT

"OUR FIRST FOREIGN
CONSTRUCTION JOB"
HANSON

"ESCAPE FROM
DEVIL'S ISLAND"
BELBENOIT

"TO RORAIMA"
HOLDRIDGE

SOUTH
AMERICA

"PRISONERS IN
THE JUNGLE"
MERRYMAN

"AROUND THE HORN"
DANA

"OPEN BOAT ACROSS
ANTARCTIC SEAS"
SHACKLETON

HIGHROAD
TO
ADVENTURE

EUROPE

"ATTEMPTS ON
THE EIGERWAND"
MEADE

"THE RIF AGAIN"
SHEEAN

"GUERRILLAS IN
THE DESERT"
LAWRENCE

"THE LION"
KEARTON

"ESCAPE FROM
THE BOERS"
CHURCHILL

SIBERIA

"FLIGHT FROM
SIBERIA"
ZENZINOV

ASIA

"THE LONG MARCH"
SNOW

"FIRST OVER
EVEREST"
FELLOWES

PACIFIC
OCEAN

INDIAN

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AUSTRALIA

TASMAN
SEA

"ALONE OVER THE
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